Saturday Review

March 22, 1969 35¢

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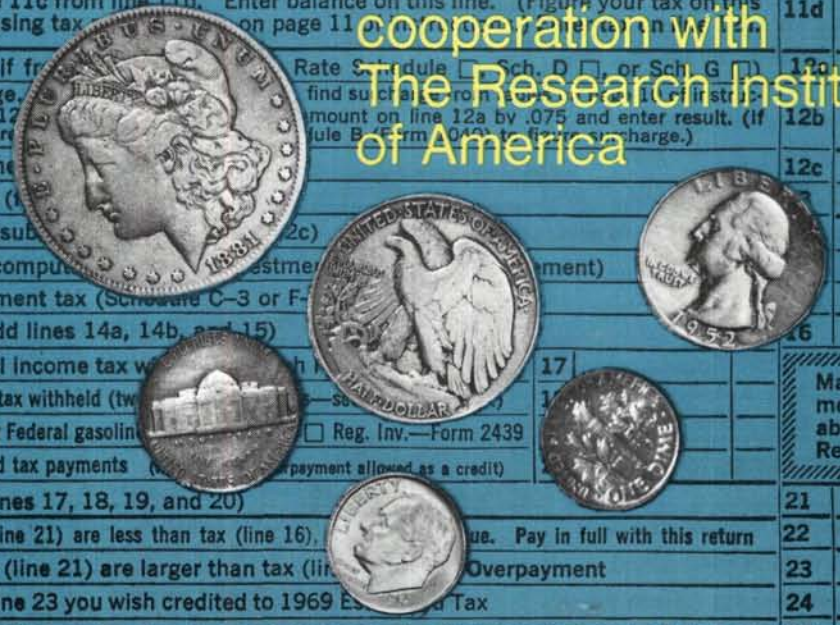

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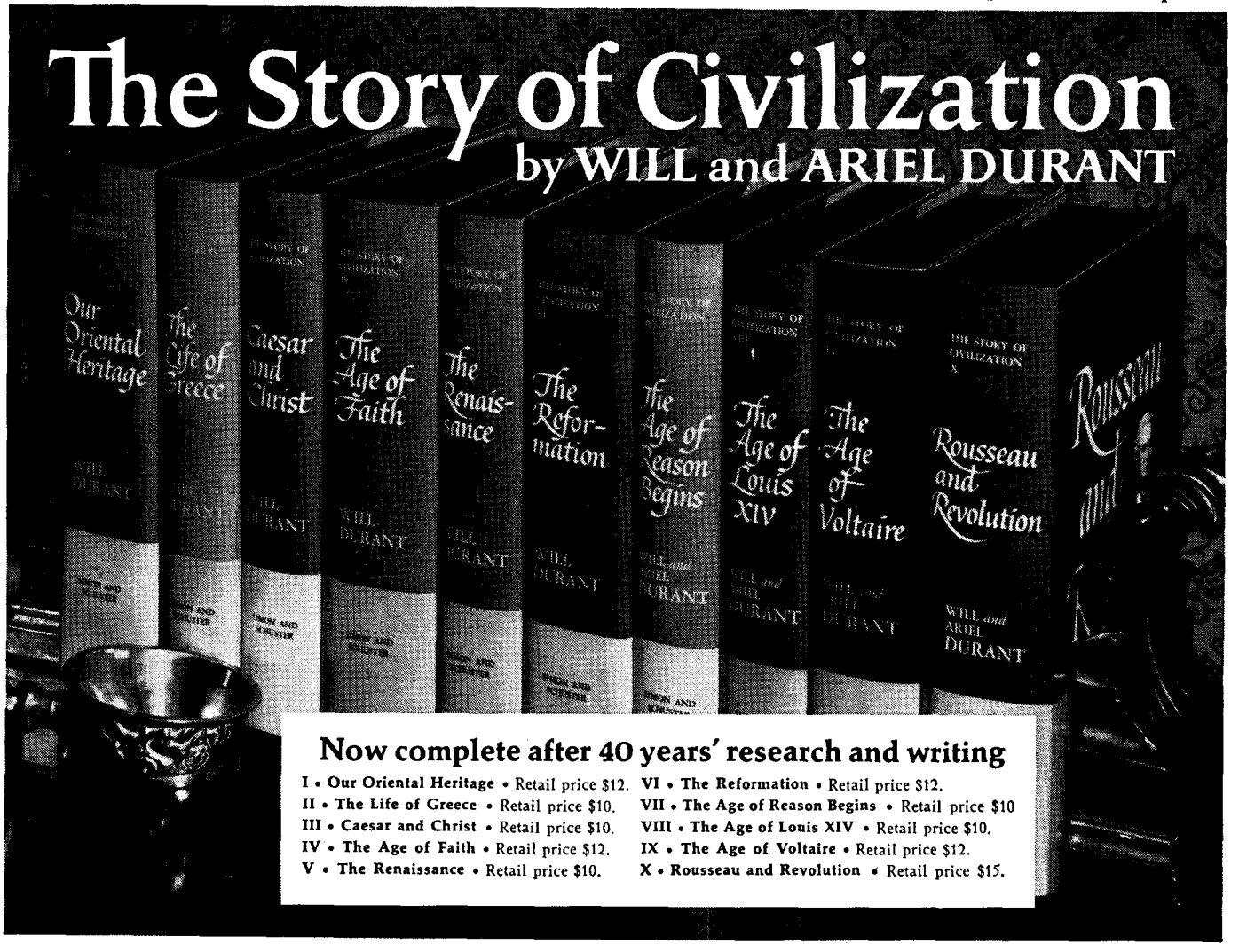

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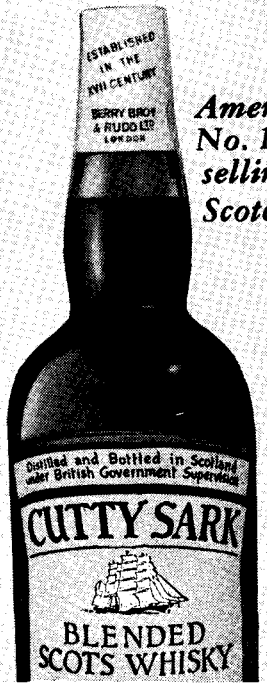
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The Answers

THE NEW SCHOOL for Social Research recently offered the public—at $70 a head—Course #8010, entitled "The Answers." Gerald Sykes, who teaches the course, described it in the catalogue as follows:

> . . . This course familiarizes the student with all the answers, philosophic, scientific, religious, aesthetic, political and otherwise, that are currently being offered by outstanding institutions and outstanding thinkers. At the end of the course the student will have had a chance to make the acquaintance of all the significant solutions that have been offered to our problems.

I don't know how tight the syllabus for Mr. Sykes's course is, but I hope that it might accommodate some of these answers that I've worked out over the years.

For healthier subways with happier users, the city should seal off half a car on every train as a Sick Section for persons with infectious diseases. Blazoned with a glowing red cross on its outside, the section would contain within vending machines for facial tissues, aspirin, etc. Anyone contagious caught mingling with the healthy passengers would be fined severely, and imprisoned for repeated offenses. Health inspectors roaming the subways at random would hand out summonses to offenders. Rush-hour riders would no longer find themselves trapped targets for close-range sneezes.

For immediate easing of city parking problems, wherever possible move fire hydrants to bus stop sites. With parking already banned at bus stops, adding hydrants would knock out no usable space. Yet, each fire hydrant removed from a non-bus stop site would free between 12 and 30 feet for parking. Should a fire occur near a bus stop hydrant, the buses would then skip that stop—speeding up total trip times in proportion to the number of fires along the route.

A longer-run—but more compelling—solution would forbid all street-level parking once the city had built a series of free, towering Park-or-Die Garages. As a driver enters the garage on a moving spiral ramp, an iron gate snaps shut behind him, rendering it futile to shift into reverse. Exit doors at each level stay open so long as parking places are available. When no vacancies remain at any level, the driver may jump free, but the car is carried out over the top and dumped. It falls through the open air to a municipal scrap yard twenty stories below. If reviewing stands are erected for the convenience of spectators, voter approval of the garages seems virtually certain. Pedestrians would be entertained; drivers would enjoy free parking (with a difference); and suburbanites would think twice before bringing their cars into the city—except when a downtown dinner and a night of high living made it worth the risk.

Moving into the field of air pollution, perhaps it's time to forget useless fines (largely passed on to the public) and to try something a little more penetrating. Why not design sensitive lids for factory smokestacks? When the smoke reached critical density, the lids would automatically close, sending the fumes back into the factory and down a pipeline to all executive offices. At the very least, it would keep the decision-makers in close touch with the effects of pollution.

—PETER FRIEDMAN.

The Name and the Game

THE INS AND OUTS of the new edition of the British *Who's Who* are as fascinating as ever. Tito is in, Castro out. Julie Andrews makes it, but not Michael Caine. Saul Bellow is present; Nelson Algren isn't. J. Paul Getty is given several lines; H. L. Hunt is not to be found. Dr. Grayson Kirk but not Marshall McLuhan, Salazar but not Svoboda; Bill Moyers but not Bill Manchester. And Dr. Christiaan Barnard was apparently shut out by the closing door.

But for reasons that have nothing to do with eclecticism, the new edition is a disappointment. Here are the names, the awards, the schools attended, the divisions commanded, the committees sat on, the works authored, the addresses lived in, the marriages contracted, the children generated, the phone numbers allotted. (Miss Andrews doesn't rise to that last question, and firmly states that *her* number is "Ex-Directory.") It is the recreations indulged in that are not what they used to be. Worse, a vast number of entrants disclose nothing at all about how they spend their leisure time.

Few celebrities nowadays would list such hobbies as occupied Patrick Macgill, the Irish novelist—"watching spiders and telling stories to his wife"—and even Sean O'Faolain's "daydreaming" is

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The next time you're in a library try to find a copy of Anthony Trollope's South Africa on the shelves.

Or Charles Francis Adams's *An Autobiography*. Or Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Dictionnaire de musique*. Or Raymond Clare Archibald's *Outline of the History of Mathematics*. Or Hegel's *Wissenschaft der Logik*.

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exceptional. As for the Sitwells' magnificent example, it is being wasted. Edith abhorred all sports "except reviewer-baiting." Osbert, still recording that he was educated "during the holidays from Eton," used to divert himself with "regretting the Bourbons, and repartee." Today he enjoys "listening to the sound of his own voice, preferably on gramophone records, and not answering letters." Sacheverell, once devoted to bullfighting and *plats regionaux*, now limits himself to "Westerns"—a weakness former President Eisenhower doesn't admit.

Statesmen, as a rule, are unforthcoming. Ike mentions golf (as does Harold Wilson), but Lyndon B. Johnson is one of the many who evade the question entirely. The Soviet upper echelon are equally unathletic, to judge from their entries, but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that these have been compiled from official sources, and that they never see a questionnaire themselves. The late Bobby Kennedy was cooperative in listing skiing, sailing, touch football, and riding, but Neville Chamberlain never referred to the fishing that occupied him so memorably in 1938.

Somewhere in this fat compilation there may be someone whose diversions include "browsing through *Who's Who*," but it isn't likely. They're the kind who don't get in. —FRANK LITTLER.

The Snowstorm

THE LATE GREAT snowstorm in New York City and environs resulted in a number of human incidents which escaped proper notice by the press. We are pleased to repair the omissions.

There was a run on the Family Service Association by East Side couples who, having spent three days together, discovered that they had nothing in common and didn't particularly like their children.

Mr. A. Egan of the Bronx wrenched his back while attempting to dig himself out of a cul-de-sac. He has brought a personal injury suit against Mayor Lindsay.

Although roads in Hartsdale were cleared by Tuesday morning, no mail deliveries were made until Wednesday. The Hartsdale postmaster explained that his men had been deterred by gloom of night.

Snow plows were blocked for several hours on the Upper West Side by a group of housewives who were protesting over the city's failure to clear their streets.

A Red Cross airlift has been organized for the homeowner on F Street in Forest Hills who neglected to tip the snow plow operator.

—WALTER GOODMAN.

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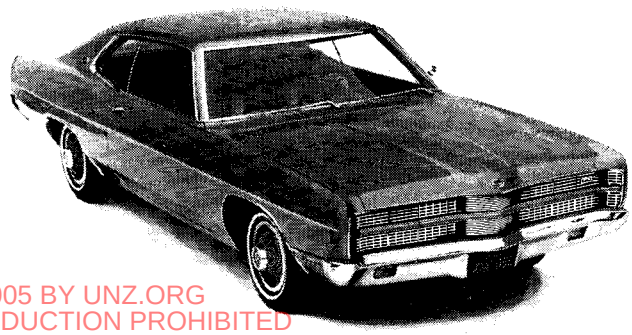

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Green Power

THE STRANGER phoned and identified himself. He said he is a lawyer, second on the list of six names on their office door, and he has a daughter in college who has been sending him copies of essays she has written in her creative writing course, and he wants my professional opinion as to their merit, which he hopes I will give him if I will be his guest at lunch at his club.

As he spoke I was looking over my list of a dozen cop-outs that I keep handy for such gala occasions, a list that runs from "going on a trip around the world" to "what number are you calling?" As I was about to choose No. 4 (Hong Kong flu), I heard him say:

"And my daughter and I read your column every week in the *Saturday Review* and we value your opinion highly."

"Is tomorrow too soon?" I asked.

The dining room of his exclusive club turned out to be one of those brown, leathery upholstered jobs, and had diners with faces to match. They all looked like Herbert Hoover. My host seemed to be acquainted with all the members. As he nodded to various men he gave me a short biography.

"You know who that is?" he whispered. "He's the head of one of the biggest oil companies in the world. . . . That man is president of one of the richest brokerage houses on Wall Street. . . . That's the owner of one of the largest shipbuilding companies in the United States."

"Tell me only success stories" is the order of our time. This is a throwback to the days at mother's knee when a child was fascinated by stories of the triumph of good over evil, the handsome hero over the ugly villain: the poor boy who shined shoes to pay the greedy landlord with the mortgage, who is about to evict the boy's mother, when the shoeshine boy returns in time to foil the landlord, having become wealthy enough to buy the landlord's sumptuous home and to evict him.

I listened to my host's success stories in quiet amusement until one man passed and he nodded. I asked who that was. "He's a writer," he said. No biographical superlatives. No "head of the biggest," "president of the richest," or "owner of the largest." How he got into this class of the long green was that it's the fashion these days for every club to have its token minority member.

During the Presidential campaign, all candidates acknowledged that there were other classes besides rich and poor. How often did we hear "Justice for all—rich and poor, black and white, young and old"? And even that grouping seemed to disenfranchise millions of uneasy citizens who were unable to identify with those classes. The in-betweens will have to be reckoned with in the next campaign.

"I believe," the campaigner will say, "in justice for all, the rich and the poor, the blacks and the whites, the young and the old, the haves and the hads, the tall and the short, the middle-aged and the he-doesn't-look-that-olds, the birth controllers and the take-a-chancers, the *Ladies' Home Journals* and the *Looks*, the making-both-ends-meet and the credit-card holders, the long-haired and the girls, the childless and the bachelors, and corn-on-the-cob eaters and the dentured, the pepped and the pooped, the oilmen and the income tax payers." Applause, applause, applause.

While I was eating lunch, my host busied himself pointing out several hundred million dollars worth of other celebrities in the room. I didn't catch their names. He didn't throw any. The status was money flow. Even the salad began to have a mint green flavor. I had ordered oysters. They were a disappointment. I thought in a club like this there would have been at least one pearl.

Oh yes, his daughter's essays. They were unusually amusing. Her rhetoric is impeccable, her language picturesque. Turned on as she is against the Establishment, she thankfully manages a delicately biting satire, leaving only tiny teeth marks. I got the feeling that she was surprised at the illogical logic which emerged from the concentric circles by which she reached her zanily perceptive conclusions. And best of all, her fingers, flying busily over her typewriter keys, never left her heart.

Of course, that was not the report I sent her father. Syntax, to him, would be a misspelled stock on the Big Board. I simply wrote him: "Your daughter bids fair to become the head of a rich magazine, and I predict one day she will be owner and president of the largest publishing house in America. The world will be her oyster. With a pearl in it."

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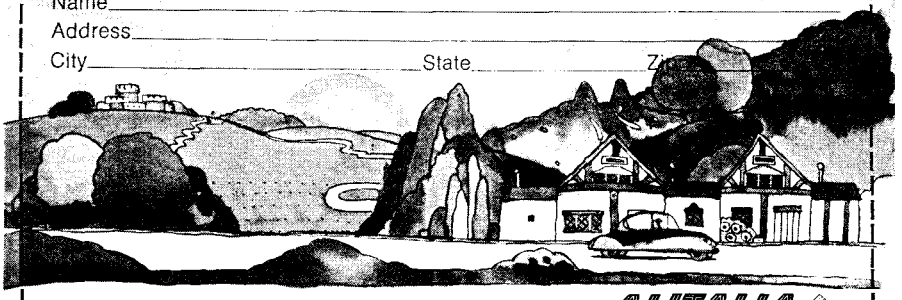

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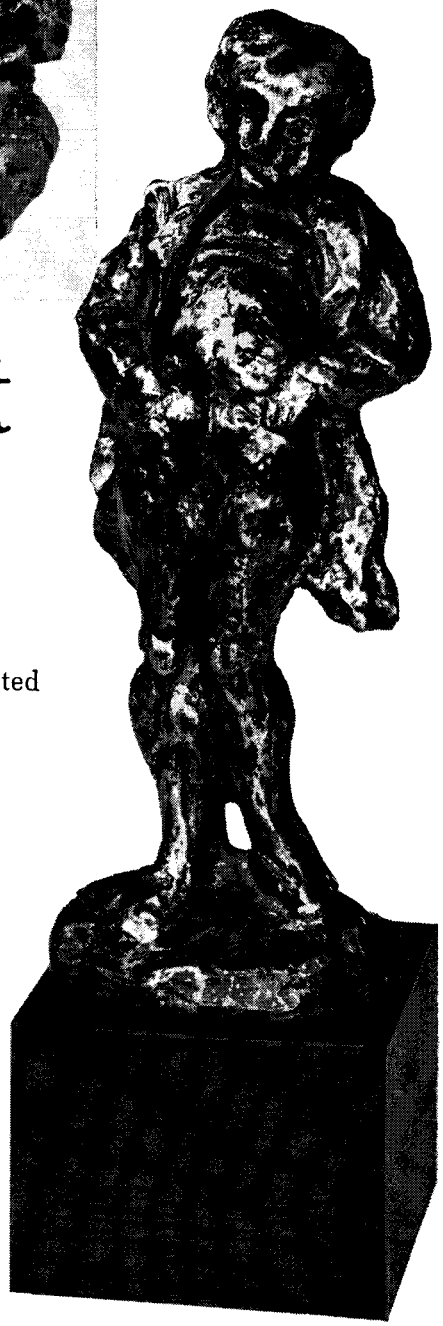

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Gulliver's Travels

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE critical literature on *Gulliver's Travels* is immense, contradictory, and exhausting. It is as though Swift had written an additional "Voyage to the Land of Pihsralohcs," a land governed by the iron rule of Publish or Die. In all this vast mass of paper to which beautiful trees have been sacrificed, there is scarcely a mention of the greatest mystery attending *Gulliver's Travels*. Why has it been for more than two hundred years one of the most popular of all children's books? If the critics are right, especially about the fourth book, it is an obscene and immoral rejection of the weak but striving, falling but trying human race, the work of a psychotic who hated all men, especially women, who was impotent, paranoid, and fixed in a clinging and cloying anal eroticism. This, it would seem, is reading matter for adults only. Even if the critics are wrong, the fact that they can make such deductions would make the book dangerous or incomprehensible, or both, to children. Yet children love it, quite innocently, and see nothing bad or even nasty about it. So likewise do very common people. A good measure of this was the immense popularity among peasants and simple workers of the classic Russian motion picture made of *Gulliver's Travels* long years ago.

On his voyage to the continent of Balnibarbi and the flying island of Laputa, Gulliver learned, long before they were ever seen by real astronomers, that Mars had two moons. Swift describes them with considerable accuracy. This has fascinated many a science fiction writer. There are stories that describe Swift's visit to Mars or the Martians' visit to him, but the best is one based on the hypothesis that Swift himself was a Martian—an engineer who had planned to put two large satellites in orbit about Mars (the moons were not discovered until later because they were not there), but had been swept away in his space ship, and forced to land on Earth. The science fiction writers are sounder critics than the scholars. Like the children who love *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift is an Outsider, one of the first and greatest. He was horrified by the condition of humanity and dumbfounded that he was a human being.

Superficially, there is nothing extraordinary about the satire of *Gulliver's Travels*. Swift uses the standard classical formula that goes back to Aristophanes, Menander, and Plautus, and survives to this day in all plays based on the Italian Comedy. In his own day, in Molière or Aphra Behn or the disciples of Ben Jonson, the formula dominated the popular stage. Each character in the classic comedy is assigned one of the vices or follies of mankind and acts out its consequences in absurdities or incongruities that follow logically from a given situation. What Swift did was simply use whole peoples, instead of individuals, as personifications. Starting with an assumption—men six inches or 60 feet high, the roles of horses and humans reversed, literal physical immortality—he deduced all the consequences he could think of, with relentless logic and realism, from an initial absurdity. But the absurdity is the only vesture of a vice or folly or major defect of ordinary people. The Lilliputians are petty; the Brobdingnagians are gross; the Struldbrugs are senile; the Houyhnhnms are endowed only with rationality; the Yahoos lack it. Taken altogether, the nations of *Gulliver's Travels* make up a well-rounded human character—seen from the outside.

SO children, like Martians, see the adult world. Who did not dream as a child that some day, after he was grown up, he would meet the real adults—so unlike those he saw about him—who would be rational, just, and large of vision and who would keep the world from collapsing? Somewhere they must exist, a little conspiratorial committee of the sane in ice caves in Tibet or in the undersea palaces in Atlantis or the Land of Oz. Certainly the world a child sees about him and judges by the simple values of innocence, or the equally simple ones he has been taught—"Don't do as I do, do as I say"—could not endure overnight unless somewhere the responsibles were keeping it going. The perspective of Swift is no different. His "savage indignation" is just outraged innocence. The point of view assumed by all satirists was not with him an assumption or a pose; it was congenital and incorrigible.

It is his innocence that distinguishes Swift from Franz Kafka and those who have come after him in the Theater of the Absurd or the novels of the blackest

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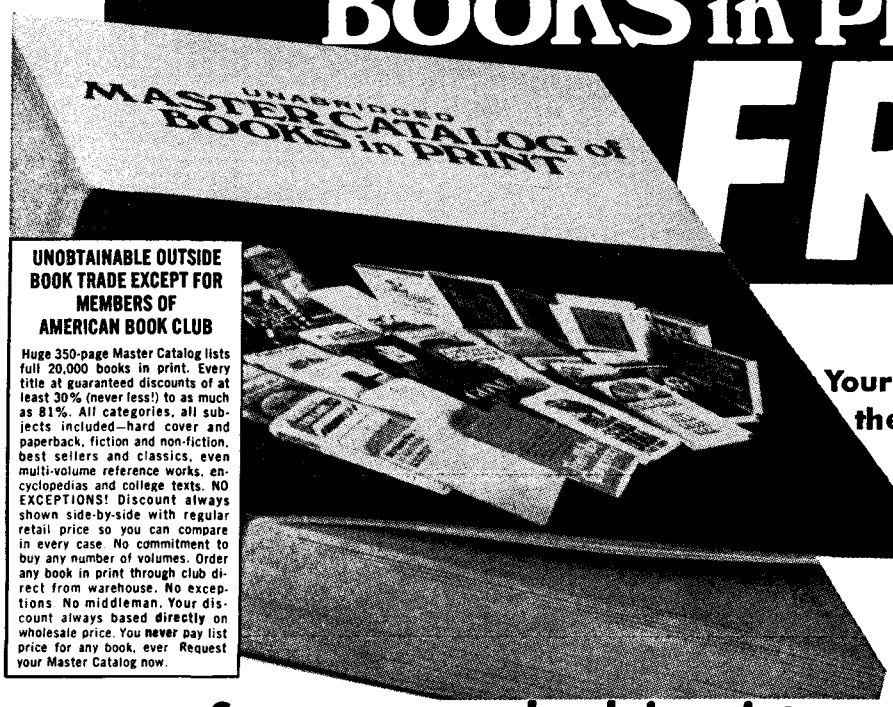

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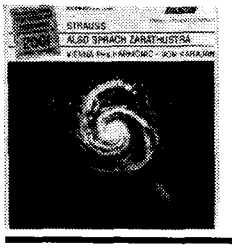

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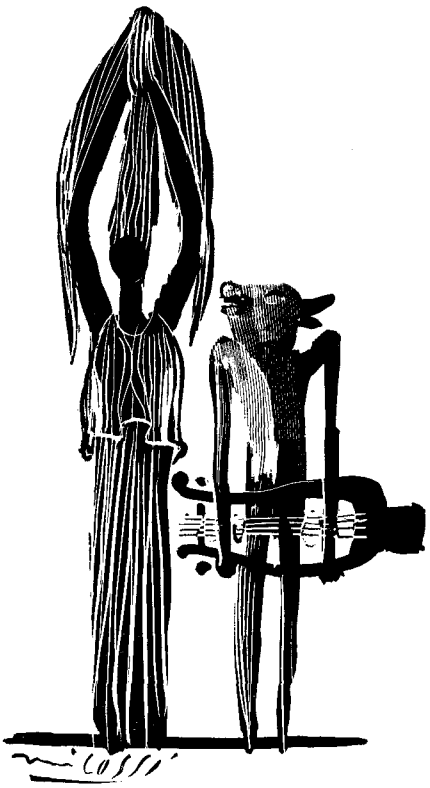
Black Comedy. The squeamish and sheltered academicians of an older generation, like the critics of earlier times from Sam Johnson on, have been outraged and nauseated by the fourth voyage. In our day it seems mild indeed. The Houyhnhnms, except for their rationalism, differ little from horses. In fact, the only difference is that they can take care of themselves at the standard of living of rather pampered racehorses. The conclusion that this was in fact the status of the philosophers of the Enlightenment is easily drawn. As for the terrible Yahoos, they behave pretty much like human beings unable to think up excuses for their behavior. Neither species is evil. Swift was himself a man of the first half of the eighteenth century in his conception of evil. He did not know what it was. Nowhere does he give any indication of comprehending that human beings of the greatest intelligence can deliberately live out a rationally organized evil or that whole societies can operate in decency and order for the most vicious ends. To Swift, as to Aristophanes, war, treachery, and exploitation are follies. Vice may be disgusting, but it is never reasonable. So Swift is outside the human condition in a way that Choderlos de Laclos or Balzac or Proust is not. This is innocence.

It is his innocence that endears Swift to children. As he logically draws out the details of Lilliputian or Houyhnhnmian behavior, he is inexhaustibly playful, he is never whimsical. Uncorrupted children loathe whimsy because it is one of the final manifestations of corruption. *Gulliver's Travels* is at the opposite esthetic pole to *Winnie the Pooh.*



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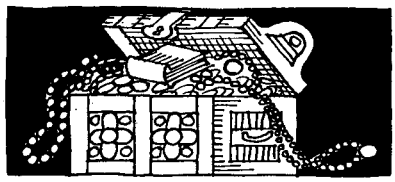
Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

The decline and fall of spelling: L. C. Johnson of the history department at Eastern Oregon College has just sent me a fascinating document—an application he received for a job as instructor of history. The applicant (who, to protect the guilty, shall be nameless) refers to something called his "thesus" and adds, under the heading TEACHING EXPERIENCE, that he has served as a "private tudor." He then goes on to say: "I am presently tudoring [sic] two high school students in all of their subjects."

Including, presumably, English.

Also on the academic front, the Indiana University Press is doing a bit of discreet crowing these days about an



odd distinction: One of the books it published has been pirated by the busy bootleggers of Formosa.

Susan W. Howard reports from the Indiana campus that the book in question is *Philosophy and the Modern World* by Albert William Levi. Published in 1959, it was a selection of the Book Find Club and has sold some 10,000 copies. Nobody dreamed, though, that it was likely to be popular enough to make pirating it profitable. (Pirating means simply that the book is reproduced by some kind of process and that no royalties are paid to the copyright holder.) The fact that it was pirated, therefore, is—in an odd way—a feather in Indiana's cap.

"In the past," writes Mrs. Howard, "almost all such pirating has been for textbooks and popular books. It is almost unheard of for a scholarly work in the humanities to be considered important enough to steal." She calls the theft "the climax and proof of Professor Levi's distinction."

When the busy people at Bernard Geis publish a book, they really go all out. Their latest is *The Voyeur*, which I have not read, my attention thus far having been riveted by the attendant publicity efforts. First, there arrived in the mail a packet containing, among other things, a decal of a single staring eye. (I am still wondering where to paste it.) Next, my attention was called to a billboard in Times Square, on which in early February one Sarah Smithers, a twenty-three-year-old actress and model, climbed aloft dressed only in a bikini. According to one account:

> A large crowd gathered . . . and it became even larger when, apparently intoxicated by the cold air and the height, she took off the top of her bikini. Two policemen ordered her down and were about to serve her with a summons for indecent behavior but relented because they decided, her behavior was not nearly so bad as what is permitted to go on in the Times Square area regularly. Instead, they served Bernard Geis with a summons for conducting a street fair.

A lot of people are going around saying they haven't read the book but they've seen the billboard.

A few weeks ago in this space, I wondered out loud what had happened to Mensa, the organization whose members must all be intelligent enough to score in the top 2 per cent of the population on IQ tests. I said that I hadn't heard anything about it in some time and speculated that perhaps it had gone underground.

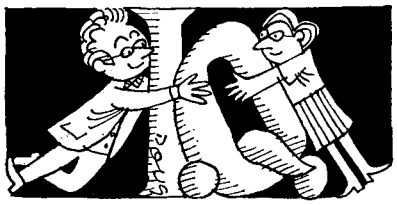
Well, I was wrong. Mensa members—or Ms, as they like to call themselves—have come out of hiding in droves, and they are at this moment storming the TRADE WINDS department with outraged denunciations. (A typical outraged denunciation came from Henry Miller, a Hollywood M: "A poxx on you, Mr. Fixx.")

Vicki L. Paulson, an M from Kettering, Ohio, writes: "I thought you'd be interested in knowing that Mensa is alive in almost every corner of the world. The Ms are constantly amazed and delighted at the growth of our group. Would you care to try to join us?"

Virginia Apperson of San Francisco informs me that Mensa International is going to hold a five-day annual meeting in San Francisco this June. And Wolfgang C. Wenten of Bridgeport, Connecticut, writes: "We have special interest groups and just social gatherings. We even have a very successful investment club. The more people we can attract, the more we can offer."

The only dissenting vote came from Ruth Alcala of Lemon Grove, California, who says, "I expected to find these intelligent people interesting and reasonably compatible. They were, to a large extent, neither. Many were rather weird, out of touch with reality, on their own trip. . . . I found that perhaps they had joined because they had never 'made it' in the world—not professionally or financially or as real social beings, and they clung to their high IQs for the status and sense of self-worth. Meetings were often spent in interminable nit-picking over minutiae. It seemed as if everyone wanted to show how clever he was. . . ."

If you'd like to look into it yourself—and perhaps inquire about taking the entrance examinations—you can write to Mensa, Box A, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.



Report from Santa Barbara: One of the toughest jobs in the world these days must be working for an oil company in Santa Barbara, where for the past few weeks oil has been pouring from the site of an offshore drilling operation. There is an unbelievable feeling of animosity toward virtually all the oil workers, I learned on a visit there, and there is scarcely a soul in lovely Santa Barbara who doesn't want the drilling stopped and the oil workers sent somewhere else—preferably somewhere far, far away.

The feeling is so strong that even the laborers can sense it as they go about their work on the waterfront, preparing the chemicals that will, they hope, break up the vast oil slick, or loading bales of hay to be thrown overboard to soak up the oil. People come by and, seeing the ugly sludge over everything, make hostile comments.

At least one worker, however, has solved the problem. I heard him speaking with a colleague, and when he had finished I asked him a question about the oil problem. He had been talking perfectly good English, with what may have been a Texas or Oklahoma accent, but when he spoke to me all he would say was, *"Yo no hablo inglés."*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1823)

JOHN FAULKNER:
MY BROTHER BILL

Judge Hemingway was an outstanding faculty supporter of Ole Miss athletics. He wasn't too tough on any of his students but if you were an athlete, all you had to do was be in* class and keep awake and you had it made. All the athletes took law.

"Be in" changed from "get to" to get the "b"

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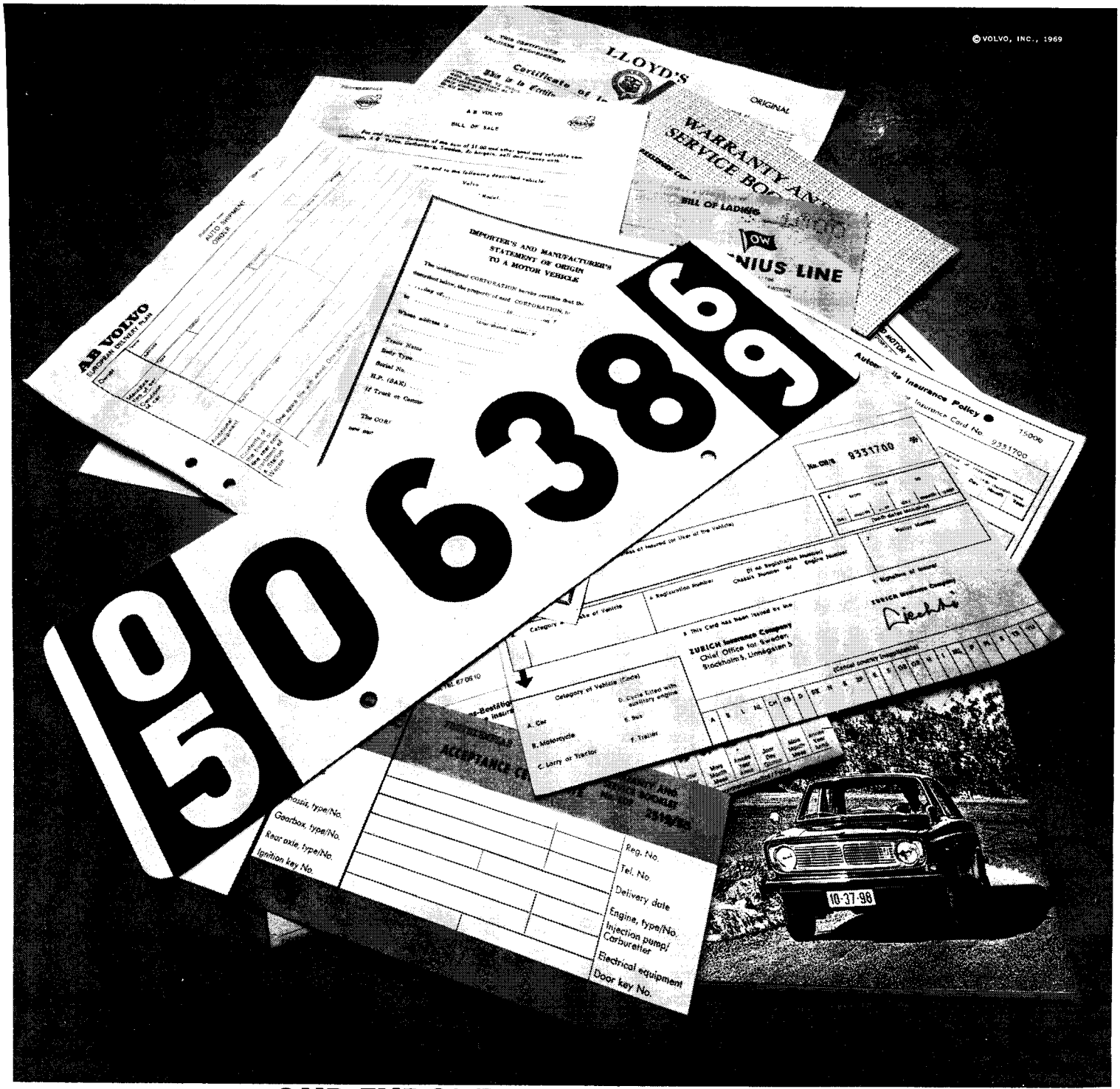

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TAXES

The Collection and Distribution of Your Money

IN 1969, employed Americans will work two-and-a-half hours every eight-hour working day to pay their tax bills—federal, state, and local—a sufficiently imposing fact to make the subject of tax reform a matter of urgent concern to every taxpayer. Are we paying more than we should? Is the tax load being equitably shared? Are our tax dollars going to the right places? This week's special issue, prepared in cooperation with The Research Institute of America, addresses itself to these questions.

Former Secretary of the Treasury Joseph W. Barr, who more than anyone else has aroused the current public interest in tax reform, focuses on the loopholes that favor one class of taxpayer over another in "Tax Reform: The Time Is Now" (page 22). Walter W. Heller, distinguished economist from the University of Minnesota and chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, grapples with a fundamental problem in our federal fiscal system: "Should the Government Share Its Tax Take?" (page 26). The remaining articles in this special issue come from members of the Research Institute staff. Haig Babian, former director of New York University's Institute of Economic Affairs, discusses how taxes are used as a tool for implementing economic and social policy, "Can Taxes Do More Than Raise Revenue?" (page 30), while RIA's chief economist, Bert Gottfried, examines "The Prospects for Lower Taxes" (page 33).

The central question of tax reform impinges on almost every aspect of life in the United States today. These days, as April 15 draws apace, it is a question that deserves a high priority of attention.

THE EDITORS.

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TAX REFORM: THE TIME IS NOW

By JOSEPH W. BARR

LAST January 17, before the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress, I indulged myself in a sentimental journey in which I reviewed our accomplishments of the past eight years. I also outlined what I termed "unfinished business." First on this list was tax reform. This is what I said:

"Our income tax system needs major reforms now, as a matter of importance and urgency. That system essentially depends on an accurate self-assessment by taxpayers. This, in turn, depends on widespread confidence that the tax laws and the tax administration are equitable, and that everyone is paying according to his ability to pay.

"We face now the possibility of a taxpayer revolt if we do not soon make major reforms in our income taxes. The revolt will come not from the poor but from the tens of millions of middle-class families and individuals with incomes of $7,000 to $20,000 whose tax payments now generally are based on the full ordinary rates and who pay over half of our individual income taxes.

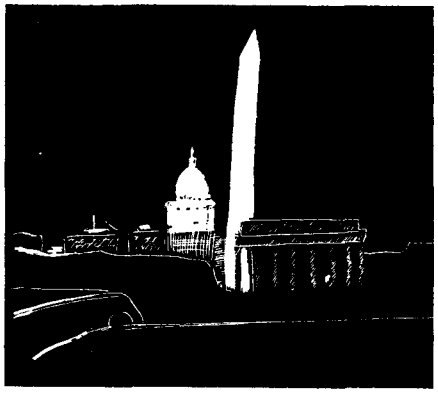
"The middle classes are likely to revolt against income taxes not because of the level or amount of the taxes they must pay, but because certain provisions of the tax laws unfairly lighten the burdens of others who can afford to pay. People are concerned and indeed angered about the high-income recipients who pay little or no federal income taxes. For example, the extreme cases are 155 tax returns in 1967 with adjusted gross incomes above $200,000 on which no federal income taxes were paid, including twenty-one with incomes above $1,000,000.

"Judging from taxpayers' letters to the Treasury, I would say that many people are upset and impatient over the need for correcting these and other situations which demand our attention. In this connection, I should point out that the 10 per cent surcharge has made many taxpayers more aware of the inequities in our present tax system and more demanding that reforms be adopted. I believe public confidence in our income tax system is threatened and that tax reform should be a top priority subject for the new Administration and the 91st Congress."

Frankly I was amazed at the response. The idea of a middle-class taxpayers' revolt caught the attention of the press, and the story was played up heavily around the country for a few days. Then the letters began to pour into the Treasury and Congress. Clearly this was an idea "whose time had come."

It is against this background that I am now violating a principle that has always appealed to me. An outgoing Treasury Department official should keep his mouth shut on controversial matters until his successor has had an opportunity to get organized. However, I started this uproar, and it seems only appropriate that I expand a bit on the brief remarks made before the JEC. This manuscript was submitted to the Treasury, not for approval, but to find out if anything in the presentation would get in the way of their plans. Officials have checked the manuscript for accuracy; they have offered several technical observations; they have no objection to publication. In developing the article, I examined three lines of argument: What do we mean by tax reform? Why the intense public interest at this time? What can we do about it?

Attitudes toward tax reform usually vary depending on whose ox is being gored. There is a saying in the Congress that one man's tax loophole is another man's sacred Constitutional prerogative. But for my purposes here, I shall use this quote from Secretary of the Treasury David Kennedy: "First, we have the question of equity: Are all Americans in similar circumstances paying approximately the same amount of tax?" This is the only issue which we shall examine —not because it is the *total* answer in the area of tax reform, but because this is probably the issue that generated the public outcry after my January 17 statement.



Probably nearly all Americans would agree with Secretary Kennedy's criterion of equity. What most taxpayers don't like is that many people with very large incomes pay very low rates of tax or no tax at all.

On January 17, I transmitted to Kennedy a report entitled *Tax Reform Studies and Proposals, U.S. Treasury Department*. On January 30, it was sent to the Congress by Kennedy and is now available as a joint publication of the House Committee on Ways and Means and the Senate Committee on Finance. The report was prepared by Assistant Secretary Stanley Surrey and his staff. The data I shall be using here is derived mostly from Part IV of that report.

THIS may come as a surprise to many, but the fact is that the vast majority of American taxpayers in similar circumstances do pay similar taxes. Look at the table accompanying this article. It is not as formidable as you would think. Forget about the legal language at the top (unless you are a taxpayer). If you read across the top horizontal line, you will see that the columns are divided into *effective* tax rates—arranged in 5 per cent brackets.

Now, *effective* tax rates are the basic measure of tax bite—the tax actually paid as a per cent of income. If you look at the left-hand vertical column of the table, you will see that it is broken into income classes—0 to $3,000, $3,000 to $5,000, etc., up to incomes in excess of $1,000,000 per year. These figures refer to total income—salaries, dividends, interest, profits, plus profits on the sale of stock or capital assets, tax-exempt interest, and excess depletion.

A look at this chart is very informative —and on the whole very heartening. You can see that most Americans (68 per cent) in the lowest income levels pay from 0 to 5 per cent of their income in taxes. Then a rather amazing phenomenon occurs. From a level of about $3,000 up to $20,000, most Americans pay from 15 to 20 per cent of their income in taxes. For example, the table shows that 63 per cent of the $3,000-to-$5,000 income group are in this tax-rate base; 72 per cent of the $5,000-to-$7,000 group; 70 per cent of the $7,000-to-$10,000 group; 85 per cent of the $10,000-to-$15,000 group; and 71 per cent of the $15,000-to-$20,000 group.

Now, before anyone shouts "Eureka,

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this is where we need tax reform!" let me explain this phenomenon. It is an outgrowth of two sociological facts of life that happen to be reflected in the tax codes. First, the people in the lower end of the income brackets tend to be single and are denied the use of the split-income alternative available to married couples. This, however, is not too important in income ranges up to $20,000. What is more important is that married couples in these income brackets, particularly in the $10,000-to-$20,000 group, have increasingly tended to become homeowners, which means that they can take the interest on their mortgages and their property taxes as deductions from their taxable income.

At this point let me hastily retreat from the accusations of single ladies that the tax laws discriminate unfairly against them in a world where the proposal of marriage rests with the male initiative. That is correct if you are referring to the provision that married taxpayers can split their income and end up in lower brackets. However, this provision works best if a girl marries a man whose income is much larger than hers. In addition, the standard deduction works peculiarly for people with incomes under $10,000. For example, I checked out the tax return of my most recently married daughter and son-in-law. They are both employed; they both earn about $7,000 a year; and because of the workings of the standard deduction, they are paying more taxes married than they would have paid if they were single—in spite of the fact that they can split their income!

I will also avoid any argument over whether homeowners, as opposed to renters, should have a tax advantage. In most parts of the United States, the decision to rent or to own can be made without too much difficulty. Therefore, the tax advantages in favor of home ownership usually result in a matter of choice—not economic necessity.

It can be seen from this short review that most taxpayers in income levels up to about $20,000 do pay similar taxes. They tend to cluster around the 15-to-20 per cent rate, with variations above and below, depending largely on personal factors such as medical expenses and marital status.

However, look at the remaining levels up to $1,000,000 and more. You will see that from $20,000 to $50,000 the tendency to cluster around a rate drops sharply. For example, 45 per cent of this group pay rates of 20 to 25 per cent. The rest of the group is spread above and below this rate. From $50,000 to $100,000, the "cluster" tendency drops to 31 per cent in the 30-to-35 per cent rate brackets. From $100,000 to $500,000, there is almost no "cluster" point. Taxpayers are ranged widely—with 2 per cent paying rates from 0 to 5 per cent up to a few in the 60-to-70 per cent brackets.

The cluster reappears with incomes from $500,000 to $1,000,000 and in incomes of $1,000,000 or more. These groups cluster in the 20-to-25 per cent and 25-to-30 per cent brackets. But here again the dispersion is wide, with 2.5 per cent of the $1,000,000 and more class paying taxes at the 0-to-5 per cent rate and 9.5 per cent of the group paying 60-to-70 per cent rates.

Thus we can safely observe that the pattern of comparability of effective tax rates in income classes starts to erode at $20,000, disappears above $100,000, and reappears in the highest income groups, but at quite low rates. What has happened? The answer lies in the way income is treated for tax purposes. One-half of the profits from the sale of capital assets—stocks, bonds, buildings, etc.—held for more than six months is not counted as income; and the remainder of such capital gains are not taxed at more than 25 per cent. Next in importance (in terms of income not treated as ordinary income for tax purposes) is the interest from state and local bonds. This interest is completely tax-exempt, not counted as income at all. Then comes the "unlimited charitable deductions," followed by farm losses and, finally, by depletion allowances in excess of cost of drilling.

THESE five factors, plus the practice of borrowing large sums of money and throwing the interest deductions against taxable income, leaving tax-exempt income to "ride free," account for most of the wide-ranging disparities among high-income taxpayers. I shall not deal with tax escapes on appreciation of assets transferred at death; there are a number

Percentage Distribution of Returns by Effective Tax Rate Classes

(by Amended Gross Income Classes, 1969 Levels)

Amended Gross Income ($000)	Effective Tax Rate Classes													
	0-5	5-10	10-15	15-20	20-25	25-30	30-35	35-40	40-45	45-50	50-55	55-60	60-65	65-70
0- 3	68.0	0.3	1.4	6.0										
3- 5	14.5	2.3	10.9	63.0	5.6									
5- 7	3.9	2.0	22.2	71.6	0.1									
7- 10	0.9	1.0	22.2	70.5	5.3									
10- 15	0.7	0.8	6.3	85.2	6.6	0.4								
15- 20	0.6	1.5	4.8	71.2	19.8	2.2								
20- 50	0.9	1.6	7.0	27.9	45.2	13.5	3.0	0.6	0.2					
50- 100	1.2	0.8	3.3	7.5	12.7	21.6	31.2	16.4	3.9	1.2	0.2			
100- 500	1.9	1.3	1.9	6.1	17.9	15.9	11.5	14.1	14.4	8.7	4.1	1.9	0.3	
500-1,000	2.1	0.7	0.8	0.7	31.9	32.8	6.3	4.3	3.0	2.4	3.1	4.6	6.7	0.4
1,000 & over	2.5	0.4	0.3	0.4	36.6	37.8	4.3	1.7	1.8	2.1	1.2	1.3	6.1	3.4

Office of the Secretary of the Treasury, Office of Tax Analysis

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of extraordinary examples there, too.

There is one other avenue of tax avoidance that is becoming increasingly important but is not included here simply because the Treasury has not yet isolated the statistics. It works like this. You build an office or apartment building for $1,000,000 (using about $100,000 of your money and borrowing the rest). You establish a super-fast rate of depreciation, and then pay the mortgage, interest, and maintenance from rents, plus *some* of the depreciation. Although the building is paying its way, it still shows a large tax loss which can be thrown against salary, dividends, etc.

I am assuming that this listing of tax provisions used by high-income taxpayers is understandable, but it might be unclear what the "unlimited charitable deduction is." The answer to this question requires a story.

There has always been a limit on the amount of income that an individual can give to charity. At the moment, the limit stands at 30 per cent. Back about forty years ago, a young lady from a very wealthy family entered a convent and took the vows of poverty. Her family created a trust for her that gave her all the income, which she turned over to the convent. But she could not touch the principal.

Clearly this nun was in violation of the income tax laws, and the Government tried to collect the tax due. Just as clearly, this was an impossible situation because the nun could not get at her principal in the trust to pay the tax the Government insisted she owed. So Congress passed a law which provided that anyone who gave away 90 per cent of his income for a period of five years was thereafter excused from paying income taxes, so long as he continued this pattern of giving.

This innocent law, which has unquestionably provided millions for charity and education, has had some peculiar results. If one is *very, very* rich, this law becomes quite interesting. Take the case of the taxpayer whose income one year totaled $10,800,000—mostly from dividends. He made contributions totaling $10,500,000, and as he had qualified previously for the unlimited charitable deduction, he paid no tax at all.

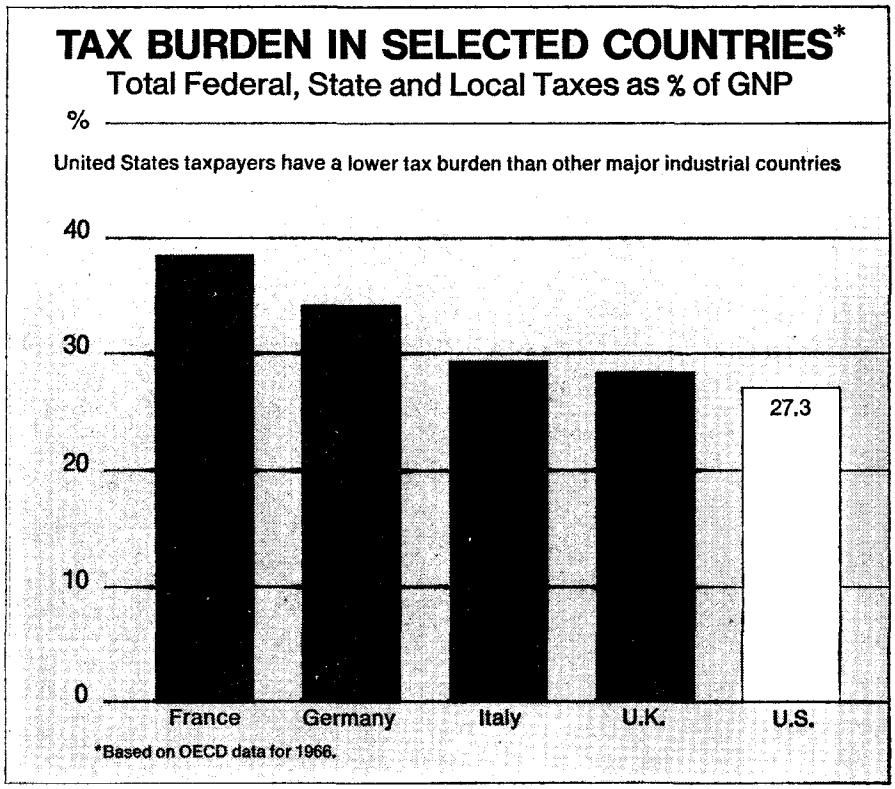
But one might say, "Yes, that's true, but he did give away nearly all his income." However, what probably happened was that this taxpayer gave away securities that he had inherited or acquired years ago at a much lower price. The law provides that contributions are valued at *market*, not at cost, value. If this taxpayer had dividends in excess of $10,000,000, his stocks were probably worth more than $200 million. Many corporations pay out in dividends less than half of what they have earned. So probably this taxpayer's portfolio of stocks increased in value more than the dividends he received and the money he gave away. It would not be at all impossible for this taxpayer to have started the year with $200 million in stocks; to have received $10,000,000 in cash dividends; to have given away $10,000,000 in stocks at market value; to have ended up the year with stocks worth $205 million; *and to have had $10,000,000 to spend with no taxes to pay*!

In summary, the principal reasons for large variations in the rates of tax paid by high-income taxpayers, and the reasons for the very low rates they pay (sometimes none at all) are: 1) the tax treatment of capital gains, plus the fact that high-income taxpayers often have large capital gains; 2) the tax exemption of state and local securities; 3) the unlimited charitable deductions; 4) farm losses; 5) depletion allowances; 6) tax losses on real estate; 7) the practice of allocating all deductions against taxable income—leaving untaxed income for a "free ride."

WHY is there such intense public interest in tax reform at this time? The fact that my January 17 statement caused a stir and that there is a continuing public interest in tax reform has puzzled me. After all, there is nothing new here. Congressman Wilbur Mills and former Senator Paul Douglas have been saying the same things for at least a decade. Treasury Secretaries Douglas Dillon and Henry H. Fowler have used the same arguments for the past eight years. There is nothing new in the fact that people with very large incomes have paid little or no tax. Secretary Dillon reported to the Congress years ago that one taxpayer whose income totaled $23,000,000 in one year had paid no tax.

Probably there are two answers to this problem, and probably the answers split on income groups. The people in the $7,000-to-$20,000 group are probably angry because they are being loaded with an ever-heavier burden of state and local taxes. Since our analysis has indicated that the federal tax laws seem to work fairly in these income classes, what these people are complaining about is not so much that their neighbors get a better break on federal taxes, but that the additional taxes imposed at the state and local levels, when added to their federal taxes, constitute a heavy load. They are probably also saying that they are irritated that taxpayers in much more fortunate circumstances are not bothered by this load and, indeed, may be paying less federal taxes than they are, on a per cent basis—and, in many cases, in dollars.

However, my personal observation leads me to believe that there is still another group with a serious complaint. If you will look at the table again, you will see that more than half (52 per cent) of the taxpayers in the income brackets between $50,000 and $100,000 are paying effective tax rates ranging from 30 per cent up to 50 per cent. But, surprisingly, 64 per cent of the taxpayers in the



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income brackets from $500,000 on up are paying effective tax rates of only 20 to 30 per cent.

I have met a lot of people in the $50,000-to-$100,000 brackets in the past few years because they are lawyers, bankers, corporate executives, etc., who usually represent their organizations with the Government. I am continually amazed at the fact that so many of these people complain that they are living from hand to mouth. One of these individuals recently sent me a story on "How to Go Broke in New York on $80,000 per year."

It seems that many of these people, while they have very high incomes, do not have the capital to take advantage of the tax provisions I listed earlier. When they get hit with a federal tax bill of $35,000 a year, plus state and local taxes, it is not hard to understand why they are complaining—especially when they see all around them people with much larger incomes paying far less in taxes than they.

These $50,000-to-$100,000 income group taxpayers know all about the tax advantages. They do the legal and financial work that enables their higher income clients or customers to use these provisions. What they lack is the capital to use these tax advantages themselves. For one reason or another, they end up as a highly irritated group—as I know by personal experience.

"How big a plowshare did you have in mind?"

WHAT can be done? One thing is obvious to me: there are few "villains" to be found in this whole area. Look back at the list of tax advantages. One can't make villains out of investment bankers and brokers, governors, mayors, charities, and educational institutions, and it's a bit hard to make the city farmer into a "villain." It is also apparent that oil depletion, the favorite whipping boy in the past, ranks an ignominious fifth in the order of tax importance of tax advantages.

One may be flabbergasted and perhaps irritated that the taxpayer with the unlimited charitable deductions could get such handsome treatment, but it is still difficult to label this taxpayer a villain. After all, he is transferring huge sums to charity and education. Whenever an attempt is made to close off this particular tax provision (and it was tried once), the people who object the most are some of the nation's most distinguished educators. It is not easy to tell these men, many of whom I know personally, that this provision should be abolished on the grounds of tax equity.

It is equally difficult to argue with the investment community on capital gains. These are men of intelligence and reason, and they argue with great force that the tax treatment of capital gains should be *liberalized*, not tightened, in order to generate the investment capital that this nation and the world clearly need. Try to argue with a governor or a mayor, who is desperate for funds, that the tax exemption of state or local governments should be changed. They need money so badly that they quickly become convinced you are some kind of a nut. There is quite a bit of merit in Professor Henry Wallich's homily that "an old tax is a good tax." This is especially true when the Congress moves into the sensitive and highly controversial areas that I have mentioned.

The question at issue, however, is whether we can maintain compliance and self-assessment among many millions of taxpayers who are convinced that for one reason or another many very-high-income individuals are not paying their fair share.

In my opinion, some answer along the lines of a proposal suggested by the former Treasury staff is about right. This proposal would provide that everyone pay a minimum tax no matter how they get their income. This tax would be at rates roughly one-half of the current rates, which range from 14 to 70 per cent. In addition, the proposal states that no one should pay more than one half of their total income in federal taxes.

The result of this proposal would be to move the group of taxpayers with incomes above $500,000 per year from their present effective rates of 20 per cent to 30 per cent up to a 30-to-40 per cent rate. And, finally, it would reduce to a 50 per cent rate the roughly 12 per cent of high-income individuals who are currently paying at higher rates. This proposal, however, does not cure the unlimited charitable contribution situation, and it does not get at the tax advantages in real estate or depletion. If the Congress does decide to act in these areas, it will require an additional set of proposals.

In spite of the fact that the Treasury staff proposal does not close off all tax advantages, it is at least a start. It is a "half-way" approach that may well appeal to the Congress as a starting point for action. It also has one additional appeal. It reduces the total tax any individual would have to pay to 50 per cent. I think that there is a rather general feeling that rates of 70 per cent and the old 90 per cent rates tend to be confiscatory. As a result, the Congress is always looking for ways to take out some of the sting.

Quite possibly, the 50 per cent maximum rate proposal will be the most significant aspect of tax reform. Ultimately, if the top rates could be reduced to 40 per cent or 45 per cent, with compensatory plugging of loopholes, then I think that there may be a good chance to meet Secretary Kennedy's goal—"all Americans in similar circumstances paying approximately the same amount of tax."

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SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT SHARE ITS TAX TAKE?

By WALTER W. HELLER

WASHINGTON *must* find a way to put a generous share of the huge federal fiscal dividend (the automatic increase in tax revenue associated with income growth) at the disposal of the states and cities. If it fails to do so, federalism will suffer, services will suffer, and the state-local taxpayer will suffer.

Economic growth creates a glaring fiscal gap; it bestows its revenue bounties on the federal government, whose progressive income tax is particularly responsive to growth, and imposes the major part of its burdens on state and local governments. Closing that gap must take priority over any federal tax cuts other than the removal of the 10 per cent surcharge. And even this exception may not be valid. For, as New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller has proposed, the revenue generated by the surcharge can easily be segregated from other federal revenue and earmarked for sharing with the states. So perhaps even the taxpayer's "divine right" to get rid of the surcharge may have to give way to the human rights of the poor, the ignorant, the ill, and the black.

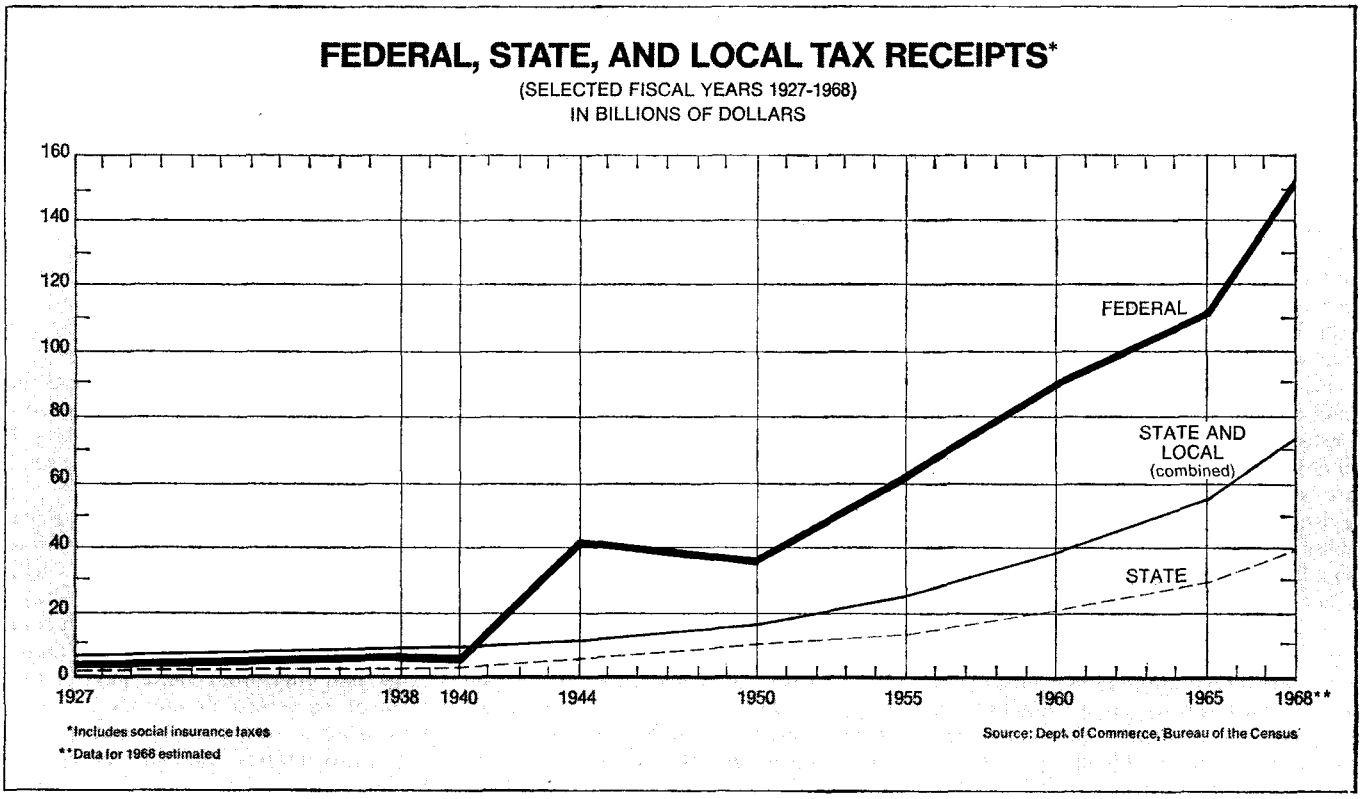
FOR when the state-local taxpayer is beset with—and, indeed, rebelling against—a rising tide of regressive and repressive property, sales, and excise taxes, what sense would it make to weaken or dismantle the progressive and growth-responsive federal income tax? Whether our concern is for justice and efficiency in taxation, or for better balance in our federalism, or, most important, for a more rational system of financing our aching social needs, there is no escape from the logic of putting the power of the federal income tax at the disposal of beleaguered state and local governments.

Calling for redress of the fiscal grievances of our federalism is, of course, far from saying that state-local government has reached the end of its fiscal rope. The taxpayer's will to pay taxes may be exhausted, but his capacity is not:

► Our overall tax burden—roughly 28 per cent of the GNP—falls far short of the 35-to-40 per cent levels in Germany, France, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia. Small solace, perhaps, but a strong suggestion that the U.S. taxpayer has not been squeezed dry.

► Untapped and underutilized tax sources still abound in state and local finance. For example, fifteen states still have no income tax, and six still have no sales tax. If all fifty states had levied income taxes as high as those of the top ten, state income tax collections in 1966 would have been $11 billion instead of $5 billion. The same type of computation for state and local sales taxes shows a $5-billion add-on. As for that sick giant of our tax system, the property tax, the aforementioned top-ten standard adds $9.3 billion to the existing collection of $24.5 billion.

It is only fair to point out, however, that states and localities have not been exactly reticent about tapping these revenue sources. In spite of taxpayer resistance and the frequent political penalties that go with it, the fifty states have been doing a land-office business in new and used taxes. In the past ten years, the six major state taxes (sales, personal and corporate income, gasoline, cigarette, and liquor) were the subject



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of 309 rate increases and twenty-six new adoptions. Instead of slowing down, the pace has speeded up; in 1967-68, the states raised major taxes on eighty occasions and enacted seven new levies. Meanwhile, property tax burdens have risen faster than anyone thought possible ten years ago.

Yet, this effort has all the earmarks of a losing battle. Economic growth generates demands for new and better services while leaving a massive problem of water, air, land, and sound pollution in its wake. Population growth, especially the rapid rise of taxeaters relative to taxpayers (the number of Americans in the school-age and over-sixty-five groups is increasing more than twice as rapidly as those in-between), is straining state-local budgets. And inflation—which increases the prices of goods and services bought by state-local governments about twice as fast as the average rate of price increase in the economy—also works against state-local budgets.

In trying to meet these spending pressures, state and local governments are inhibited by fears of interstate competition, by limited jurisdiction, by reliance on taxes that respond sluggishly to economic growth, and by fears of taxpayer reprisals at the polls. But it would be a mistake to assume that the case for federal support rests wholly, or even mainly, on these relentless fiscal pressures and handicaps. Far from being just a fiscal problem—a question of meeting fiscal demands from a limited taxable capacity—the issue touches on the very essence of federalism, both in a political and in a socioeconomic sense.

Indeed, it is from the realm of political philosophy—the renewed interest in making state-local government a vital, effective, and reasonably equal partner in a workable federalism—that much of the impetus for more generous levels and new forms of federal assistance has come. The financial plight of state-local government cannot alone explain the introduction of some 100 bills in Congress for various forms of revenue sharing or unconditional block grants since 1954, when my proposal for apportioning taxes was first made public and converted into a detailed plan by the Presidential task force headed by Joseph A. Pechman.

In this connection, I have been amused by how often the following sentences from my *New Dimensions of Political Economy*, published in 1966, have been quoted, especially by surprised conservatives: "The good life will not come, ready made, from some federal assembly line. It has to be custom-built, engaging the effort and imagination and resourcefulness of the community. Whatever fiscal plan is adopted must recognize this need." In expressing similar thoughts publicly for a quarter-century, I have not been alone among liberals. Yet, the statement is now greeted as if the power and the glory of decentralization has just been revealed to us for the first time. May I add that when we are embraced by those "who stand on their states' rights so they can sit on them," we may be forgiven for wincing.

Moving from the political to the economic, one finds strong additional rationale for new and expanded federal support in the economic—or socioeconomic—theory of public expenditures. It is in this theory that our vast programs of federal aid to state and local governments—projected to run at $25 billion in fiscal 1970 (triple the amount in 1960)—are firmly anchored. All too often, they are thought of simply as a piece of political pragmatism growing out of two central fiscal facts: that Washington collects more than two-thirds of the total federal, state, and local tax take; and that nearly two-thirds of government public services (leaving aside defense and social security programs) are provided by state-local government. Throw in the objective of stimulating state-local efforts through matching provisions, and, for many people, the theory of federal grants is complete.

In fact, it is only the beginning. Consider the compelling problems of poverty and race and the related problems of ignorance, disease, squalor, and hard-core unemployment. The roots of these problems are nationwide. And the efforts to overcome them by better education, training, health, welfare, and housing have nationwide effects. Yet, it is precisely these services that we entrust primarily to our circumscribed state and local units.

Clearly, then, many of the problems that the states and localities tackle are not of their own making. And their success or failure in coping with such problems will have huge spillover effects far transcending state and local lines in our mobile and interdependent society. The increasing controversy over the alleged migration of the poor from state to state in search of higher welfare benefits is only one aspect of this. So, quite apart from any fiscal need to run hat in hand to the national government, states and cities have a dignified and reasonable claim on federal funds with which to carry out national responsibilities. Only the federal government can represent the totality of benefits and strike an efficient balance between benefits and costs. Therein lies the compelling economic case for the existing system of earmarked, conditional grants-in-aid. Such grants will, indeed must, continue to be our major mechanism for transferring funds to the states and localities.

But the interests of a healthy and balanced federalism call for support of the general state-local enterprise as well as specific services. It is hard to argue that the benefits of sanitation, green space, recreation, police and fire protection, street maintenance and lighting

Federal Aid to State and Local Governments

(selected fiscal years 1949-1969)
in millions of dollars

	1949	1959	1967	1968*	1969*
Agriculture	86.6	322.5	448.0	599.4	644.0
Commerce and Transportation	433.6	100.6	226.3	431.7	618.6
Education	36.9	291.3	2,298.7	2,461.9	2,398.2
Health, Labor, Welfare	1,231.5	2,789.7	6,438.0	8,207.1	9,135.0
Housing, Community Development	8.6	188.4	768.3	1,185.2	1,812.5
Highway and Unempl. Trust Funds	—	2,801.2	4,501.7	4,773.1	4,796.7
Other	5.5	319.7	1,120.2	1,239.9	1,418.0
Total	1,802.7	6,813.4	15,801.2	18,898.3	20,823.0

*Data estimated
Source: Bureau of the Budget

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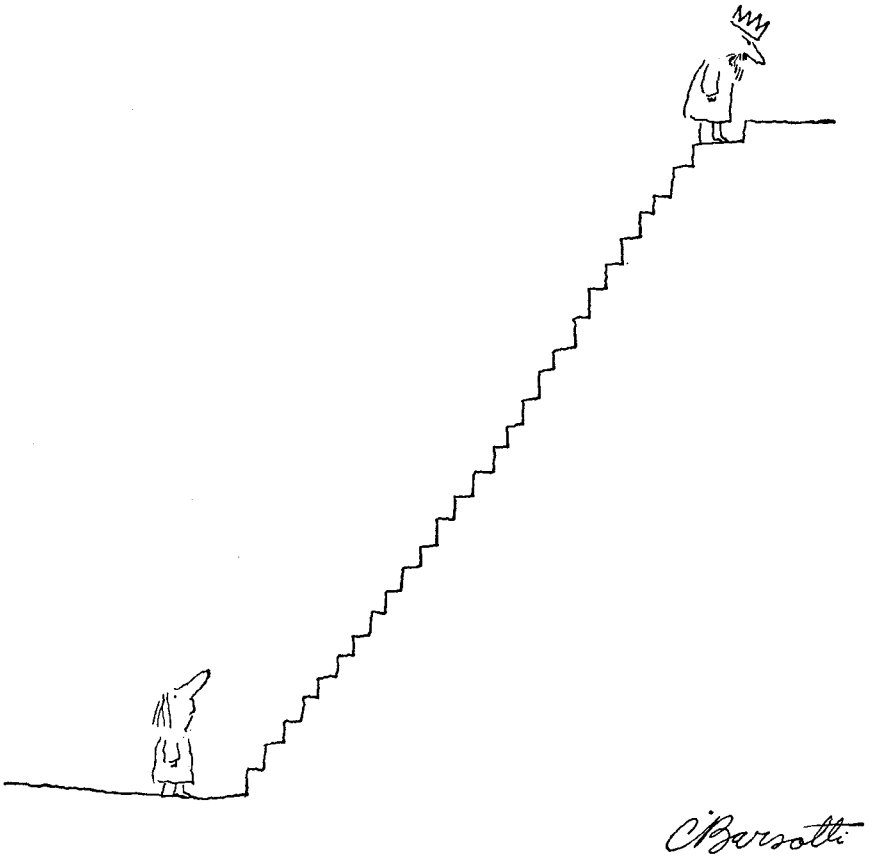

"My throne's gone!"

in one community have large spillover effects on other communities. Yet, in more or less humdrum services such as these lies much of the difference between a decent environment and a squalid one, between the snug suburb and the grinding ghetto.

Given the limits and inhibitions of state-local taxation and the sharp inequalities in revenue-raising capacity—compounded by the matching requirement in most categorical grants, which pulls funds away from non-grant activities—too many of the states and the cities are forced to strike their fiscal balances at levels of services well below the needs and desires of their citizens. The absence of a system of federal transfers to serve the broad purpose of upgrading the general level of public services, especially in the poorer states, is a serious gap—both economic and political—in the fiscal structure of our federalism. Tax sharing could fill it.

The core of a tax-sharing plan is the earmarking of a specified share of the federal individual income tax take for distribution to states and localities, on the basis of population, with next to no strings attached. The so-called Heller-Pechman plan has the following main elements:

► The federal government would regularly route into a special trust fund 2 per cent of the federal individual income tax base (the amount reported as net taxable income by all individuals). In 1969, for example, this would come to about $7 billion, roughly 10 per cent of federal individual income tax revenues. This amount would be channeled to the states at fixed intervals, free from the uncertainties of the annual federal appropriation process.

► The basic distribution would be on a straight population formula, so much per capita. Perhaps 10 per cent of the proceeds should be set aside each year as an equalization measure—to boost the share of the seventeen poorer states (which have 20 per cent of the nation's population).

► To insure that the fiscal claims of the localities are met, a minimum pass-through—perhaps 50 per cent—to local units would be required. In this intrastate allocation, the financial plight of urban areas should be given special emphasis.

► The widest possible discretion should be left to the state and local governments in the use of the funds, subject only to the usual accounting and auditing requirements, compliance with the Civil Rights Act, and perhaps a ban on the use of such funds for highways (for which there already is a special federal trust fund).

How well does the tax-sharing plan (also called revenue sharing, unconditional grants, and general assistance grants) measure up to the economic and sociopolitical criteria implicit in the foregoing discussion? Let me rate it briefly, and sympathetically, on six counts.

First, it would significantly relieve the immediate pressures on state-local treasuries and, more important, would make state-local revenues grow more rapidly, in response to economic growth. For example, a 2-percentage-point distribution on a straight per capita basis would provide, in 1969, $650 million each for California and New York, $420 million for Pennsylvania, $375 million for Illinois, $140 million each for Mississippi and Wisconsin, $125 million each for Louisiana and Minnesota, and about $65 million each for Arkansas and Colorado.

The striking growth potential of this source of revenue is evident in two facts: 1) had the plan been in effect in 1955, the distribution of 2 per cent of the $125-billion income-tax base in that year would have yielded a state-local tax share of about $2.5 billion; and 2) by 1972, the base should be about $450 billion, yielding a $9-billion annual share.

Second, tax sharing would serve our federalist interest in state-local vitality and independence by providing new financial elbow room, free of political penalty, for creative state and local officials. Unlike the present grants-in-aid, the tax-shared revenue would yield a dependable flow of federal funds in a form that would enlarge, not restrict, their options.

Third, tax sharing would reverse the present regressive trend in our federal-state-local tax system. It seems politically realistic to assume that the slice of federal income tax revenue put aside for the states and cities would absorb funds otherwise destined to go mainly into federal tax cuts and only partly into spending increases. Given the enormous pressures on state-local budgets, on the other hand, tax shares would go primarily into higher state-local expenditures and only in small part into a slowdown of state-local tax increases. Thus, the combination would produce a more progressive overall fiscal system.

Fourth, tax sharing—especially with the 10 per cent equalization feature—would enable the economically weaker states to upgrade the scope and quality of their services without putting crush-

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ingly heavier burdens on their citizens. Per capita sharing itself would have a considerable equalizing effect, distributing $35 per person to all of the states, having drawn $47 per person from the ten richest and $24 per person from the ten poorest states. Setting aside an extra 10 per cent for equalization would boost the allotments of the seventeen poorest states by one-third to one-half. Thus, the national interest in reducing interstate disparities in the level of services would be well served.

Fifth, the plan could readily incorporate a direct stimulus to state and local tax efforts. Indeed, the Douglas Commission (the National Commission on Urban Problems), like many other advocates of tax-sharing plans, would adjust the allotments to take account of relative state-local tax efforts. In addition, they propose a bonus for heavy reliance on individual income taxation.

A more direct stimulant to state and local efforts in the income tax field would be to enact credits against the federal income tax for state income taxes paid. For example, if the taxpayer could credit one-third or two-fifths of his state and local income tax payments directly against his federal tax liability (rather than just treat such taxes as a deduction from taxable income, as at present), it would lead to a far greater use of this fairest and most growth-oriented of all tax sources.

Ideally, income tax credits should be coupled with income tax sharing and federal aid in a balanced program of federal support. But if relentless fiscal facts require a choice, the nod must go to tax sharing because 1) credits provide no interstate income-level equalization; 2) at the outset, at least, much of the federal revenue loss becomes a taxpayer gain rather than state-local gain; and 3) since one-third of the states still lack broad-based income taxes, the credit would touch off cries of "coercion." Nevertheless, it is a splendid device that ought to have clearcut priority over further tax cuts.

Sixth, and finally, per capita revenue sharing would miss its mark if it did not relieve some of the intense fiscal pressures on local, and particularly urban, governments. The principle is easy to state. The formula to carry it out is more difficult to devise. But it can be done. The Douglas Commission has already developed an attractive formula that it describes as "deliberately 'loaded' to favor general purpose governments that are sufficiently large in population to give some prospect of viability as urban units." I would agree with the Commission that it is important not to let "no-strings" federal aid sustain and entrench thousands of small governmental units that ought to wither away—though I still prefer to see the tax-sharing funds routed through the fifty state capitals, rather than short-circuiting them by direct distribution to urban units.

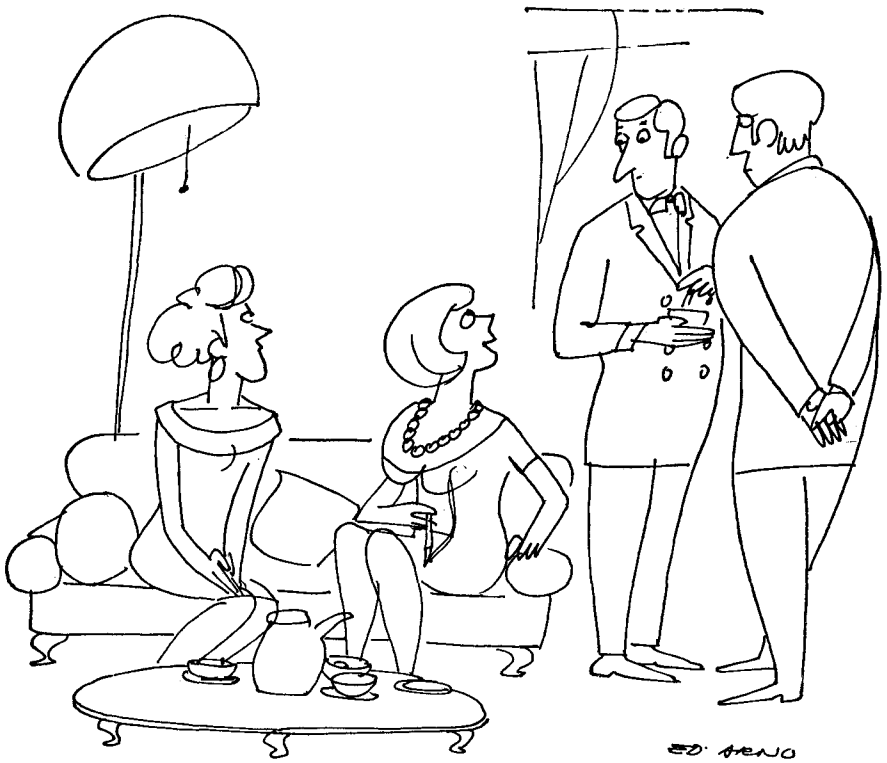
Supported by the foregoing logic, espoused by both Democratic and Republican platforms and candidates in 1968, and incorporated into bills by dozens of prestigious Senators and Congressmen, one would think that tax sharing will have clear sailing as soon as our fiscal dividends permit. Not so. The way is strewn with obstacles and objections.

FOR example, tax sharing poses threats, or seeming threats, to special interest groups including all the way from top federal bureaucrats who see tax sharing's gain as their agencies' and programs' loss; through the powerful lobbyists for special programs such as housing, medical care, and pollution control programs, who recoil from the prospect of going back from the federal gusher to fifty state spigots; to the Senators and Congressmen who see more political mileage in tax cuts or program boosts than in getting governors and mayors out of their fiscal jam.

But, of course, opposition goes far beyond crass self-interest. It also grows out of philosophic differences and concern over the alleged shortcomings of tax sharing. There is the obvious issue of federalism versus centralism. A strong contingent in this country feels that the federal government knows best, and that state and local governments cannot be trusted. Others fear that revenue sharing or unrestricted grants will make state-local government more dependent on the federal government—a fear for which I see little or no justification.

On the issues, some would argue that it is better to relieve state-local budgets by taking over certain burdens through income-maintenance programs like the negative income tax; while others feel that too much of the revenue-sharing proceeds would go down the drain in waste and corruption. Here, one must answer in terms of a willingness to take the risks that go with an investment in the renaissance of the states and the cities. Some costs in wasted and diverted funds will undoubtedly be incurred. My assumption is that these costs will be far outweighed by the benefits of greater social stability and a more viable federalism that will flow from the higher and better levels of government services and the stimulus to state-local initiative and responsibility.

In sum, I view tax sharing as an instrument that 1) will fill a major gap in our fiscal federalism; 2) will strengthen the fabric of federalism by infusing funds *and* strength into the state-local enterprise; and 3) will increase our total governmental capacity to cope with the social crisis that confronts us. The sooner Congress gets on with the job of enacting a system of tax sharing, even if it means postponing the end of the 10 per cent surcharge, the better off we shall be.



"Is our new car a 60 horsepower motor with seventy-five payments, or a 75 horsepower with sixty payments?"

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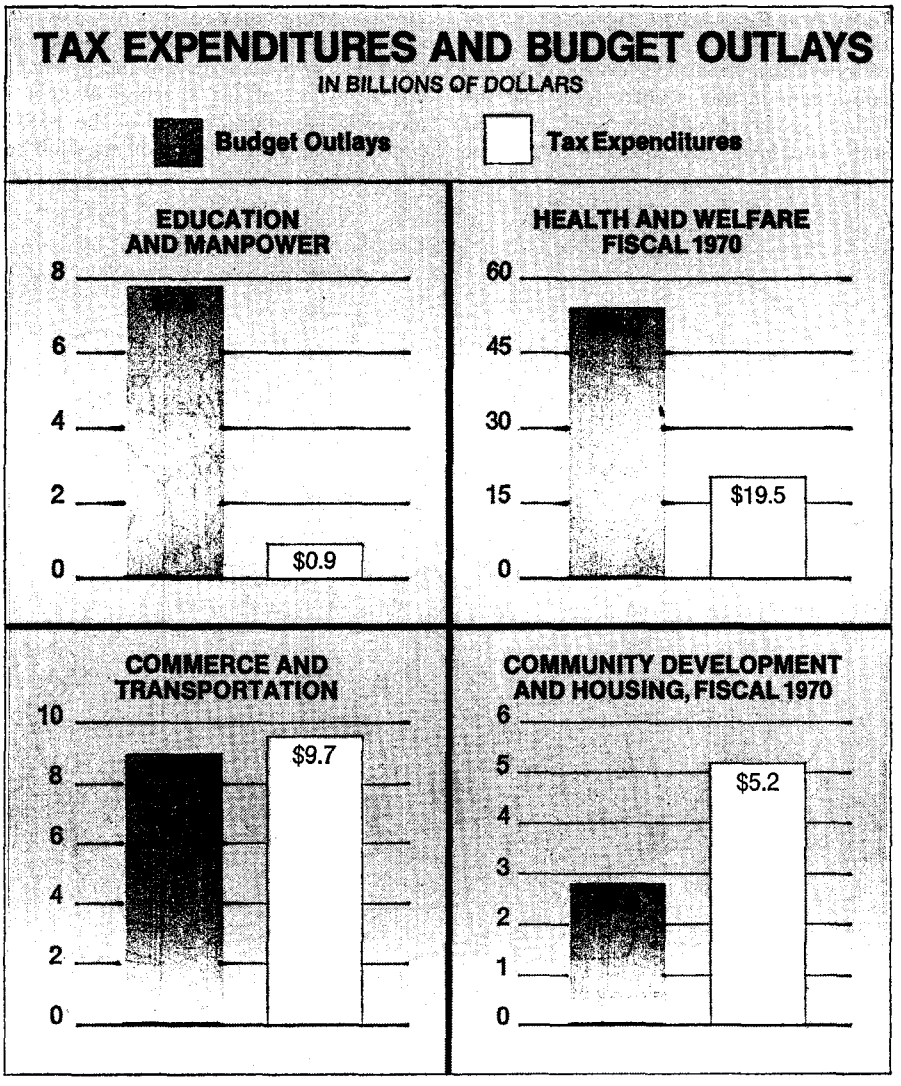
CAN TAXES DO MORE THAN RAISE REVENUE?

By HAIG BABIAN

IF, indeed, it is true that taxes are as inevitable as death, what considerations determine whether we must pay more or less? Isn't it simply a matter of how much money "the government" needs to meet its responsibilities to the people? Why can't we take a good, hard look at what we want government to spend money on, set a price tag for these services, and then collect the money deemed necessary according to an ability-to-pay formula, or on some other equitable basis? Wouldn't this be a great deal simpler than our present system of exemptions, deductions, write-offs, and a thousand and one other opportunities for maneuvers that have made a national pastime of searching for "tax angles"? In other words, once we have agreed that, in one way or another, government must collect the tax revenue it needs to stay in business, doesn't it all boil down to finding the fairest means to raise the money?

The answer is yes; that is what it would all boil down to, if raising revenue for the Government were the sole purpose and use of a modern tax system. Yes, if we could achieve a working consensus on what services we want government to perform, we should be able to figure out a fair way to meet the costs among ourselves. Yes, it would be nice if we could have a simplified way to determine who owes how much in support of government, although we must realize that each of us is prone to be conservative in estimating *his* fair share of support.

Unfortunately, the facts of life today are such that we cannot ask questions, and provide answers to them, based on the assumption that taxes exist simply to provide revenue for a functioning government. Taxes in a modern society are a vital part of a complex economic system; they can be put to uses that sometimes transcend the need to finance government. How much they total (sometimes they can be less than government needs, and on occasion more than government needs), as well as from whom they are collected, can critically affect for good or for ill the health of the economy in general or any one of its components in particular.



THIS aspect of taxes is well illustrated by the Nixon Administration's apparent decision to extend the tax surcharge beyond its scheduled expiration date of June 1969. The chief argument for retention is not that government will need the money (which it will), but that the inflationary pressures on the economy will not have eased sufficiently to allow the release of additional spending power to individuals and businesses. To follow this line of reasoning a bit further, the real argument for retention of the surcharge is that since government will need the money, to surrender it to the public will force making up the difference by borrowing. The net effect of this would not be a sustained level of government spending, but an increased level of individual and business spending. And this would be undesirable in inflationary times.

Viewed in this light, the problem of determining the amount of taxes to be collected, and from whom, becomes a great deal more complicated than measuring the financial needs of government and then apportioning the levy among taxpayers according to an "equitable" formula. But we haven't yet said nearly enough about the non-revenue uses of taxes. These uses have proliferated greatly over the years, particularly so during the post-World War II era, when economic growth – and the goals of growth–passed into the vernacular of public policy. A brief review of the history of these developments will provide a useful background to the current interest in taxes and tax reform.

Once upon a time, when the United States had a population of only 4,000,000, the conventional wisdom held that the best government was the one that

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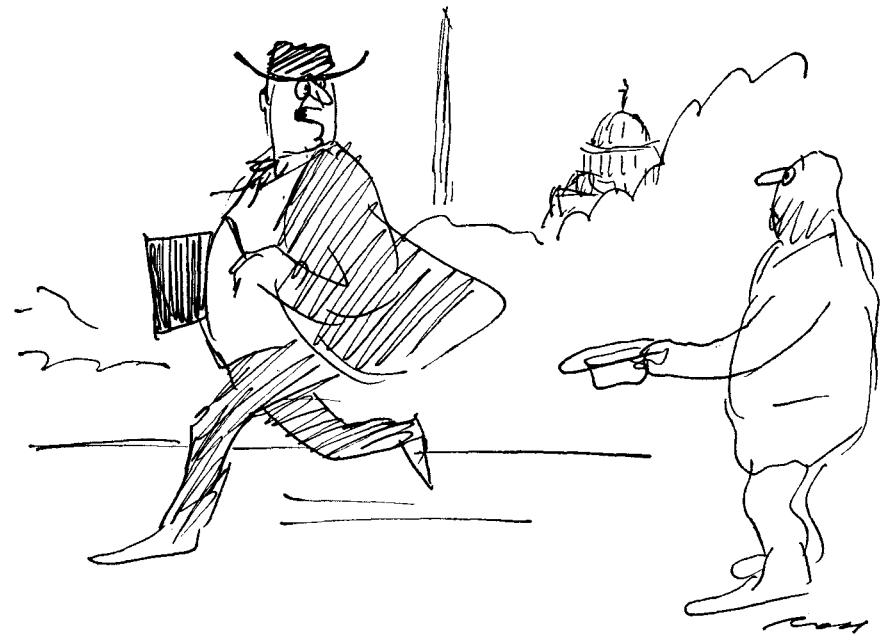
governed the least. Accordingly, for the three-year period from 1789 to 1791, the total expenditures of the federal government amounted to $4,300,000, of which 15 per cent went for national defense, 51 per cent for interest on the public debt, 4 per cent for veterans' benefits, and 30 per cent for other costs. Virtually *every cent* of these expenditures was paid for by customs receipts! What could be more clean-cut than that? Just a few local taxes to maintain a school perhaps, pay for the town constable, maybe a road or bridge toll, and that was it. What a man earned he could keep for himself. The Government did not have a lien on his income.

Seventy-five years later, the population had grown to 35,000,000. Federal government expenditures had reached $865 million, with 90 per cent of this sum allocated for the Armed Forces (the costs of the Civil War were at their peak), 3 per cent for interest on the public debt, 2 per cent for veterans' benefits, and 5 per cent for other costs. The war emergency had brought on a temporary income tax in 1863, but this legislation expired in 1871. Except for war, the needs of government and the uses of taxes were still clearly limited. It is interesting to note that, except for the 1863-71 period, customs receipts were far and away the most important source of government revenue; and they remained an important, often primary, source of revenue until the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1913, gave Congress the authority "to lay and collect taxes on incomes. . . ." Today, of course, customs receipts are dwarfed by the huge amount of revenue derived from the income tax.

The period between the Civil War and World War I was a turning point in the public's attitude toward government. The country was filling up, becoming regionally interdependent and increasingly urbanized. The so-called Era of Reform was brought on by progressives and populists as an antidote to political corruption and bigness in business. Government intervention to protect "the little guy" became an acceptable notion, and laissez-faire came in for severe criticism. Starting with the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and culminating in the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, a series of legislation was passed to rationalize and regulate the growing complexities of a maturing nation. Far from governing the least, the federal government was thrust to the forefront as the chief coordinator of public policy. On the eve of U.S. entry into World War I, the expenditures of the Government in Washington were approaching $1 billion, with outlays for the cost of government per se (excluding defense, interest on the public debt, and veterans' benefits) amounting to almost one-third of the total. Having been given large responsibilities, the Government itself was growing.



"Write me a letter! Write me a letter!"

As mobilizer of the nation's human and material resources during World War I, the Government started to spend really big money; expenditures mushroomed from less than $1 billion in 1916 to more than $18.5 billion in 1919, a figure not to be exceeded until 1942. The Great Depression of the 1930s continued the process of increased governmental responsibilities, particularly in the areas of income maintenance through subsidies and welfare payments to those without income. Developments during and since World War II have accelerated the pace of government involvement in the economic life of the nation; and recent events suggest that President Nixon will not be able, and perhaps will not even try, to reverse the trend. In sum, government has grown as the nation has grown. So have the statistics. One hardly ever hears of millions any more. We deal in billions now. Annual federal expenditures on goods and services alone have reached the $100-billion mark. State and local government expenditures amount to another $100 billion. Among them, the three levels of government are responsible for almost one-fourth of all direct spending done in the United States today.

This brief foray into the history of government growth provides us with the rationale for the tremendous increase in the amount of taxes collected from the public. On a per capita basis, federal tax receipts have gone up from $1.89 in 1800 to about $765 today. But the real point is that when a pivotal sector of the economy—the federal government—has the power to collect tax receipts in excess of $150 billion a year and use the major portion of this sum for direct expenditures on projects deemed to be in the public interest, you have a number of interesting possibilities. For one, government can add to expenditures in areas that obviously would not be so favored by the private economy, such as aid to the hard-core unemployed. For another, government can encourage certain activities, such as oil exploration and drilling, by providing special tax breaks, and it can penalize others by imposing special taxes, such as excises, on certain luxuries. And, too, government can, if it wishes, collect more in taxes than it needs in revenue simply to remove excess purchasing power from the private sector. Conversely, the Government can lower the tax take to encourage spending in the private sector.

IN short, government spending and tax policy play a significant role today in the *management* of the economy, not only because taxes collected by the Government represent a significant chunk of the national income, but also because the federal government, by its very nature, can time its spending patterns to conform to public policy goals in a way that the atomized private sector cannot.

To be sure, there are important ideological considerations to be contended with in this historic trend toward larger government collections and disbursements. These considerations have not been ignored; they are ever before us; and, presumably, the trend has been allowed to continue because the public feels that the democratic process in this country is hardy enough to make the institutional rearrangements necessary to keep government a constructive instrument of the people. Certainly when one reads the discussion by Walter Heller on

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page 26, one gets the feeling that the public's confidence was not misplaced.

Now we can get down to some specifics about the non-revenue uses of taxes. Of the many possibilities, we shall focus on three: 1) the redistribution of national income through the fiscal operations of government, of which the progressive income tax is the most obvious, but not necessarily the most effective, corollary; 2) the encouragement of what we shall loosely term "the public welfare" by exclusion or deduction from the tax base of certain activities that contribute to such welfare; and 3) compensatory revenue action to influence economic activity.

Between the progressive income tax and the total fiscal operations of government (how much government gets, from where, and on what it spends its revenue), the redistribution of income in favor of low-income groups (the Robin Hood principle) is taking place in a very substantial way. In 1965, the most recent year for which such figures are available, it has been authoritatively estimated that those with incomes under $2,000 got back $3.88 in benefits for every dollar of tax they paid. In fact, benefits received exceeded taxes paid up to the $5,999 income class, at which point taxes and benefits canceled each other out. In the $6,000-$7,499 income class, benefits received were worth only 89 cents for every dollar of taxes paid; in the $7,500-$9,999 class, benefits received fell to 78 cents; then to 65 cents for the $10,000-$14,499 income class; and finally, 37 cents for those in the $15,000-and-more income group.

It is quite probable that by now the tax-benefit ratio for the higher-income classes has been eroded by perhaps another 10 per cent, and augmented for the lowest-income classes by a similar percentage. It should be pointed out that the object of this redistribution process is not, eventually, to make everyone equally poor, but to give everyone some kind of a fighting chance to survive and then, hopefully, to improve the quality of and the rewards for contributions to the economic process. Also, please note that, given the present art of human relations, nothing like this redistribution of income would be possible without the intercession of government and its fiscal and tax instruments.

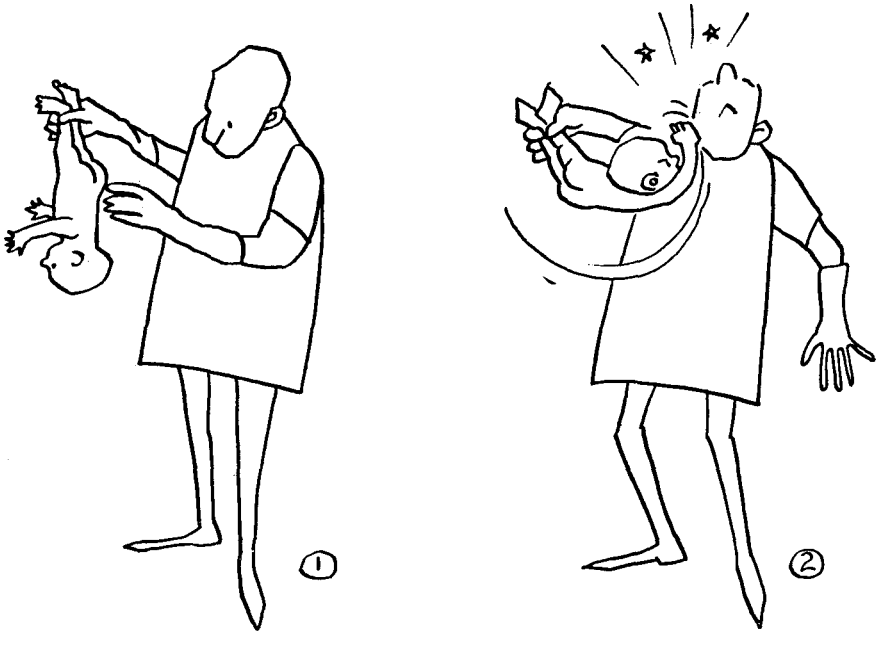
A SECOND significant non-revenue use of the tax system is derived from the decision that it would be in the public interest to allow certain exclusions from income, or at least deductions against taxable income, in the assessment of tax liability. This involves the selective and purposeful erosion of the tax base so that society can move in a direction deemed desirable. The four charts accompanying this article illustrate how tax policy directs additional expenditures into areas for which the Government is already making considerable outlays. For example, during fiscal 1970 the federal government is projected to spend approximately $8 billion on education and manpower development; but the personal exemption allowance for students, the deductibility of contributions by individuals to educational institutions, and the exclusion of income received as scholarships and fellowships will amount to almost another $1 billion in "tax expenditures" (taxes the government did not collect), thus bringing the total close to $9 billion. In health and welfare, you can see from the relevant chart that budget outlays are slated to amount to $55 billion, and tax expenditures to $19.5 billion. When one considers the taxes foregone in providing additional exemptions for the aged and the blind, the exclusion of "sick pay," the deductibility of child and dependent care expenses, and a host of other deductions and exclusions, one can see how the $19.5-billion figure is derived.

In commerce and transportation, the so-called tax expenditures actually exceed budget outlays by the Government. The tax cost of investment credit, excess depreciation on buildings, dividend exclusion, exemption of credit unions, and other forms of special tax treatment account for the sizable tax expenditure on commerce and transportation. However, the most interesting comparison between budget outlays and tax expenditures occurs in community development and housing. Budget outlays in these areas for fiscal 1970 are projected at $2.8 billion; but tax expenditures are expected to reach $5.2 billion. This latter figure is derived from the deductibility of mortgage interest for owner-occupied houses, plus the deductibility of property taxes, plus excess depreciation allowances for rental housing. The theory is, of course, that such deductions and allowances contribute to better housing and community development, and they do.

Thus, on the one hand, government collects taxes to pay for certain programs, and, on the other, government does not collect taxes to encourage the private sector with such programs. There are other examples of how tax expenditures (money not collected in taxes) supplement budget outlays; the four cited here are the most interesting and are sufficient to illustrate this form of non-revenue use of taxes.

THE third non-revenue use is the tax action taken to influence economic activity. If we look at the 1960s, we can see two distinct periods: 1) when taxes were reduced in response to sluggish economic conditions; and 2) when taxes were increased in response to too much economic activity. In 1961, a 7 per cent investment tax credit was enacted to encourage business investment in depreciable equipment. In July 1962, the Treasury issued new guidelines liberalizing depreciation allowances. The Revenue Act of 1964 cut personal taxes by more than 20 per cent and corporation taxes by about 8 per cent. In June 1965, the Excise Tax Reduction Act provided for repeal of excises on appliances, radios, television sets, jewelry, and furs, among others. All this was done to encourage the private sector of the economy, and not because the Government didn't need the revenue any longer. In fact, the federal government operated

(Continued on page 74)



—Hoest.

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THE PROSPECTS FOR LOWER TAXES

By BERT A. GOTTFRIED

LAST month, the City Council of Newark, New Jersey, voted to close down that city's public library system and its museum, rather than increase tax rates to cover the $3,000,000 in annual operating costs. While this move may well have been a monumental bluff, designed to shock the good citizens of Newark, it points up dramatically the dilemma being faced today by every American city and state government—and most of all by the federal government itself.

More and more, large segments of the public are pressing for increased governmental services and benefits; but, as taxpayers (including many of those bringing pressure for more expenditures), they are at the same time insisting that their tax burden be stabilized, if not actually lightened. Meanwhile, the annual tax bill grows larger and larger, and the quality of government services falls ever lower, or so it seems. In these circumstances, the prospects for tax relief appear rather dim. At the federal level, however, there is at least a glimmer of hope, over the longer run.

There is no denying the fact that the costs of government, at all levels, have soared in recent years. According to official government figures, total federal, state, and local outlays for goods and services have more than doubled just over the last decade—from $94 billion in 1958 to an estimated $197 billion in 1968. And these numbers, as big as they are, do not include those outlays that don't buy anything—the billions spent each year on debt interest, for only one example.

In the years just ahead, these costs of government will undoubtedly continue to climb; and so, inevitably, will the tax revenues that must be raised to cover them. This single fact goes a long way toward explaining today's widespread interest in the subject of tax reform, as well as the growing demands for economy in government.

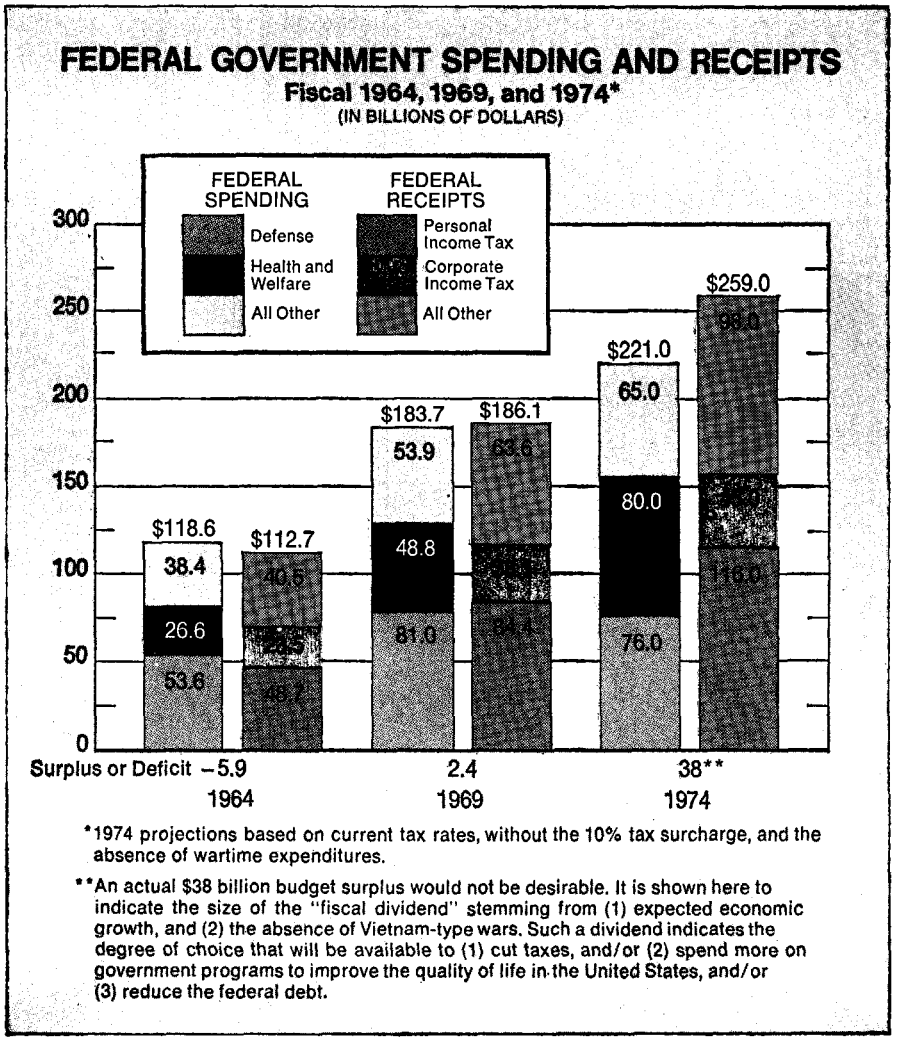
To be sure, reform measures can make the annual filing of tax returns slightly less disagreeable and frustrating for the individual taxpayer. But no amount of effort to remove inequities and inefficiencies from the tax system can reduce the nation's total tax bill by a penny. For the average taxpayer, in fact, the payoff for his active interest in and support of tax reforms is just as likely to be a higher tax bill for himself as a smaller one.

Perhaps a more practical interest, from the taxpayer's point of view, would be to try to learn more about government income and expenditure—where the money comes from, where it goes, and why. Armed with this knowledge, the citizen might be able to use the power of his vote to obtain more effective use of his tax dollars. Conceivably, he might even be able to bring about conditions under which better government services would be provided at a lower cost for each taxpayer, permitting real tax reduction.

The prestigious Brookings Institution, a Washington-based research organization, recently asked eighteen experts on public affairs to lay out a set of priorities on domestic and foreign policy issues for the new Administration. The resulting volume, *An Agenda for the Nation*, can serve as a useful guide to the federal government's fiscal problems and their possible alleviation over the next several years.

There is no guarantee that the agenda proposed by the Brookings experts will be accepted by the Nixon Administration or by Congress. To the contrary, there is every reason to believe that some of the recommendations will be rejected outright. Nor is there any assurance that the nation's social and economic problems will be solved even if the panel's proposals are accepted. But the essays collected in this volume are important, nevertheless, because they pinpoint the main problem areas and indicate courses of action that might lead to solutions.

In the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1969, the U.S. Treasury will pay out a total of nearly $184 billion. Even in these days of astronomical figures, that



*1974 projections based on current tax rates, without the 10% tax surcharge, and the absence of wartime expenditures.

**An actual $38 billion budget surplus would not be desirable. It is shown here to indicate the size of the "fiscal dividend" stemming from (1) expected economic growth, and (2) the absence of Vietnam-type wars. Such a dividend indicates the degree of choice that will be available to (1) cut taxes, and/or (2) spend more on government programs to improve the quality of life in the United States, and/or (3) reduce the federal debt.

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is an impressive amount of money, and the layman may be pardoned for asking where so much cash could possibly be going, at the rate of half a billion dollars a day. And, since most of this money must eventually be covered by tax revenues, it is understandable that the same layman, as a taxpayer, is on the verge of a "taxpayer's revolt."

To take the largest single bite first, about $81 billion of this total outlay, or nearly 9 per cent of total U.S. national income, goes for "defense." This includes not only the costs of maintaining a payroll of some 3,000,000 men and women in uniform and meeting the costs of the war in Vietnam, but a surprising range of other activities. These vary from such mundane items as dredging out ship channels to the support of pure research in esoteric scientific specialties. Much of this work is only vaguely related to the country's military defense and would have to be continued even if the Vietnam war were to end tomorrow—and, for that matter, even if the United States were to sign a treaty calling for total disarmament.

THE next biggest item on the federal shopping list is the nearly $49 billion that goes for "health and welfare." This, of course, is an unfortunately misleading term that has been exploited by both the friends and enemies of large government outlays for social purposes. As used in the budget, it includes, primarily, social security and Medicare payments, which are offset by special taxes. The remainder is accounted for by items ranging from hospital construction and medical research to a relatively small amount in actual subsistence payments for "welfare."

If these two budget categories alone account for more than two-thirds of all federal outlays, the notion that it costs a half-billion dollars a day to "run the government" begins to take on a different meaning. And there is still more to come. Of the $54 billion or so not yet accounted for, about $15 billion will go this year simply to pay the interest on the federal debt. Some $7 billion more will go for veterans' benefits, $5 billion for farm subsidies, and $4 billion for the space program. More billions go for school construction subsidies, public housing, unemployment insurance payments, and many other programs the American people have decided they want.

"Running the government"—including the legislature and the courts, the postal service, and all regulatory and administrative agencies—is an almost insignificantly small part of the total federal budget. Most of the U.S. taxpayer's dollar goes, not to the "octopus" of federal bureaucracy so often depicted by political cartoonists, but for defense needs and for a variety of special programs or projects that have become a part of the federal establishment.

What of the future of these already huge federal outlays? Must they continue to double every decade, or is there some hope for the poor taxpayer after all? Charles Schultze, director of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget under Lyndon Johnson, has authored the introductory essay of *Agenda for the Nation*. In it he indicates that the outlook is hopeful. While total spending will of course continue to grow, the increase over the next five years, he believes, can be smaller in both absolute and relative terms than it has been in recent years. For fiscal 1974, Schultze projects a tentative picture of federal expenditures at $221 billion ($37 billion more than in fiscal 1969), but possible revenues at $259 billion, at present tax rates (but not including the 10 per cent surcharge). This would leave a "fiscal dividend" of $38 billion in that fiscal year, as well as smaller but progressively larger "dividends" in each of the fiscal years between now and then. At first blush, it would seem that the distribution of this fiscal dividend among the nation's taxpayers could mean an approximate 15 per cent cut in tax rates. The picture, as we will see, is not quite that simple, however. While the dividend could be used for tax reduction, there will also be pressure to use it for new projects, or even for reducing the national debt.

Before looking deeper into the exciting possibilities of cutting up this large dividend, it may be proper to digress for a moment to explain why, in an agenda for action by a new President whose term ends with the election of 1972, projections are included for 1974. The reason is simple, if somewhat disconcerting. Just as the Johnson Administration, which was voted out of office

"If I told him once, I told him a hundred times. . . . Put up a handrail."

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in 1968, recently submitted a budget for fiscal 1970, so the Nixon Administration, even if it should be repudiated by the voters in 1972, will nevertheless prepare and submit, in January 1973, the budget for the fiscal year ending in mid-1974. While this overlapping influence of one Administration on the next illustrates the continuity of the American system of government, it also indicates the frustrating difficulty of bringing about any rapid changes in federal spending patterns.

Returning to the projected outlays for fiscal 1974, the figure of $221 billion is arrived at by a series of adjustments and judgments based on the present level of spending. Nearly $10 billion of the total increase of $37 billion over 1969, for example, is assumed to be due to inflation—higher prices for what the Government buys, including everything from office supplies to office buildings. Another $11 billion, Schultze figures, will be added in pay raises for federal employees, both civilian and military, also partly due to the expected continued inflationary trend. Finally, about $40 billion in new spending would represent higher social security benefits and other built-in or clearly indicated cost increases.

Some quick mental arithmetic shows that these projected spending increases come to $61 billion, not $37 billion. The explanation for this is that the Schultze projections assume that there will be an end to the Vietnam war some time before 1974, which would permit the deduction of $24 billion from what would otherwise be spent on defense in that year. While there may be disagreement over whether this is the correct figure to use for Vietnam costs, and even over whether the war will be ended by 1974, the net reduction indicated by Schultze is a useful working estimate. (Presumably, the tax surcharge will be repealed promptly if and when the Vietnam war ends, but this is not what most of us mean by tax reduction.)

AS Schultze stresses in his essay, it is up to the people and their representatives in Washington to decide what they want to do about the fiscal dividend this $221-billion budget would create. The experts who contributed to *Agenda for the Nation* have a number of ideas of their own, and these, not surprisingly, could more than use up the entire dividend. Many taxpayers, on the other hand, would want to look for ways to make cuts in Schultze's totals, adding to the potential dividend. And they would apply the whole amount, without exception, to tax reduction.

On the spending side, there is a wide choice of ways in which a $38-billion dividend could be divided. Eliminating the "poverty gap," for example, whether by direct subsistence payments or through some form of "negative income tax" or other incentive scheme, might easily cost $15 billion a year, according to the *Agenda*. While it isn't likely that any such sweeping and costly proposal will be adopted in the next few years, the probability is very high that several billion dollars yearly, over and above present anti-poverty spending, will soon be going toward raising the income level of the poor.

"First I see you parading topless at the beach in Bill Blass pink and yellow flowered slacks. Then I see you frugging away in a turtle neck by St. Laurent and a Cardin brocaded Nehru evening jacket. Next . . ."

Improving the stock of housing is another project that is high on the nation's spending schedule. The essay on housing in the *Agenda* suggests that a total of 27,000,000 housing units must be built or rehabilitated in the next decade. This is the amount needed merely to catch up on our past unmet needs, replace the homes that will be becoming obsolete, and provide for a growing population. Any real improvement in the housing standards of those already acceptably sheltered would require a still larger building program.

AT present home-building rates, the private housing industry and the Government, between them, will build about 15,000,000 homes in the next decade, which still falls far short of what is estimated to be the nation's minimum need. To bring the building rate up to an acceptable level would cost several billion dollars yearly, even assuming that most of the construction cost itself is met privately. The Government's contribution would be largely in the form of mortgage insurance, mortgage interest subsidies, and other payments designed to enable more people to buy or rent the homes that are built.

Beyond the direct cost of these millions of new homes will be the expense of supplying all of the schools, streets, utilities, and other ancillary municipal services the occupants of the homes will need. Technically, these would be costs borne by local government, but inevitably a good share will be shouldered by the federal government.

Curing poverty and providing decent housing, however, are only two of the many items on the nation's agenda. Most of the American people want more and better education at all levels, improved health care, properly equipped police and fire departments, and a great many other services and benefits. With the money becoming available as a federal budget surplus, it would take an overwhelming effort of will to avoid spending a good part of it for all of these things that are needed, or at least badly wanted.

Despite all these tempting opportunities and worthy goals, there will very probably be some fiscal dividend available for distribution to taxpayers in the form of tax reduction within the next few years. As already noted, the normal growth of the economy and of incomes is expected to bring about a substantial increase in tax revenues, if present rate schedules are kept. Aside from the clamor for relief by taxpayers, most

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Romancing with Our Beasts

By John Ciardi

HOT summer nights a space hum at my window
tweetered from grasses, woofered from gulping muds,
the signals throbbing up through one another
in some insomniac radio's reverie;
while from the Parkway just across the river
tires droned, shrilled, and hummed off, like a mosquito,
in three tones past my ear. How many sounds
is one sound? This hummed whistling while it whined
over the simmering wave lengths of the dark.

Outside the house, on this side of the river,
too heavily tuneless for their pitch to change
though they growled near, roared up, and growled away,
trucks from and to New Hampshire rattled South Street
till panes burred and beams muttered in their joints.
A quarter on the dresser rang awake
then droned back to the heaviness of time.

Across the river it was all pleasure traffic.
And in a hurry for pleasure, its tires ringing
speed-smooth macadam, a long shrill up and away
beside St. Joe's and through the Winthrop lights
wherever joy rides go, or drunks to bed,
or high school kids to the moon. When the tires screamed
you could start to count, and if you got to ten
before the *krump*, no one was really hurt.
If it came by five, you'd hear glass crack its bells.
At less than five you could start counting corpses.

It took two minutes, including time for dressing
—half of it on the run—to sprint up South Street,
over the bridge, and across the river meadow
to where the carapaces lay bashed and oozing,
or flipped dead on their backs with a last reflex
still twitching in them. Or over but still racing,
the wheels gone mad with no weight on their reason
and spinning up to a shrapnel of bad rubber,
sometimes a hail of bouncing meteors,
sometimes lashing a welt across the tank
to let the gas out, fluttering red and blue
like a one-winged butterfly or a Chinese fan
that wavered and collapsed and fell away
to let the dead beast die. If it didn't burn
and roar back higher than cop-lights to the moon.

So—except for burning—one topless monster,
its wheels past governance lay on its back
flush to the road as if it were a barge
and the road its waterline. Firemen stood by,
brass nozzles aimed but waiting in case whatever
lay in the hold could still breathe. Till a wrecker
long-armed a bar that broke the gas connection,
then crouched astride it like a praying mantis
and lifted it, like a cellar door half open,
while cops poked light beams into it, stopped, then signaled
to haul it over and open. And over it went.
Whatever dark it was the door-to lit
for all to see—and there was nothing there
but the ghost of one white shoe in the outbound lane.

The wrecker hunched and panted. A red pumper
snorted, then eased its breathing. Cops waved by
the gaping traffic that pulled over and spilled
its tourists among tourists. At one corner
a black accordion sprawled across a drain,
gashed open, its strewn teeth swept back beneath it,
the player's corpse already blanketed
and shelved in the trembling ambulance, still ajar
for heaven and hell.

But can souls snatch their corpses
and take off without waiting? Where was this one?
The road was river meadow on one side,
and rotten woods half swamp-sunk, on the other.
There was nothing on the grass. Cops beat the brush
where the fire truck sent a beam from its red lighthouse
to point the way to nothing in the mud suck.
For nothing. Till the beam slipped or was pointed
into a tree, and there above his hunters
the man lay scrawled, nailed open by a branch
that had to be sawed off to get him down—
a rag doll and wrong-jointed crucifixion
with the stuffing spilling from it wet and spoiled.

What proof of what was I those wailing nights
up running from my sleep before it broke?
I never missed a death for being slow
nor a mangle for being timid. I was there,
the dark's first witness and the next day's news.
I needed every horror I could eat.
Or meant to have it, whatever it was I needed.
How do you keep a boy from being fast
to free disasters? I was the volunteer
at every carnage, the disgust of cops
—themselves thrilled with revulsion—who growled me off
but were always satisfied when they had cussed me
two steps back before I took three forward.
They swore that we are guilty of what we are,
and let me stay because I shared their guilt.
We were there in one emotion. Townsmen of it
where every town has its own corner for it. Ours
was Winthrop and the Parkway—two intents
no traffic light could separate for long
while fools had wheels and nights had far to go.

And I had one more license: half the time
when I was up and running, I made it there
before the cops. There was an acoustic trick
built into the meadow and beamed across the river.
Somehow my window was an amplifier.
Or I was amplified inside myself
to tell by the counted scream, before it happened,
what was about to happen. When I grew older—
when I was home from school and had learned by blood
I needn't run for blood—I'd be on the phone
(we had one in by then) to the desk sergeant
before the echo thudded out. The station
was down the street on Main in a streetcar rumble
outside my echo chamber. In light traffic

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a wreck could wait a life out still unfound.
But I could wail the cops there in shrill seconds
and be back to sleep before a ruptured tank
had washed the blood off in the public service.

Not that I ever asked to be death's puppy.
I woke nights being told and did what came,
sniffing revulsions till I'd had my fill
of how a body mangles, and could settle
for dialing mercy, such as it was, to come
and count the pieces, tending what it could.

The last bashed corpse I went to was Mike Flynn's,
and not across the river but wavering home
with God's own skinful picked up God knows where
and crossing South Street when some high school kid
burned up from Main. I'd watched Mike times enough
come murdering two o'clock outside my window
due North by East-South-West in a looping lurch
from whiskey to a sot's end. He could weather
three yards to either side of a straight line
and three more luffing round to start again,
and call that walking home, and call his gargle
an Irish tenor, were he fit to call.

I was up reading something just past two
when I heard him come, unreeling Mother McRae
out of a rusty gizzard, and—from nowhere—
one yelp of brakes, and instantly a hammer
whacking a bladder, and then the brakes cat-screeching
at least a ten-count after, and a tinkle
on the front porch and off.

I called the cops
before I even looked, then went outdoors,
turning the porch light on. A Model A,
one light still on, and up, its front wheels tilted,
was snagged on Kelly's hedge. On my own steps
I caught a glimmer of nothing that was mine
and picked up a smashed wristwatch with no works—
the case and an expansion band. (Weeks later,
while I was mowing, a blade snagged on a rust
that was a movement rotted out of keeping.
I held it like a chewed coin in my hand
and couldn't think what to think until I thought it
and flipped it into the trash can with dead time.)

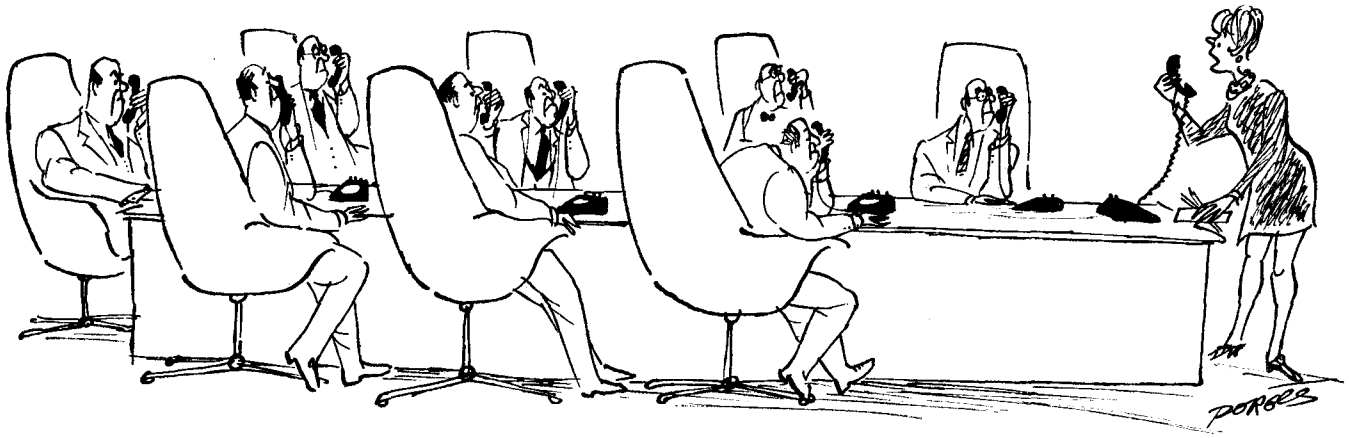
Across the street cops were already flashing
where a Greek chorus of neighbors in grabbed wrappers
stage-whispered "Flynn! Mike Flynn!" above the mangle,
the breath still snoring in it, splits of bone
howling outside their flesh, and, like a faith,
the reek of whiskey mounting higher than death.
He was so badly knotted on himself
it took a while to see one leg was missing.
Later Art Baxter found it on a mallow
broad as a platter among the riverbank weeds,
and one of the cops wrapped the great leaf around it
to lift it toward what sacrament that was.

What ruin was the man? What ruin are we?
I saw, like those pneumatic tubes at Kresge's,
a dark from God's dark hand let this man down
exactly where he lay, his life enclosed
and blown to this one end; and we, like him,
blown there above it, exactly as we were,
choiceless as singing drunks their long dark home,
till we, too, are shed down a slope of weeds.

I gave a cop the watchcase and its strap
just as I heard the breath snore up and stop.
Then thought I heard it again. But turned around
and it was the driver blubbering. "Look at him!
Oh, Jesus, look at him!" And then, like God
or like a flight of His most jeweled angels
out for a fling and wailing as they dove,
the ambulance raved blinking down the dark,
gathered the jostled puzzle of the man
and, solved or not, took off with what it had,
and all was done.

And what *was* done? The boy
got two years for "vehicular homicide
with extenuation" or whatever it was
I half recall from legal idiom, meaning
reform school but suspended and on probation.
For form's sake, I suppose. He *had* been speeding.
But Mike Flynn, if I knew him, had been swinging
from shadow to shadow. I'm not sure a bat
could have dodged him in his lurches.

The neighbors and I
got nothing but a hair caught in our throats,
and the shriek of a sure knowledge that hissed down
to words again, and could be held and stacked
and spilled on grocery counters and pool tables
to prove we were authentic to that death
and had bent over it, gloating like men,
women, and children. Mad in our crouch of lust.
Changing to mercy when we could change back
to the faces we grow long in. But pulled short
those shuddering nights romancing with our beasts,
the rape we wait for in our stalest dark.



"Now they are not ready for the conference call."

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Saturday Review

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Is Peace in Vietnam Possible?

THERE will be no peace in Vietnam unless the U.S. jettisons the unwarranted optimism that has characterized its policy up to now. There is still a possibility that the war can be ended by a settlement based on the principle of self-determination for which the U.S. has been fighting. But this can be done only if we grasp both horns of our dilemma. This means giving up the illusions of military victory and accepting the requirement for genuine political compromise. Such a political compromise can occur only if the Communists abandon their goal of forcible take-over, and only if we accept Communist representation in the Saigon government.

It is possible to envisage a settlement based on the principle of one man, one vote which the U.S. has always supported. The North Vietnamese and the Soviets favor a settlement based on the program of the National Liberation Front (NLF). That program calls for an election for the people in the territory of South Vietnam based on universal suffrage and secret ballot.

Unfortunately, our position has been ambiguous and inconsistent. While always professing that our presence in Vietnam was only for the purpose of ensuring self-determination, we nevertheless helped to draft a Constitution that excludes Communists from the political process. Article 4 of that Constitution says: "The Republic of Vietnam opposes Communism in any form. Every activity designed to publicize or carry out Communism is prohibited." When Thieu and Ky won an election in September 1967 by only 34 per cent without any opposition from the Communists, they were guaranteed power for four years under the terms of the Constitution. Last July in Honolulu, President Johnson added to U.S. backing when he endorsed President Thieu's plan for a settlement of the war which stated that "full participation in political activities will be offered to all those who abide by the Constitution of Vietnam." In other words, no Communists.

If there is to be a free election in Vietnam, the Constitution obviously will have to be amended or abandoned. It is just as obvious, however, that Thieu and Ky are not about to negotiate themselves out of office. Their survival depends on a continuation of the war. So long as the Saigon government is armed with a veto, a negotiated settlement is almost inconceivable.

At one time our powerful influence could probably have inspired the formation of a more representative government in Saigon, but we supported Thieu and Ky, at least partly, because we had decided to try to win the war. Our policy-makers believed that the militantly anti-Communist junta could pursue the objective of defeating the enemy more single-mindedly and efficiently than a government which included men who might support an accommodation with the Communists. Now we have given up the objective of military victory, but our ties to Thieu and Ky make the alternative of political compromise much more difficult to achieve.

The two-track theory advanced by Henry Kissinger will not solve this problem. Mr. Kissinger has suggested that a withdrawal of forces be negotiated between the U.S. and North Vietnam, while a political settlement in Saigon is worked out between the NLF and Thieu and Ky. This will not work because the objectives of the NLF and those of Thieu and Ky are absolutely incompatible. Also, unless the withdrawal of U.S. troops is directly tied to a political solution the main bargaining leverage with the Communists will be lost.

There is no way to straddle this dilemma. Either we opt for a negotiated settlement that provides sufficient compromise so that a genuinely free election can be held, or we continue to back Thieu and Ky, recognizing, as we must, that such a decision means a continuation of the war.

Former White House adviser McGeorge Bundy has presented a plan which represents the thinking of those who are unwilling to accept Communist participation in the government in Saigon. In essence, Mr. Bundy has suggested the gradual reduction of U.S. forces at a rate of 100,000 to 150,000 men a year with an annual saving of $5 billion to $8 billion. At the end of three or four years, assuming that negotiations had failed to bring satisfactory results, we would have a small permanent force of around 100,000 that, according to Mr. Bundy, would, with a strengthened South Vietnamese Army, be sufficient to prevent Communist take-over.

AN appealing feature of Bundy's plan is that the draft would be gradually replaced with voluntary service. Volunteer soldiers would serve for longer periods than the present twelve-month limit, and would be rewarded with significantly increased pay and attractive veterans' benefits.

An argument can be made that, in any case, the presence of U.S. forces should be maintained indefinitely in Vietnam as a long-term deterrent against Chinese aggression and as an indication of our continuing determination to prevent the forcible overthrow of governments in Southeast Asia, such as Thailand. The American public has accepted the deployment of a substantial force of American troops in West Germany for more than twenty years as a guarantee of the U.S. commitment

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Editor's note: *The above guest editorial is by Arthur M. Cox, a writer, consultant, and former senior fellow at the Brookings Institution.*

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to the NATO shield protecting Western Europe from possible Soviet military aggression.

But the NATO force is not analogous to the force in Vietnam. There is no war in West Germany, where our troops live in peace and relative comfort. In South Vietnam, even if our troops were regrouped in enclaves surrounding the major cities and bases, they would be vulnerable to rocket and mortar fire, and would be subject to constant harassment and surprise attack with resultant casualties. Another important difference is that the West German government is strong and stable, supported by a booming economy, while the South Vietnamese government is weak and dependent upon the U.S. for its political and economic survival.

IF the U.S. decided, as Bundy suggests, to maintain an indefinite presence in Vietnam with a greatly reduced force, the Communists, in time, probably would control most of the countryside, while the major cities would become almost totally dependent on U.S. supplies. The Saigon government would become even more corrupt and ineffective, with social rot and atrophy setting in as the South Vietnamese people became aware that they were living in an unending state of siege. This would be less costly than the present situation, but would still require many billions of dollars. The American public might accept it for two or three years, but as casualties and costs continued to pile up with no final solution in sight, it is difficult to imagine the U.S. Congress or the voters tolerating it for long. President Nixon, interested in a second term in office and the future of the Republican party, will be acutely aware of the political consequences of accepting an indefinite stalemate.

A better course would be to embrace a policy of negotiating a political compromise settled by genuine free elections. Such a policy would be dynamic and would capture the support of world opinion. The North Vietnamese might refuse to accept a solution providing sufficient assurance that free elections would actually take place, but the pressure both external and internal would be substantial. The presence of 540,000 American troops is a significant bargaining counter. Hanoi and the NLF should be made aware that our troops will be withdrawn only in return for a free election, and if that is not accepted, they should be aware that we will maintain a permanent presence as Bundy has suggested.

Though we started bombing North Vietnam when Soviet Premier Kosygin was in Hanoi, and though we rebuffed several Soviet attempts to start negotiations because they were predicated on a bombing halt, it may still be possible to obtain Soviet help for a negotiated settlement. This would probably have to develop in the broader context of U.S.-Soviet diplomacy including such matters as arms control and a Middle East settlement. If U.S.-Soviet relations improved the Soviets might use their influence in Hanoi. They are still supplying substantial military and economic assistance to North Vietnam. Also, the Soviets would like to see an end to the war, which would curb Chinese Communist ambitions.

We should have no illusions about the Chinese Communist position. They are on record as vigorously opposing any form of negotiated settlement. They want the war to continue until the U.S. has been forced to withdraw. The Chinese are delighted to have American troops committed on the mainland of Asia in a war of attrition which bleeds our economy and reduces our prestige. Thus, there is small prospect that the Chinese will participate, or even accept the results of any negotiated settlement.

THE most difficult problem in the negotiations will not be the opposition of the Communist Chinese, but rather the problem of how to govern South Vietnam after a cease-fire and during the period leading to an election. A minimum of a year and probably more will be required while troops are being withdrawn and political forces are being organized to campaign for the election. There are several possible arrangements, none of them very satisfactory, which might be adopted to provide government during the pre-election period.

One approach would be the one adopted in the Geneva Accords of 1954. At that time the country was temporarily partitioned at the 17th parallel with the Communists moving north and French moving south, it being understood that an election would be held in two years to settle the matter.

If a new line were drawn in South Vietnam it would mean that the Saigon government would temporarily have to give up control of several important cities, and the Vietcong would have to give up its strongest bastion in the Mekong Delta.

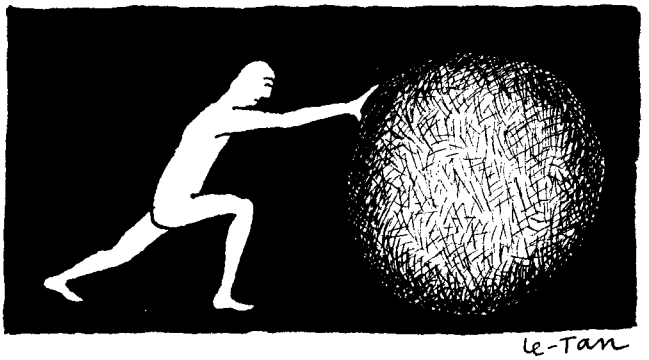
Almost as unlikely would be a cease-fire and stand-fast with the territory held at the time of cease-fire occupied by the forces in place, and the incumbent regime remaining in power in Saigon. This is unlikely because so much of the territory is in contest marked like leopard spots by areas that are not contiguous and that are not firmly controlled by either side. It is also unlikely that the Communists would risk a cease-fire while Thieu and Ky are in power and in command of a large police force capable of influencing the course of the election campaign.

A more workable alternative would be the formation of a new interim government in Saigon with representatives from all major factions of South Vietnamese politics, including the NLF. Obviously this process will be extraordinarily complex involving the most difficult and patient diplomacy. Once the process has been started, however, the yeast of political action will be at work and those desiring accommodation on both sides will be strengthened, while those holding extreme positions will be weakened.

Any such process will require a substantial international peacekeeping force with more potent authority than was granted to the International Control Commissions established by the Geneva Accords. The peacekeeping force would observe and report on the withdrawal and demobilization of troops, and would also observe the implementation of the pre-election procedures and the actual conduct of the election itself.

THIS solution will undoubtedly require months of negotiations with frequent periods of doubt and frustration, but if we keep our eye on the objective of genuine self-determination it may be successfully achieved. Certainly the negotiation of such a solution is preferable to other choices such as another escalation of the war, or unilateral withdrawal, or the festering cancer of indefinite stalemate. This war cannot be solved by military victory; it must be ended by political compromise.

—ARTHUR M. COX.



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Letters to the Editor

Halting the Arms Race

THE PERSPECTIVE of Senator Jacob K. Javits's excellent article, "Can President Nixon Stop the Arms Race?" [*SR*, March 1], is impressive and indispensable if we are to slow the momentum of the "military-industrial complex" and the assumptions on which this complex has operated.

Senator Javits states, referring to the areas of influence in our negotiations with the Soviet Union, "Military competition is only one way of trying to do this." A much broader perspective must be seen and understood as to just what does constitute the national interest of both countries in negotiations. Military security is just one of many. Each country needs to be able to divert its attention to the multifaceted aspects of its society, and this attention, so desperately required, can no longer be controlled by the grossly disproportionate expenditures on arms. *SR* should continue this focus on the crucial debate regarding the "thin" and "heavy" ABM systems and their development.

THE REVEREND JAMES P. METZGER,
Penfield, N.Y.

Maintaining Separate Subcultures

MY COMPLIMENTS to Lester B. Pearson for the article "Beyond the Nation-State" [*SR*, Feb. 15]. I was especially impressed with his opinions concerning the treatment of cultural groups through educational systems, and especially the maintenance of French culture through the school systems of Canada. Two areas interested me especially: his statement, "In the United States, with a single language, the educational system can be, and has been, used as a unifying factor"; and his emphasis on the legitimacy of using the educational system to "maintain and emphasize a separate French-speaking culture, separate traditions, and customs."

Some questions arise from these considerations: 1) Is French culture stronger in Canada than Spanish in the Southwestern United States, and, if so, is it because the direction of culture nurtured within the States has been different? 2) Is it because the educational system has strengthened it in one case and debilitated it in the other? 3) Is it because Canada can afford the cultural differences and the United States cannot? 4) Does Pearson believe that the Spanish culture could and should be maintained and nurtured in the Southwestern United States, as French is in Canada? 5) Is Pearson cognizant of the strength of the Spanish culture in the Southwestern United States, and, if so, is he proposing that this culture be "merged" or "submerged"?

In espousing the maintenance of the French culture and the notion that it should not be subordinated to the "melting-pot theory," Pearson points out that "French-speaking Canadians have been there, as a group, before English-speaking Canadians." The Spanish-speaking group presents a similar analogy, yet the educational system is being used here to submerge it. In fact, Spanish-speaking people in the Southwest have more reinforcement through proximity to Mexico than the French-Canadians do with France.

Two final questions to Pearson: 1) Should the United States also promote the maintenance of an integral subculture within its boundaries? 2) How do the French-educated French-Canadians compare with English-speaking Canadians in linguistic proficiency in both languages?

I solicit Pearson's help in answering these questions because they may help reveal solutions to the problems involved in the education of Spanish-speaking children in our area. I maintain that proficiency in the mother tongue can be the basis of enhancement for proficiency in English here. Have the French-Canadians any supporting evidence?

WILLIE SANCHEZ,
Las Vegas, N.M.

No Smoking

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S comments regarding Dr. Donald T. Fredrickson's smoking withdrawal clinic material on WOR-TV were most appropriate ["Hope for Smoke-plagued Humanity," TV-RADIO, Feb. 8].

The American Heart Association is mapping a campaign to make these video tapes available throughout the country and to, in many cities, develop a sustaining anti-smoking clinic emphasis program, using this series as the major item. We are also preparing a pamphlet based on Dr. Fredrickson's series to reinforce the recommendations offered.

CAMPBELL MOSES, M.D.,
Medical Director,
American Heart Association, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

I AM CERTAIN that Robert Lewis Shayon's column will give a big boost to our efforts in this vital area of chronic disease prevention. Frankly, I think we have just begun to explore the exciting potential of television in this and related areas of health education. As to my own future role, I stand ready and willing to do more should the opportunity present itself. Letters continue to pour in—primarily from grateful ex-smokers. At least we seem to have helped a few.

DONALD T. FREDRICKSON, M.D.,
New York, N.Y.

I CONGRATULATE Robert Lewis Shayon on his excellent review of Dr. Fredrickson's activities and other recent developments in the news media with respect to smoking and health.

LUTHER L. TERRY, M.D.,
Former Surgeon General of
the United States,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nuts Inside Stems

MAXINE GLASSMAN'S "Nutty Note" [PHOENIX NEST, Feb. 22] is of interest to one who has suffered from the shell of the cashew. Actually, the "nut" is the inner portion of the stem of the caju fruit, which grows widely in Brazil and other tropical countries. The fruit closely resembles a fair-sized green pepper, and when ripe is salmon-colored or bright yellow. A very popular and allegedly vitamin-rich drink is made of the liquefied fruit.

The "nut" is inside the stem, protected by a tough skin about an eighth of an inch thick. It is the skin that contains the principal toxic element, and it is a powerful one. The symptoms after contact are similar to those of poison ivy. The fruit can be picked safely, but not always eaten so. Many people are allergic to it and the reaction can be dangerous internal swelling.

GEORGE S. QUICK,
Slippery Rock State College,
Slippery Rock, Pa.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Rainy Days in Montreal

THIS MAY NOT be the time to rhapsodize on ice and snow and winter, particularly since *SR*'s spring travel section is already two weeks in our wake and the date of this issue falls on the vernal equinox, but Canada is still on my mind. Besides, at this writing I have heard nothing resembling the cry of a turtle nor seen a crocus peeping through the muddied snow, and I know that out on the Minnesota prairie where I grew up, as in Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains, all the rites of spring—the removal of storm windows and snow tires, the lowering of convertible tops, the emergence of unfrocked female knees—all those signs of renewed life are yet stored away in the attics of Northerners' minds.

When I saw Montreal it was deep in snow and January. As I stepped out of the airport terminal one Thursday night, I sucked in my breath and bent to the foreseen winds in the grand style of one who had weathered twenty-three winters on the tundra of St. Paul. I waited for the assault, the flooding of eyes, the incipient numbing of nose-tip, but what I felt was the caress of a mild breeze carrying with it the smell of a coming rain. "Late January thaw," the bus driver told me on the way into Montreal. "Happens every year." I felt slightly cheated. Not only had I looked forward to doing battle with winter—a raw, bona fide winter, not a mocking New York winter—but the least I expected was a bus driver with a French accent and fiery separatist spirit. So what did I get but 38 degrees and a six-word discourse on weather in a voice that sounded suspiciously apolitical.

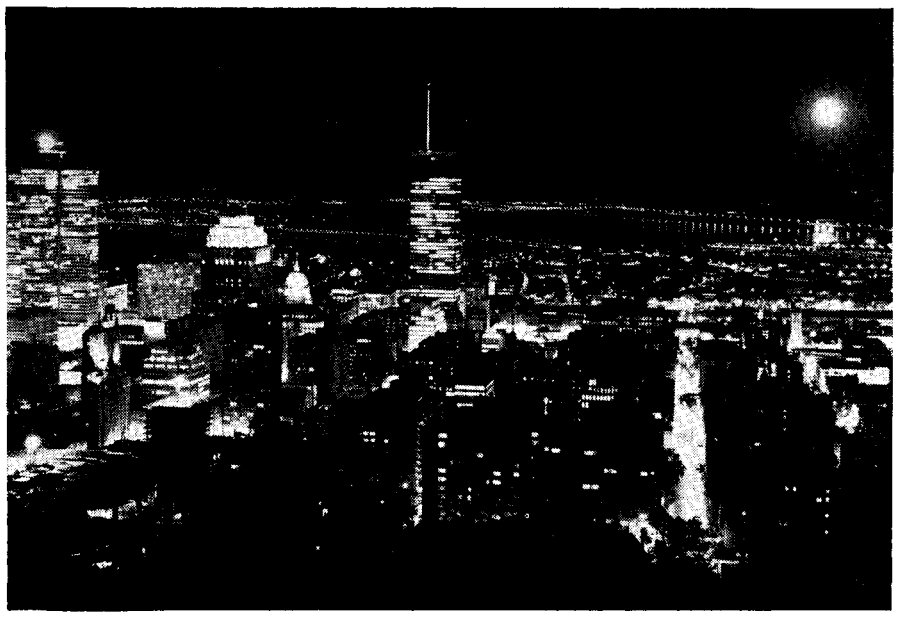
The rain I'd smelled came sometime in the night and continued through the following day, finally dissolving into a fine mist by evening. Once, I might have applied my journalistic tools to learn, statistically, how rare is a rainy January day in Montreal, but by now such intelligence is so much water off my back. Everywhere I go I am met by sieges of the most unseasonable weather—or so the chambers of commerce and tourist bureaus assure me—to the point that I no longer consult temperature and sunshine charts or worry about the weight of my traveling wardrobe. On my last two trips to London the sun had chased away the fog, on the Costa del Sol it rained as it never did on the plain, and in San Diego, which boasts of America's most uniformly comfortable weather (perhaps rightfully so), it was too blustery to unpack my bathing suit. My sources in Honolulu report that the liquid sunshine hasn't stopped falling all winter.

If the test of a traveler is to make the most of unexpected weather, a visitor to Montreal can get by in a breeze. Almost daily more of the city's outside is being turned inside, so that a person can live the subterranean life of a groundhog and forget about seeing his shadow until the summer solstice if necessary. One can meander through Montreal's Underground for two-and-a-half miles and accomplish anything a superterranean creature could do, from shopping in smart boutiques to dancing in a discothèque, to sauna-bathing, grocery shopping, praying in a church, and playing the stocks at the Bourse. All of it is laid out in gleaming, stainless order, hewing closely to the strict and sane building codes that Montreal's city government imposes above and beneath the ground. For an ascent of more than five or six steps, an escalator is installed. Nothing in the Underground is older than four years, including the fine, purring blue-and-white rubber-wheeled Métro, but that does not explain the absence of cigarette butts and bilingual graffiti. As my local contact, Gerard Shanks, put it: "Our people, they are proud of this place."

Twice, during a tour of the Underground, we were stopped by friends of Shanks who asked him jokingly if I were along to investigate the latest bombings, one of which had occurred that morning. Later, beneath the Place Ville Marie in a bar called Carrefour des Canadiens (or Crossroads of the Canadians, well named because of the thirsty after-work traffic that pours in from all points), Shanks sought to explain the fascination that tourists and reporters have for the separatist movement and the bombings. Shanks is a French-Canadian, as are one-third of Canada's 20,000,000 people and five-sixths of Quebec's population, and, like most of them, he believes deeply that French-Canadians must establish their language and culture in the face of encroachment by English and other non-French groups, or suffer an eclipse. Whatever their background, though, most Quebecers have adopted a philosophical, even cavalier attitude toward the repeated bombings.

"Always people ask me first about the bombs," Shanks said in an accented English he admittedly cultivates to emphasize his French-Canadian identity. "I tell them our bombs are funny because the men call the police before they place the bomb, and then when it explodes, nobody is hurt. You see, in the beginning three years ago in April, a man was killed by a bomb. The population of Montreal was so shocked that the separatists knew they had to change their plans or the people would be against them and they would be afraid to explode their bombs. So now every time we have a bomb, we know it is coming."

We spent little time underground, Shanks and I, because it is the other Montreal that he loves and delights in



—*De Wys, Inc.*

Montreal's rising skyline—Forty-seven floors or Adieu.

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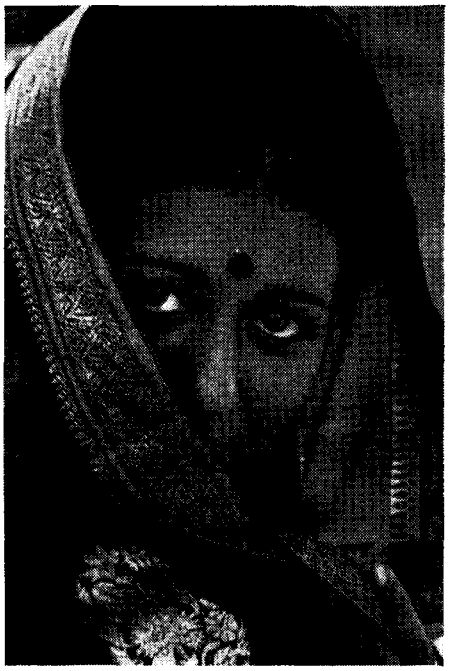

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showing people, and, besides, I am not much of an indoor sport. We drove to the top of Mount Royal and stood beside some (English) school kids looking through the drizzle at the city and the silvery gray St. Lawrence River winding about the rear. The skyline has been pierced by high-rises in the last few years, notably the Château Champlain and Hotel Bonaventure, built to accommodate Expo visitors; and the Stock Exchange, which wanted to go up fifty-seven floors but finally bowed to the City Planning Department's edict of "Forty-seven-or-Adieu." As Shanks, a onetime planning official, explained, construction is permitted on only 40 per cent of the land so that high-rises cannot mount in clusters; nothing may be built around Mount Royal.

Montreal's vast parkland and greenery (second in area to Washington, D.C. in North America) are protected by exacting codes and the esthetic values of the City Parks Department. All the trees that stand on city property—300,000 maples, birches, pines, and Chinese elms—are tagged with serial numbers so that damage can readily be reported and attended to. Montreal's Botanical Gardens, third largest in the world behind Vienna and Paris, supplies the city with 12,000 saplings each year, planted in bushel baskets along streets, walkways, and boulevards. Children of Montreal learn respect for growing things at about the same age they are lacing up their first pair of skates. Once a year, each school celebrates the Festival of the Trees by planting a single sapling at a spot selected by the students themselves. Then these original flower children dance around the newly planted tree, singing and strewing flowers on its branches.

Shanks, a middle-aged bachelor, is a devout Catholic who believes in God first and Charles de Gaulle second. Like most French-Canadians I met in Montreal, he seemed more electrified by de Gaulle than by the new prime minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. French-Canadians cherish de Gaulle's 1967 one-liner, *"Vive le Québec Libre,"* just as fondly as West Germans remember President Kennedy saying, *"Ich bin ein Berliner."*

If Shanks is the victim of any vice, it is his weakness for good food and wine. Surely there are few better cities to indulge in gastronomy than Montreal, which has 4,000 restaurants, about 300 in the finger-licking class. We lunched at the Restaurant Hélène de Champlain on the Ile Ste Hélène, site of Expo '67 and its 1968 and 1969 offshoot, Man and His World. "Man" lost $5,000,000 last summer and had all but decided

Fire By The River

By David Wagoner

WE gather wood, the bleached, clay-covered branches
As heavy as fossils, drag them to the shore,
And cross them, touching a match
To a nest of twigs. And the fire begins between us
Under this evening kindled by our breath.

It gathers dusk in tight against our backs,
Lighting us half by half. The river roars
Like a fire drawn through a valley.
The smoke pours down to the water's edge like a creek
And empties into the broad, downstreaming night.

The first chill draws our arms around each other.
Like firelight under eyelids, the stars spread out.
We lie down with ourselves.
The lighted halves of our bodies sink together.
The moon leans inward, banking on darkness.

Set free by our sleep and coming down to the water,
The bears, the deer, the martens dark as their fur,
As soundless as night herons,
All drink and turn away, making no light.
The tail of the wind is stirring the soft ashes,

And nothing of ours will be left in the morning
Though we guard it now through dewfall and ground mist.
But here at the heart of night
A salmon leaps: the smack of his wild body
Breaks through the valley, splashing our sleep with fire.

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A typical Indian.

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You will not only come face to face with them. You will see that, by some miracle, they have managed to preserve their own identities in the process of becoming one nation.

To ask them how this happened, one need merely speak 14 regional languages. Or English, which you may be surprised to learn, is the language spoken all over the country.

In turn, you will find them quite interested in what *you* think, in the way *you* live. And don't be surprised if this interest turns into a sudden invitation to tea, a family gathering, or a local feast.

Long after you glimpse our Taj Mahal by moonlight or stand at the foot of our Himalayas at dawn, breathtaking though they may be, you will remember the people of India.

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How a four hundred year old tradition became the first name for the martini.

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Rulers have always had bodyguards. These came with William the Conqueror. In a time of no standing armies, they were his shield and his good right arm.

He stationed them in that high Norman keep commanding London called the Tower. And all below knew who ruled England.

The Guardians of Royalty

Within a month of his victory at Bosworth in 1485, Henry VII made the royal bodyguards into the first permanent military group in England.

And so began the participation of the Beefeater in a magnificent human drama. Never before or since has one body of men shared so fully in the pageant of royalty.

From his vantage point in the Tower of London he watched as his ruler pitted himself against Pretenders and Parliament, Church and foreign powers for the prize of England. Sir Thomas More, Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, Guy Fawkes—all strutted and played their scenes before the Beefeater.

How the "Beefeater" Acquired His Name

There were times of happiness. Times of circumstance and pomp, of boisterous banquets and swaggering nobles, of boards groaning beneath the weight of delicacies unnumbered, and of comely serving wenches too.

It is from these occasions of state that the Yeoman of the Guard acquired the name Beefeater. Among his trusts was the supervision of the buffet at royal banquets—of being a "buffetier." And through the delightful Cockney propensity to make foreign words into the King's English, "buffetier" became Beefeater.

A Gin for Gentlemen

When James Burrough gave to his London Distilled Dry Gin the name of Beefeater, he did not do so lightly. He was well aware of the esteem in which the Beefeater was held in the hearts and minds of gentlemen. He knew that the Beefeater stood for integrity, quality and was the guardian of all that was traditional in Britain. And until that time, no gin had dared make a bid for a place of honor on a gentleman's sideboard.

It was with due regard of the consequences that James Burrough introduced to Victorian England, Beefeater Gin.

Needless to say, he was successful. Never before had a gin achieved such softness, such clarity, such fullness and balance of taste. Men used words that were heretofore reserved for vintage wine and venerable brandy to describe it.

First Name for the Martini

In the same age that James Burrough produced Beefeater Gin, an American fashioned the martini. Never have there been two more fortunate and fortuitous events. The two have been inseparably linked ever since.

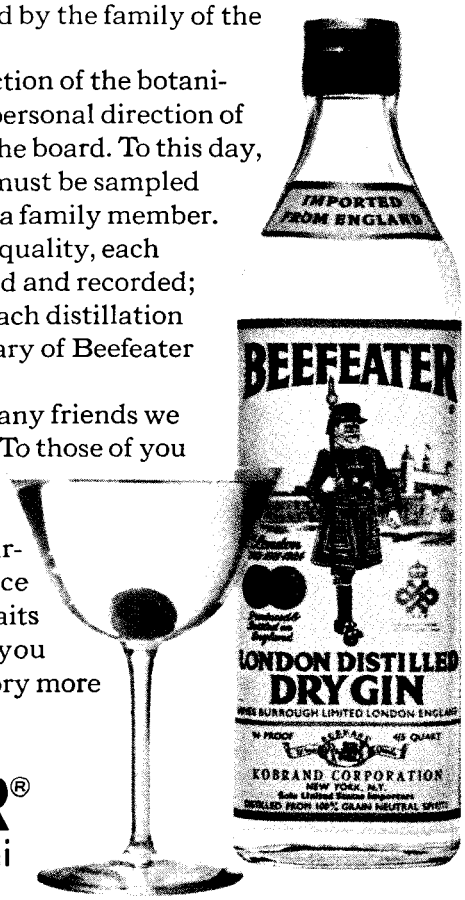
To those accustomed to the delights of the world, Beefeater is the first name for the martini. Before the meal, a Beefeater Martini arouses the appetite for further delights; between friends it is an appreciation of shared tastes; and as an indulgence of self, little if anything can compare to the identifiable excellence of Beefeater Gin. And yet to our surprise, there are those who have asked, "What does a Beefeater Martini taste like?" In truth, words give but poor approximation of its identifiable excellence. We can only promise that Beefeater will double your martini pleasure.

So Characteristically English

The identifiable excellence of Beefeater is due in no small part to the personal supervision of the Burrough family. Beefeater is the only gin in England still produced by the family of the founder.

The selection of the botanicals is under the personal direction of the chairman of the board. To this day, each distillation must be sampled and approved by a family member. To further insure quality, each bottle is numbered and recorded; and a sample of each distillation is placed in a library of Beefeater Gin production.

To our many friends we now give thanks. To those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of a Beefeater Martini, an experience most sublime awaits you. Never will you find English history more enjoyable.



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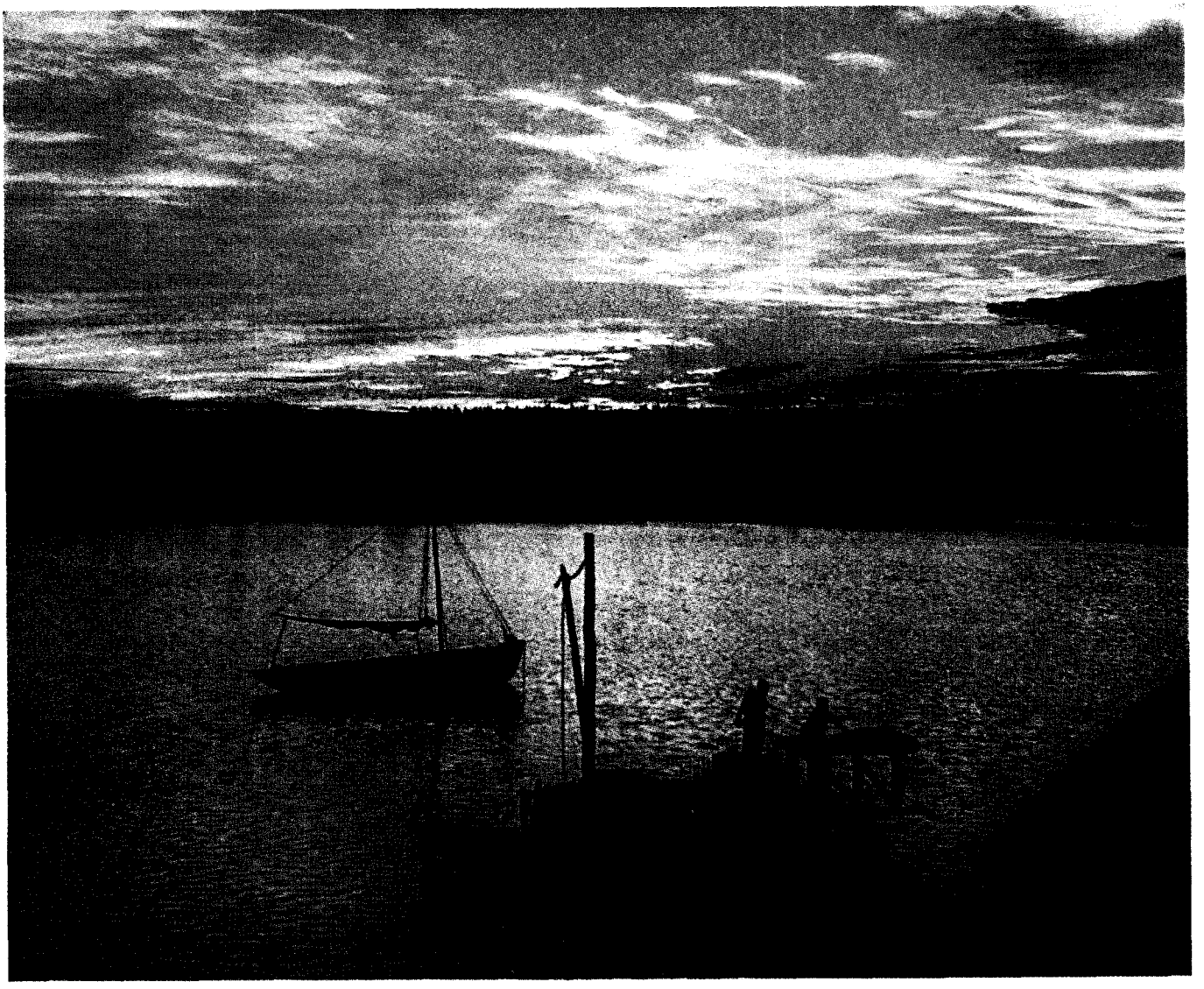

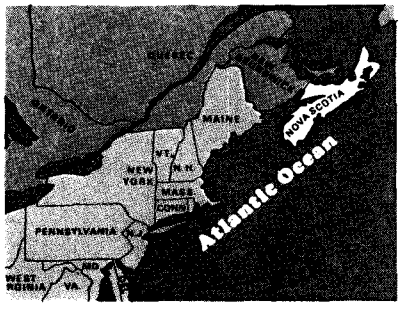

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to drop out in 1969 when the Province of Quebec stepped in a few weeks ago and announced it would underwrite any losses incurred this summer. So the fair will run from June 12 to September 7, featuring the handiwork of forty countries, including, for the first time, Hungary, Bulgaria, Spain, Poland, and perhaps even Czechoslovakia.

During Expo, Restaurant Hélène de Champlain was strictly a feedbag for VIPs, but since then it has been converted, rather quietly, into a public place. One can secure a reservation by phone, but the restaurant's graces are not likely to be portrayed in travel brochures or newspaper ads. The dining room is a nice blend of sixteenth-century Norman and twentieth-century Expo, comfortable, muted, warm. A great stone fireplace takes up almost an entire wall, and a large spoked wooden wheel clings to the ceiling. The *cellérier*, a jovial, waddling French-Canadian, can bring up from the basement more than 235 different wines—which qualifies the restaurant, according to Shanks, who specializes in such data, as having the largest wine cellar in North America.

It is not brash chauvinism that encourages Shanks to speak of Montreal in superlatives (another example: Montreal's 600 churches give it a higher per capita ratio than Rome). It is something softer than chauvinism. "How do I put it?" he said, fingering his wine glass. "I like very much my ci-tee." "That's a good way to put it," I said.

We saw a lot of his city after dark, plowing through the mist from smoky bistro to brawling pub to chic discothèque. The best of the latter was Le Cercle, a three-room affair cut out of an eighteenth-century stone building that once served as a convent. Montreal's most fashionable nightcrawlers move handsomely between Le Cercle's crowded bar, flashing dance floor, and low-wattage hideaway which is fitted with two walls of mirrors. Most good nights in Montreal ended as ours did, at Ben's, a downtown delicatessen. Late-hour revelers straggle in to sample the house specialties—sandwiches of corned beef and what Shanks insisted on calling smoked beef. As the scent wafted into range, I knew it to be something else. "Pastrami!" I cried, biting in. Shanks, the gastronomer, puzzled by my discovery, called Ben into the picture. "You're both right," said the owner, who then began to discourse on the comparative preparation of corned beef and pastrami/smoked beef, while Shanks engaged in a culinary act I had not observed in delicatessens below the border, that of downing a side order of french fries with the sacred meat. If the combination failed to assault the palate of a French-Canadian, it must be worth a try.

—D. B.

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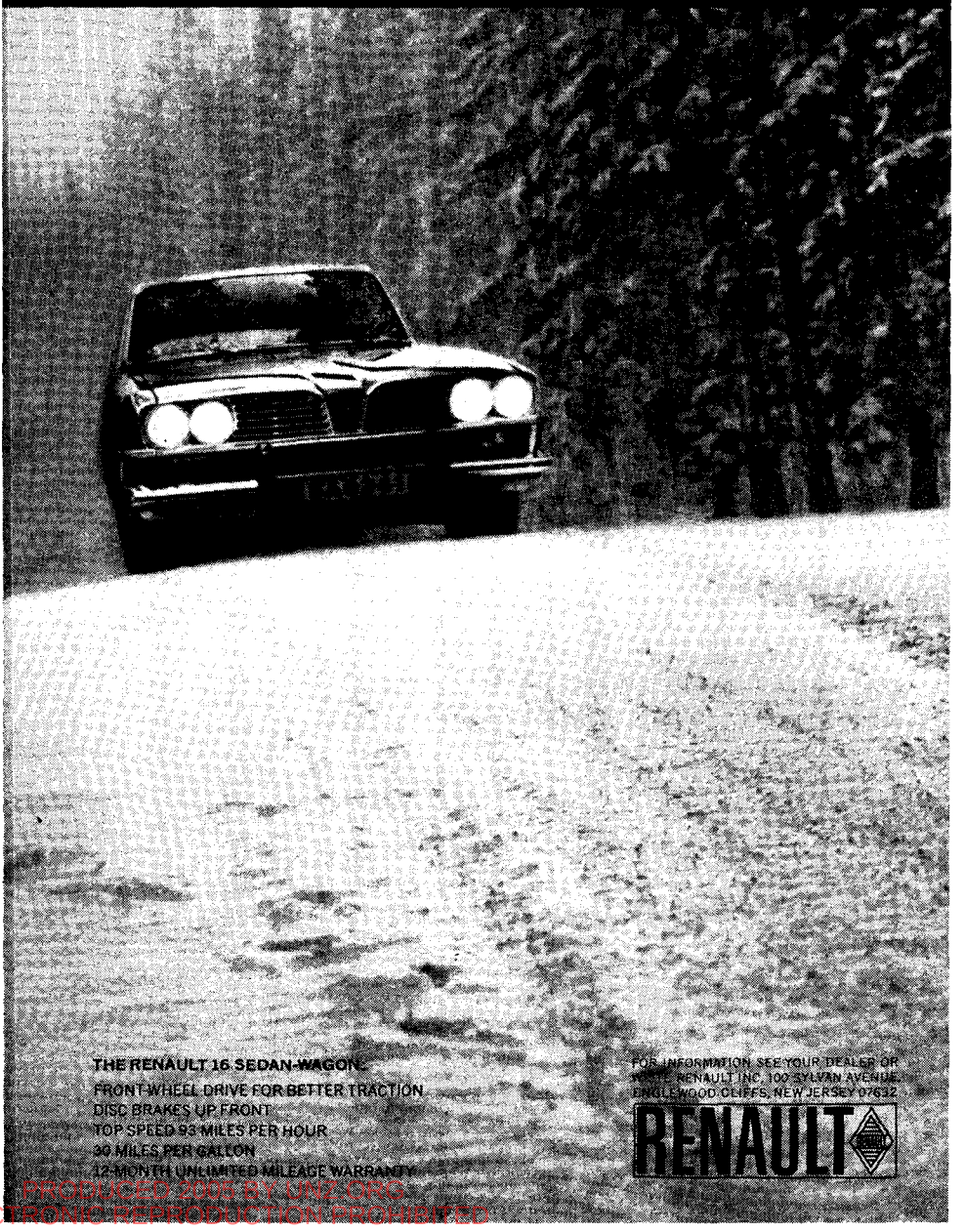

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Black Man's Image

TELEVISION CONTINUES to struggle manfully but unsuccessfully with the difficult problem of incorporating the black American male figure into drama and adventure stories. Suppliers of network programs in this category deserve an "A" for effort, but something less than top marks for credibility. *Teacher, Teacher* and *Deadlock* are two recent examples. The first, a "Hallmark Hall of Fame" special about a mentally retarded boy, was the subject of a commentary in this space three issues ago [March 1]. *Deadlock*, an original two-hour movie for television, was presented recently by NBC.

Allan E. Sloane, who wrote the earlier drafts of the Hallmark teleplay, originally conceived one of the key roles in the drama, a handyman on the estate of a wealthy New England architect, as a warm, humane black man. Because the character had suffered from educational retardation, he was especially sensitive to the needs of the mentally retarded thirteen-year-old son of the architect. This sensitivity made it possible for him to teach the boy successfully; whereas a professional teacher, a white man, failed—to an important degree—to unlock the boy's potential for learning. When the play reached the air, however, the black handyman was an ex-Air Force captain, still warm and understanding but a younger, more vigorous man, the equal of the white teacher, emotionally and intellectually if not professionally. Ossie Davis played the role with winning qualities, but a black ex-Air Force captain was simply not convincing as a handyman.

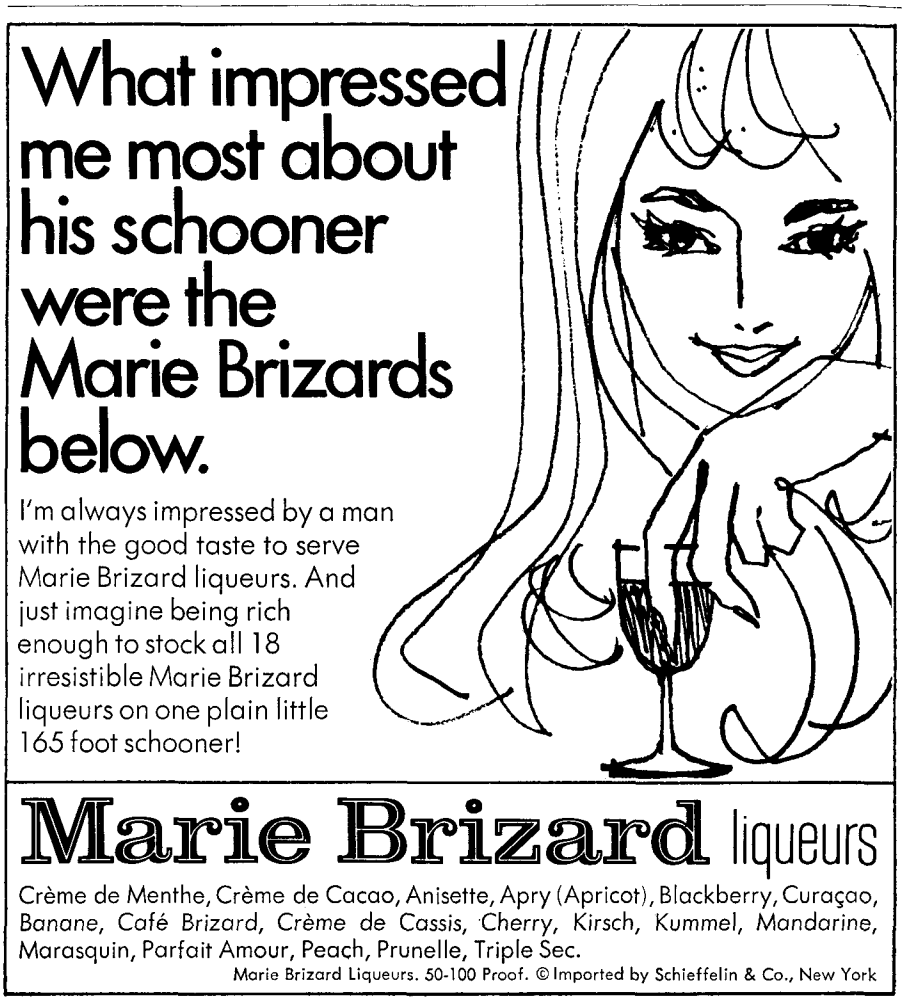
The change had been made because the sponsor was concerned about the "Uncle Tom" image of the character as originally conceived by the author. It reflected, no doubt, a sincere, if cautious, desire to upgrade the image of the black male on television; but it paid the price in loss of dramatic truth.

The hero of *Deadlock*, the NBC film teleplay, was also a young, vigorous, attractive black man—he was a district attorney in a large city, a candidate for U.S. Senator—but the truth of this character was also flawed by too much dramatic license and by an excess of personal nobility.

The DA, determined to prevent a riot in the black ghetto that might result from a heavy-handed police investigation of the murder of a white reporter, personally takes a gun and goes after the suspected black killer; he gets into a fight and is beaten up in a junkyard. One is hard-pressed to imagine the real-life Senator Edward W. Brooke, presumably a prototype for the hero of *Deadlock*, involved in such derring-do. The character's excessive nobility is manifest when he renounces his candidacy for the Senate after the killer has been captured. He had signed a paper signifying his renunciation, and had given it to a police lieutenant, his antagonist in the play, to assure the detective that he was not "a political animal," that he was genuinely concerned about preventing bloodshed and not about using the investigation to advance his political chances. After the crime is solved, the lieutenant returns the signed paper to the DA, but the latter hands it to a reporter for public release. The renunciation, reasonable in the first instance, is absurd in the second: Politicians do not regard power so lightly.

Deadlock was distinguished by the number of Negro actors cast in the drama. In addition to the black district attorney, there were half a dozen lesser but important characters who contributed to the movement of the plot. Thus *Deadlock* and *Teacher, Teacher* are both on the credit side of the ledger for job opportunities for black actors. Ossie Davis's handyman and Hari Rhodes's District Attorney Washburn are certainly improvements in the projection of the black male image on television.

There are observers who suspect that the way the black man is being incorporated into television suggests a systematic, perhaps unconscious, attempt to "cool" the threat of the militant black minority that seeks a more equitable share of the benefits of our social system, by casting them overwhelmingly as soldiers, police spies, and agents of law and order. The pattern is certainly there, when one scans the spectrum of Westerns and crime-adventure programs. Black males are conspicuously absent from non-crime, family stories; even in *Julia*, the husband-father figure is but a photograph of a black American pilot, killed fighting for his country in far-off Vietnam—an upholder of law and order. But, then, maybe there is another explanation. Look at the roles available to white actors. What other function than the maintenance, through imagery, of law and order and the status quo does television generally have for people of any color?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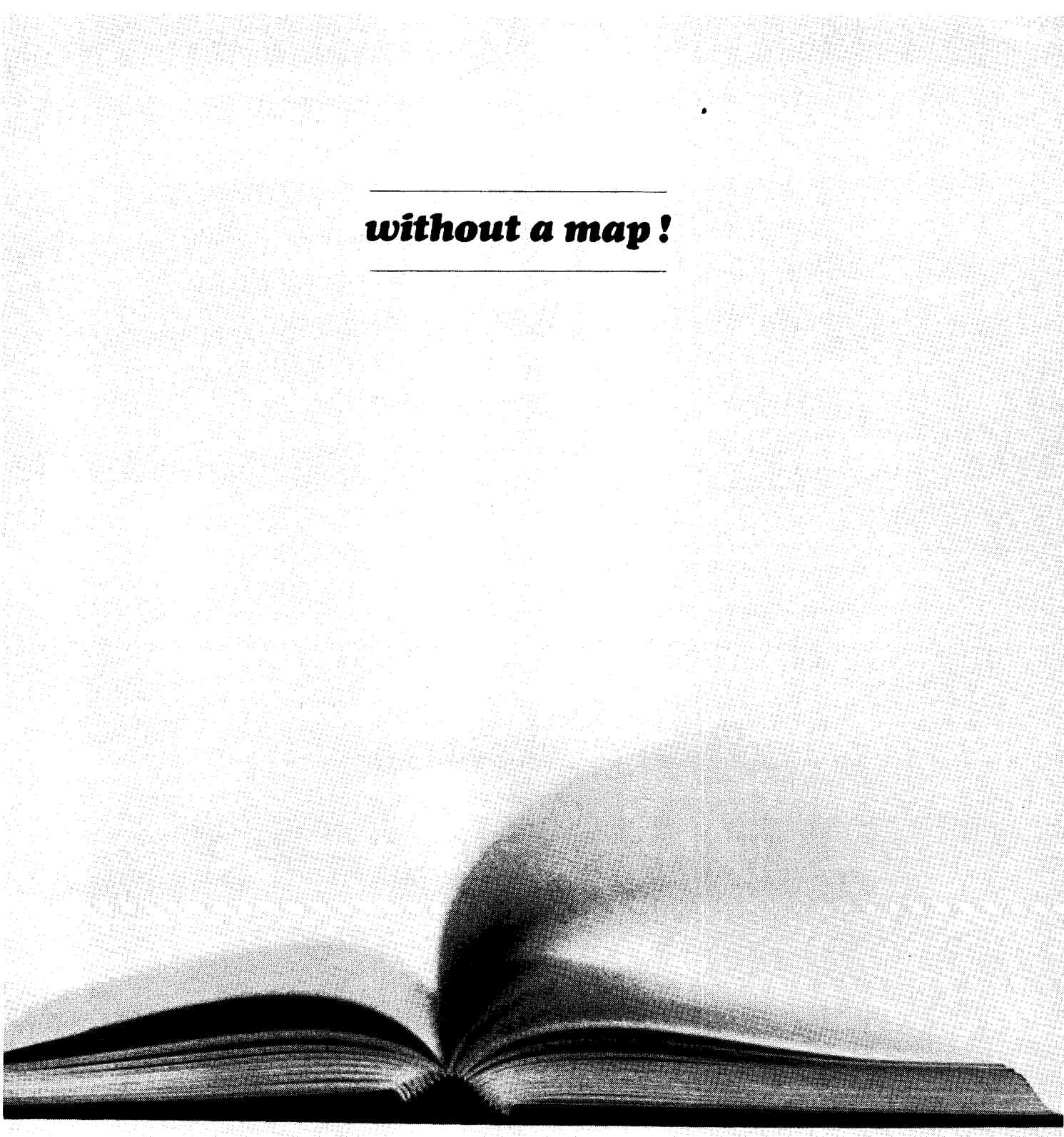

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CHARLES MILLER

What the Black Man's Ancestors Were Up To

A history of Africa is an adventure in social, political, and economic achievement.

WHILE ONE can safely assume that literate adults no longer think of Africa solely as a cannibal delicatessen, it's unlikely that many are aware of the scope and vitality of the almost uncountable societies that have evolved and flourished on the continent over the past four or five thousand years. Indeed, more than one otherwise well-informed person may be surprised at sub-Saharan Africa laying claim to any recordable history—a knowledge gap that is easy to appreciate, so pitifully little having been offered to the general reader on Africa's pre-colonial experience.

Less comprehensible is why the pickings should be so lean, for mature interest in Africa has never been so widespread among Americans. If some of our curiosity is morbid—the terrible growing pains of the new nations can't help but capture notice—it is no less genuine, and has spurred millions to ponder not just the immediate but the long-range causes. More than that, we have a healthy involvement, if not a stake, in Africa's affairs, reflected in rising business investment as well as the helping hands provided by agencies like AID and the Peace Corps. Every year thousands of American tourists pass up Europe to discover Africa, and there is a huge and steady influx of African students into this country. Black Panthers and Black Muslims make up only a small minority of the black Americans whose pride in their African ancestry has been awakened.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of Africa's expanding place in our sun is the new respectability it enjoys in the academic community. Before World War II you might well have been able to count the total number of Africa-oriented courses in U.S. colleges on the fingers of one hand; today no fewer than fifty-five colleges and universities include fully staffed African area programs in their curricula. (To give just one example, UCLA's African Studies Center offers more than 100 undergraduate and graduate courses in, among other subjects, African history, political science, law, literature, languages, anthropology and sociology, taught by a faculty of forty Africanists.) It's altogether probable, in fact, that college-level interest has stimulated publication, in the past twenty years, of more books on Africa than were written during the preceding two millennia. Yet—and this is the paradox—virtually all of these works are directed at highly specialized audiences. The general reader, regardless of how eager he may be to take a serious look at the world's least understood—and hitherto most neglected—continent, seems somehow to have been overlooked.

This is why the arrival of Basil Davidson's *Africa in History* (Macmillan, 318 pp., $6.95) merits a red-carpet welcome. Updated from the 1966 edition, it is, in my opinion, by far the best introduction to Africa's past

CHARLES MILLER is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs. He has worked and traveled extensively on the continent.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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78 **"They Came in Chains: Americans from Africa,"** *by Saunders Redding*

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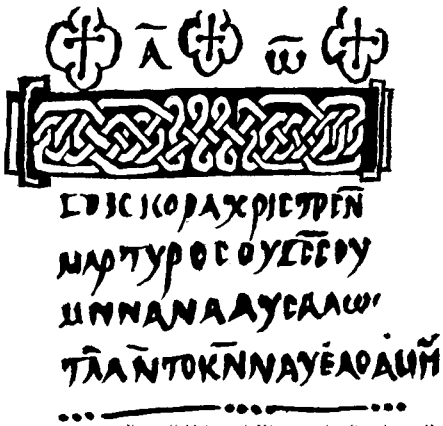
ever written. For, if nothing else, Davidson shatters the myth that sub-Saharan Africa didn't join the world until the white man arrived to favor the continent with the blessings of his civilization. Moreover, I doubt that anyone is better qualified to take charge of the demolition.

A teacher and writer on African affairs for two decades, Davidson is not only a scholar of stunning erudition and insights; he also—unlike far too many of his colleagues—possesses a clean-cut literary style that lends extra fascination to an already absorbing adventure. And *Africa in History* can be called just that: an adventure in social, political and economic achievement, which began with the very birth of mankind and reached dynamic maturity at about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when external pressures started to force its decline and disintegration.

Wisely, Davidson warns that to disregard the more humble African societies is to view the picture through a distorting glass. But since everybody knows about the "primitive" aspects, it might not be out of order here to focus on one or two of the grander accomplishments, if for no other reason than to underscore Africa's ability to take care of itself long before European rule.

THERE is, for example, the extraordinary continent-wide mastery of mineral exploitation. During the Middle Ages, Davidson tells us, "southern Bantu-speaking peoples opened tens of thousands of workings, whether for gold or copper or other metals"; while in West Africa by the end of the fifteenth century "miners . . . had produced perhaps as much as 3,500 tons of gold . . . by methods of prospecting, shaft-sinking, extraction and refinement that were technical achievements of their own." To a large extent this made possible a thriving caravan trade across the Sahara and a huge Indian Ocean commerce, which in turn helped to create such mighty West African empires as Ghana, Mali, Songhai, and Kanem-Bornu, and, on the east coast, the fabulous realm of Zinj. We read of the celebrated traveler Ibn Batuta describing Kilwa in East Africa as "one of the most beautiful and best constructed towns in the world," and of the Kanem-Bornu ruler who, it is believed, "equipped his cavalry with golden bits and his hunting dogs with golden chains." There is Leo Africanus's account of sixteenth-century Timbuctu as "a city of learning and letters, where the king . . . supported from his treasury 'many magistrates, learned doctors and men of religion.'" We see, too, that this flowering civilization was something less than a secret: "Mali was . . . counted as one of the great empires of the Muslim world, and the maritime nations of southern Europe also began to recognize it as such. Composing his remarkable atlas of Africa in 1375, the Majorcan cartographer Cresques shows the lord of Mali seated in majesty upon his throne, holding an orb and scepter, while the traders of all North Africa march sturdily towards his markets."



—From "Africa: A History of a Continent."

Part of a Christian text, in Old Nubian, written in a fine hand using the Coptic form of the Greek alphabet.

The key word in the above quotation is "Muslim," another conspicuous feature of the African scene during those halcyon years. Can an Islamic civilization—in no small measure a by-product of Muslim invasions—be regarded as authentically African? Islam certainly made a distinct mark on the African outlook, but simultaneously it could be and usually was tailored to fit Africa's own way of life, as anyone familiar with, say, Swahili or Hausa customs is likely to attest. Perhaps the best way of putting it would be to say that a large portion of Africa absorbed rather than acquiesced to Islam. As Davidson observes, "any parallel between Muslim imperialism and the European imperialism . . . would seriously miss the point. The latter remained . . . a foreign imposition, but the Muslim systems gradually acquired local garb and became the full possession of those they had enclosed"

In any case, Africa's perspective was profoundly non-Western, and this fact in all likelihood played a large role in

(*Continued on page* 78)

The Great Mosque at Jenne, Mali (fourteenth century)—"Can an Islamic civilization be regarded as authentically African?"

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

In the Case of Cleaver

I READ EMILE CAPOUYA'S review of Eldridge Cleaver's collected writings [*SR*, Mar. 1] with utter incredulity and dismay. The revocation of Cleaver's parole is described as a "cowardly sanction," and Cleaver as a "political refugee." Reading this, who could imagine that Cleaver's crime was violent rape? If the reader were so informed, he might reflect that a man paroled for such a crime could be expected to observe the conditions of his parole.

Mr. Cleaver is correctly referred to as an exceedingly effective spokesman for the Black Panthers. The freedom of speech accorded to this organization gives the lie to Mr. Capouya's accusation of political persecution.

Nothing but harm can be done to the Negro cause by rushing to press the crown of martyrdom on violent extremists.

ORRIN H. CLARK,
San Diego, Calif.

UNLESS I AM COMPLETELY MISLED by statements in the public press, Eldridge Cleaver, while on parole from incarceration for a series of proven crimes, was involved in the murder of a policeman and arrested. While out on bail because of this pending court case, he chose to flee rather than stand trial.

I have not found in the books published by Mr. Cleaver any serious voice of basic criticism worth all this nonsense and rabble-rousing. Capouya has employed tactics of cheap journalism to try to make Cleaver a "cause célèbre," and as such I resent it in *SR*.

NANCY MCKEEVER GAINES,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

EMILE CAPOUYA DEMONSTRATES the objective perception which we have learned to expect from North Korean negotiators. His conclusion that a convicted felon with a history of criminal conduct who has jumped bail automatically becomes a "political refugee" is difficult to follow. His premise that one who speaks in a grossly vulgar manner pleasing to the anarchistic section of a minority group is necessarily above the law of the land can appeal only to an "intellectual" without intellect.

VERLE N. FRY,
Tustin, Calif.

NOT ONLY WAS ELDRIDGE CLEAVER allowed to speak, he was paid $750 by the University of California to do just that.

MARION SULLIVAN,
South San Francisco, Calif.

THIS READER'S INTERESTS would have been better served if Mr. Cleaver's views had been given more coverage that Mr. Capouya's biases.

JOHN M. NOLAN,
Fort Campbell, Ky.

MARVELOUS REVIEW of the Eldrige Cleaver by Emile Capouya. So clear, logical, cool. It really moved me. I salute him for writing it and *SR* for printing it.

DONNA SCHRADER,
New York, N.Y.

I FIND CLEAVER'S WRITINGS repetitive, derivative and, above all, simplistic. I would like to read, therefore, some really critical examination of his writing—which might indicate what he supposedly has that I am missing.

PATRICK GROFF,
San Diego, Calif.

THE INCLUSION OF OBSCENITY AND JARGON, which displeases the personal taste of Mr. Capouya, is no more deplorable in contemporary writing than is the appropriation of legal terms ("Amnestied," writes Capouya) or tired clichés such as "health of the nation." Mr. Cleaver's vocabulary may offend some, but I personally find it colorful without being vulgar and articulate without being labored.

I find this review contrasting interestingly to Gertrude Samuels's review of *Soul on Ice* [*SR*, Mar. 9, 1968], in which she criticizes Cleaver's ideas and appreciates his expression. I hope society will mature to where we can appreciate both.

MARTHA S. FICKLEN,
Newport News, Va.

Momma's Kvetch

So, DOCTOR, why am I such a failure? The only thing I ever gave my David was crooked teeth. And Dr. Kloppelman says, "You want an Adonis, maybe?"

You think Davie blames me for his bite? "Momma," he says, "I can talk, I can chew, I can smile—what's a few protruding teeth?"

The other boys on the block would have been here long ago. Some of them go downtown, three times a week. And what do they do? For three hours all they talk about is their Mommas. My Davie—he goes to school, he goes to work, he gets married, he gives me grandchildren. I'm a Jewish mother, Doctor, I want more.

It's my husband's fault. Even now, we still have a double bed. (My Hymie says two can sleep as cheap as one.) And, to tell you the truth, I never was very fancy in bed. He says come, so I come. But my Davie, I thought, a regular Don Juan. Myself I introduced him to the Kitten—next door, Irish. And what does he do? He settles for a two-cents plain, a Miriam. What can you do with a daughter-in-law who makes gefülte fish every Friday?

The lucky ones have a Bruce, a Saul, a Philie—even Allen's a blessing. All I got is an insurance saleman who sends me Hallmark cards every Mother's Day.

I need to be blamed, Doctor, I need to suffer. Two thousand years of persecution and pogroms, and this is my reward?

LIBBY BAY,
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Portnoy on the Mat

EVEN THOUGH THE SUBSCRIPTION price of *SR* is fairly high, I figure it saves me money by telling me what books not to buy: *viz.*, *Portnoy's Complaint* [*SR*, Feb. 22].

W. K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.

THAT GRANVILLE HICKS APPRECIATES *Portnoy's Complaint* cannot be denied, and *SR*'s devoting cover and space to Roth indicates your recognition of the man and the book's significance. Unfortunately, Hicks's review is no more than a summary of plot; he has even given away the ending to those who have not read the work. A critic's job is to elucidate, surely, and not to paraphrase; such an essay from a student I would mark as failing.

W. KENNETH HOLDITCH,
New Orleans, La.

ONCE AGAIN it gives me great pleasure to congratulate Marya Mannes, this time on her Dissent on the ecstatically received *Portnoy's Complaint*, by Philip Roth. Mr. Philip Roth can write. But in his latest contribution, he has perhaps decided to make a killing and retire to smog-proof Switzerland. In any event, and in all fairness, it must be acknowledged that his theory of using a baseball glove for the purpose of masturbation is surely worth the $900,000 pre-publication he is supposed to have received.

HERBERT J. SALOMON,
Seattle, Wash.

MARYA MANNES missed a rather important point: Portnoy is clearly disturbed by his inability to relate to women on any sensible level. If he described his relationships with women, and the women themselves, as Miss Mannes would like to hear them described, he wouldn't be on a psychiatrist's couch in the first place.

After years of hearing such things as *Candy* defended for their humor (which supposedly excused the sex) I found it fascinating to see that a book could be written which was so very vulgar yet genuinely funny. I gather that Miss Mannes found very little to laugh at, which may just demonstrate that humor is a very individual thing.

AL HORMEL,
Weston, Conn.

ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS to talk of sex education when we give the young people only half the truth—that sex is biological and that it is beautiful? They must learn for themselves that it is also "dirty"—thanks to the modern sex novels and to the movie blurbs.

HAZEL OLIVER,
Oakland, Calif.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

After looking at a number of novels that are described as "far out," I have chosen three to talk about. Two interest me chiefly as specimens; the third has merit as a novel.

Crybaby of the Western World (Doubleday, $4.95) is John Leonard's third novel, the first two being *Wyke Regis* and *The Naked Martini*. It is a satire or burlesque or extravaganza or something of that sort, the subject being life in Long Beach, California. As a satirist, Leonard employs a shotgun, scoring some hits and more misses.

His hero, Stanhope Cronopios, is associated with such characters as Renaldi Haruspex, Svam Spade, Pather Parturient, Dasein Camembert, and Synecdoche Wessel. On the first page Stanhope receives word that someone from New York wants to see him:

> Well. Who in New York could possibly be interested in Stanhope Cronopios, the dilettante hangman? He would go, of course. Anything was better than sitting here, huddled over the cold keys of his Hermes portable, on the extroverted California orange crate, eating the Spam of his fantasies. He reread the poem he was writing, "Stanhopelessly Balboa Constricted":
>
> And so no vitaminted Faust
> Now walks the harsh Pacific coast:
> But more a canapé of doubts,
> A slice of Hamlet on wry toast.

Only a writer of unusual fortitude could keep up this sort of thing for 254 pages, but Leonard is tireless even though the reader may not be. The effect is sometimes genuinely Joycean, but more often Leonard sounds like a hungover gag writer for a TV show. He is a knowing fellow and the names of more or less fashionable writers constantly appear, often in strange concatenations: "How did Nelson Algren put it? 'Mortimer Adler is the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade.'" Paradoxes abound: "Virginity is a form of nymphomania." There are three or four puns to a page: for example, a character remarks, "My Kraft must be Ebbing." Svam Spade says, "The first step toward Om is to attack and destroy the ergo," to which the hero replies, "Obviously. You can't make an Om without breaking a few ergos."

So we come at last to the conclusion, with its parody of Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!*:

> "One more question," said Congor, and he grinned. "Cronopios, I want you to tell me just one last thing." He paused. *"Why do you love Long Beach?"*
>
> "I don't love it!" screamed Stanhope, gripping the boat rail. "I don't love it!" again. I don't love it, he thought, sobbing in the salt- and oil-scented air, the drifting silver threads of pseudo-eventuality. "I don't love it! I don't! I *don't!*"

Crybaby of the Western World is, at least in part, an entertaining book, especially for anyone who likes to play guessing games. Rudolph Wurlitzer's *Nog* (Random House, $4.95) is a dull one, although the author's intentions appear to be commendable. The man in search of his identity is a familiar figure in contemporary fiction, but Wurlitzer's hero is running away from his identity. In the beginning of his story the narrator gives himself no name and Nog figures as a man from whom he bought a make-believe octopus, but later the narrator seems to be Nog. At one point he says, "No connections. Narrow all possibilities. Develop and love your limitations." *Nog* is a non-novel about a non-hero who goes through a number of non-experiences, arriving at a non-conclusion: "I'm not asleep or awake." Richard Poirier of Rutgers and *Partisan Review* says: "This strikes me as probably the most original, exciting and talented new novel since Thomas Pynchon's *V*."

It is a relief to turn to Marilyn Hoff's second novel, *Rose* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), which tries to relate the far-out world to the world in which most of us live. Its two characters, Martin and Jane, have, like thousands of their contemporaries, resigned from the American way of life. Jane is a casual drop-out, who prefers to live in sin with a would-be artist nicknamed Hotspur rather than to follow the conventional course her parents have charted for her. To support the household, she works, with small satisfaction, in a hospital. Martin, who arrives by chance in the city in which Jane lives, is a more thoughtful rebel, with a philosophy in part derived from Eastern mysticism. He has experimented judiciously with psychedelic drugs, and his belief in sexual freedom is balanced by his feeling for the importance of love.

Miss Hoff has chosen a difficult method for the telling of her story. First Martin speaks and then Jane, and so it goes in alternating passages. Martin begins, "This is the Rendezvous. Upon hitting town I have come to the Rendezvous in search of Helen, whom I have hitchhiked across seven states to find. But there is no Helen in sight, and no rendezvous. It should be renamed Eddie's after the wee worried cat who hustles up a drink each time a college tom booms 'Eddie!'" After a couple of pages of his story, we turn to Jane, who is impatient for the end of her shift at the hospital: "I glanced at my wrist watch, I looked again, I studied it in detail. Six minutes to eleven minus seventeen, sixteen, fifteen seconds; until now, the hour and the minute hands looked like one arm, but invisibly widened and began to split."

Martin meets Hotspur, and then, of course, meets Jane. Although each seems to be telling one side of the story of their affair, there is really a kind of dialogue being carried on as they move towards mutual understanding. Although the relationship between Martin and Jane is always central, there are other themes, especially Jane's strange involvement with a patient who insists that she wants to die. Jane changes in the course of the story, whereas Martin follows consistently the path he has chosen. The "trip" that Jane takes under Martin's guidance in search of Regions of Spiritual Experience—the "Rose" of the title—is described vividly and yet without sensationalism.

Rose is by any standard a novel of some distinction. We may not understand why Martin and Jane choose to live as they do, but they are real and likable and we want to know what happens to them. I have nothing against experiments such as Leonard's and Wurlitzer's, but I am glad that Miss Hoff, who is something of an experimenter in her own way, has not found it necessary to sacrifice all the standards of the traditional novel. If her journeying has taken her far out, she has not lost her ability to communicate with the people back home.

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Crime—From Soldiers to Boss

1. *Mafia: The Cartel*

Theft of the Nation: The Structure and Operations of Organized Crime in America, *by Donald R. Cressey (Harper & Row. 324 pp. $6.95), is a criminologist's exposé of the Mafia and its unholy alliance with "respectable" society. Wilfrid Laurier Husband is concerned as a lecturer with corruption and other urban problems.*

By WILFRID LAURIER HUSBAND

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY Robert Morgenthau was quoted by *The New York Times* for February 16 as saying: "The death of Vito Genovese presents a 'great opportunity' to strike a crippling blow at his Mafia gang before it can regroup under new leadership."

This statement appears unrealistic in light of the information presented by the California criminologist Donald Cressey in his book *Theft of the Nation,* which was completed shortly before Genovese died. Mr. Cressey writes: "For each vacant Cosa Nostra membership position, there are at least a hundred applicants. Incarceration of members disrupts the organization only for the time needed to obtain replacements. Thus, for example, imprisonment of one New York 'Family' boss, Vito Genovese, has had no discernible effect on the amount of crime committed by his Family."

Cressey's book clearly shows that crime in the United States is highly organized and far-reaching. In it he analyzes and expands the facts contained in his earlier report to the President's Commission on Law Enforcement.

A nationwide alliance of at least twenty-four tightly knit Families of criminals exists in this country. Those on the Eastern seaboard call the system "Cosa Nostra" (otherwise known as the Mafia, the syndicate, the underworld). The names, criminal records, and activities of about five thousand members are well known to law-enforcement officials. As one example, the book charts the hierarchy of the Greater New York Family. Among other things it shows three men ruling in the absence of Genovese: Tom Eboli, Jerry Catena, Mike Miranda. Key positions in each Family are boss, underboss, lieutenant, counselor. Low-ranking members are "soldiers" or "button men." Other positions include "money mover," "enforcer," and "executioner."

Families are linked to each other and to non-Cosa Nostra syndicates by "treaties" and by mutual deference to a "Commission" made up of leaders of the most powerful Families, which control almost all illegal gambling. They are also the principal loan sharks and the big importers as well as wholesalers of narcotics. They have infiltrated numerous labor unions where, through "sweetheart contracts" and other devices, they extort money from employers and at the same time cheat union members. A common trick is their use of the role of "labor consultant" to sell influence over certain unions to employers who seek unfair advantages over legitimate competitors. Alfred Scotti, head of the Rackets Bureau in New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's office, believes this abuse could be eliminated by requiring labor consultants to be licensed.

Moreover, "syndicate members," Cressey points out, "also have a virtual monopoly on an increasing number of legitimate enterprises: Cigarette vending machines and juke boxes and . . . retail firms, restaurants and bars, hotels, trucking, food companies, linen-supply houses, garbage collection, and factories. Until recently, they owned a large part of Las Vegas. They owned several state legislators and federal Congressmen and other officials in the legislative, executive and judicial branch of the government—at local, state and federal levels. Some government officials (including judges) are considered, and consider themselves, members."

In brief, what we must face is that Americans—you and I—have let the cancer of organized crime proliferate in American life. Even those who know this conveniently blame "criminals." We are blind to the fact that by apathy, acquiescence, timidity, or downright collusion we are largely to blame for giving the underworld its sinister power. Cressey hammers this home: "Organized crime exists to provide the illicit goods and services demanded by legitimate society." In that sense, the "respectable" world is poisoning itself.

A star crime reporter who prefers anonymity cites an example: "J. Edgar Hoover is now over seventy-five, yet top political and business leaders are still in awe of him and shudder politely at those who think Hoover should retire. This reverence goes beyond respect for the FBI. Can it be that the FBI head knows of certain relations between business and political bigwigs, on the one hand, and the underworld, on the other? If Hoover pressed too hard against the Mafia, its bosses might retaliate by implicating VIPs in government and business. Final disposition of the Bobby Baker case, among others, has yet to be made."

THE book's major value is its revelation of the unholy marriage between organized crime and "respectable" society. But, mercifully, Cressey limits his moral preachments; perhaps he feels there is not enough moral concern to which he can appeal. His thesis is all the more persuasive because it is addressed

Tribute to the Mob

WE ARE CONCERNED because millions of Americans are, in hundreds of minor ways, already paying ransom to organized criminals. We do not mean the man who bets a dollar at 1 to 500 or 1 to 600 odds when the "honest" odds are 1 to 1,000. We mean the housewife who must pay a few cents extra each day to have her trash hauled by a company controlled by criminals. We mean the teen-ager who pays a few cents more for a hamburger and a glass of milk because the vendor must buy his supplies from companies controlled by criminals. We mean the college student and the lawyer who must pay a few cents more for their books because they have at some stage been hauled by a truck operator who must, in order to maintain labor peace, buy his tires from a company controlled by criminals. We mean all the other citizens who are required to spend a quarter here and a dollar there because someone, somewhere in the chain from raw material to finished product, must pay a tribute to criminals. We also mean the taxpayer, the poor taxpayer, who must in the long run finance kickbacks to organized criminals and who must pay both his own taxes and a large proportion of the syndicate member's share of taxes. "If organized criminals paid income tax on every cent of their vast earnings, everybody's tax bill would go down, but no one knows how much." In the four-year period 1961-1965 the Internal Revenue Service assessed organized criminals almost a quarter of a billion dollars in taxes and penalties beyond the amounts paid by the criminals when they filed their income-tax forms. In 1965 the City and State of New York lost over $50 million in cigarette-tax revenues to cigarette smuggling by organized criminals. Further, since the smugglers paid no tax on the income derived from the sale of about $138 million worth of cigarettes, another tax source also dried up.

—*From the book.*

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primarily to our practical self-interest. He makes us see the wisdom of having no truck with the activities from which the Mafia amasses its riches and thereby the power to destroy our integrity and our democracy. Cut off from sustenance which, up to now, we have shamefully given, organized crime would wither.

Another problem touched on in *Theft of the Nation* is the rapid increase of unorganized criminal "loners." They steal cars, burglarize, mug, rape, embezzle, murder, etc. Many are from ghettos and other poverty areas. This development is serious because such loners are steadily recruited into the ranks of organized crime. What excuse is there for the richest nation to permit such poverty, which costs us so dearly?

Cressey is understandably absorbed in the quest to improve law enforcement techniques and to augment trained personnel. But he weakens his effect by devoting so much effort to seeking a perfect definition of "organized crime"; and when he advocates appeasement of kingpins in the underworld, he is unconvincing.

Most law enforcement officials agree with Cressey that "electronic surveillance" (wiretaps, bugging) is an indispensable tool in combating organized crime. Like New York District Attorney Hogan, however, Cressey insists that electronic eavesdropping must be done under court supervision and with proper safeguards.

But important as these and other related problems are, they are secondary to educating the public to the absolute necessity of refusing to buy the Mafia's illicit goods and services. *Theft of the Nation* admirably contributes to that end. For your own self-preservation, get this book and read it.

2. *Mafia: Family Men*

The Valachi Papers, *by Peter Maas (Putnam. 286 pp. $6.95), contains the revelations of a "soldier" in the American Mafia, who described to the Department of Justice how the Cosa Nostra does their thing. Norman Lewis is the author of "The Honored Society," a study of the Sicilian Mafia.*

By NORMAN LEWIS

IN THE SUMMER of 1968 I attended the trial in Palermo of a number of persons alleged to be members of the Mafia and to have organized the narcotics traffic between Sicily and the United States. The defendants were surprisingly quiet, composed, carefully attired men, who talked in murmurs without emphasis or gesticulation, and when they addressed the judge they did so with almost exaggerated respect, in some cases quite unnecessarily ending every sentence with "your excellency." It was a far cry indeed from Al Capone and his legion of snarling screen imitators.

The families of these outwardly impeccable citizens were equally sober in their behavior. Daily there was a moving little ceremony during which the accused men, chained together, were led into the dock and each defendant's left hand was removed from its manacles—whereupon the waiting assembly of neat, homely women and nicely dressed, well-mannered children surged forward to embrace them. Particularly affecting was one Mafia chief who, eyes squeezed closed, clutched his little daughter and kissed her a dozen times before fishing in his pocket for a packet of sweets.

Back in the hotel that night conversation with the barman turned to the case. The hotel had been frequented by the big names of Cosa Nostra (a literal translation of which is "Our Thing") on their many visits to Palermo to confer with their Sicilian cousins on matters of mutual advantage. Outstanding in the barman's memory was Lucky Luciano:

> He always sat at that table over in the corner, and when he wanted another drink he wouldn't snap his fingers at me, or even hiss as some uncultured people do. Lucky would get up and come to the bar and carry his drink back to his table himself. Kindness and consideration itself. He always had the same lady with him, and he was full of little attentions for her. In fact an *exquisite* personality.

The Squadra Mobile of Palermo had asked that Joseph Valachi be brought to Italy to testify in this trial, but the American authorities had refused the request, so the examining magistrate had gone to the U.S. and taken a statement from Valachi in prison. What he had to say was unrevealing; Valachi described himself as a very low-level member of Cosa Nostra and was therefore unable to provide any precise information on the traffic in drugs.

In *The Valachi Papers* he appears communicative to the point of garrulity, and much of what he tells about the crime cartel is inevitably new to students of the subject. The reorganization of the Cosa Nostra was, he reports the brain child of Salvatore Maranzano, whose personality Valachi etches with economy and precision. "[Mr. Maranzano] had come over here right after the First World War. He was an educated man. He had studied for the priesthood in the old country, and I understand he spoke seven languages. I didn't know until later that he was a nut about Julius Caesar, and even had a room in his house full of nothing but books about him. That's where he got the idea for the new organization."

When Valachi joined it, there was an

—From "The Valachi Papers," Wide World.

Joseph Valachi testifies before the Senate investigations subcommittee—"communicative."

oath-taking ceremony with the right dash of mumbo-jumbo, and at a subsequent meeting Mr. Maranzano, the "Boss of All Bosses," explained how the Cosa Nostra would operate: " . . . from here on we were going to be divided up into new Families. Each Family would have a boss and an under-boss. Beneath them there would also be lieutenants, or *capore-gimes.* To us regular members, which were soldiers, he said, 'You will each be assigned to a lieutenant. When you learn who he is, you will meet all the other men in your crew.'" Actually, this is no more than the reimposition of the old pseudo-military organization of the Sicilian Mafia. In one other respect Mr. Maranzano followed Sicilian convention: Having warned that to disclose the secrets of Cosa Nostra meant death without trial, he told his men that it was death, too, to violate a fellow-member's wife. "Look at them, admire them and *behave* with them," the *Capo di tutti Capi* commanded.

FOR Maranzano, however, the sands were about to run out. He represented the traditional Sicilian-born *mafiosi,* the "greaseballs," as the Cosa Nostra termed them—men with fat stomachs, handlebar mustaches and garlicky breath. It was irksome to the up-and-coming youngsters to have to take their orders from these ex-peasants who still went about in carpet slippers and suspenders. It is possible, too, that some of the old-timers had inconvenient inhibitions about the direction in which crime was developing. The drug traffic and prostitution were both anathematized as *infamità* by the veteran rural Mafia of Sicily, who man-

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aged to keep a tiny precarious flame of puritanism alive despite their nefarious activities.

Once in the course of a top-level conference with Lucky in Palermo the head of the Sicilian Mafia asked Luciano how he managed to get mixed up in such a sordid business as prostitution, to which the reply was that Lucky had always considered foreign women as only half human. He couldn't imagine them in the guise of Sicilian wives and mothers. Valachi was bewildered, too, when Luciano was arrested on multiple counts of compulsory prostitution. "I was stunned," he says. "Charley Lucky wasn't no pimp. He was a boss."

About forty other prominent Cosa Nostra "greaseballs" died violently the same day as Maranzano, and thereafter, with Luciano and the late Vito Genovese in the saddle, a measure of stability returned. In his description of a typical killing Valachi brings to life the short sharp war against these men with outmoded ideas:

> "He came out of the office with his wife," Buster replied. "He kissed her in front of the office, and I was worried I wouldn't get a shot. But he turned and went for the corner. She was just standing there watching when I got him. I don't think I missed once. You could see the dust coming off his coat when the bullets hit."

"It's too bad the wife had to see him go," Valachi said.

Joe Valachi comes out of this as a small man, clearly vain. He joined Cosa Nostra for the leverage it would give him in the rackets, but also for the prestige—the *mystique* of the Organization. It was great to be in the mob. Within its ranks Valachi always remained a soldier because he had short-term ambitions and was greedy for gain rather than power. He took like a duck to water to fairly safe illegalities like loan-sharking and the numbers game, and seemed happier still as he muscled into legitimate spheres through partnerships in a restaurant and a garment business.

In the 1940s Valachi grubbed together enough money to join the flow of mobsters to the suburbs, and like his colleagues he behaved with the utmost propriety in the new environment. Genovese had laid down the pattern of conduct in a few words of advice: "It's different from living in the city," he said. "Make the people in the neighborhood like you. Don't fool around with the 'weak' [ordinary law-abiding citizens]. Give to the Boy Scouts and all the charities. Try to make it to church. Don't fool around with the local girls."

With his social upgrading Joe Valachi took on other responsibilities, notably the suitable education of his son, who was sent to a private school at a cost of more than $1,600 a year. "I am a happy man that I brought up my kid naïve," he says, "so he wouldn't be in the life I was." The hint of self-disapproval here is interesting and may reflect Valachi's low standing in the Organization. Top-level members have no such qualms about themselves.

Valachi, who grew up in a filthy tenement, loved to potter about his suburban home doing odd jobs, and he put in a concrete driveway "so as not to mess up the house from the dirt road." One can imagine the dismay of this *bourgeois manqué* when reminded that membership in Cosa Nostra, besides bestowing privileges, imposed obligations, and he was ordered by his superior to carry out a "contract" (the liquidation of another mobster).

What Valachi has to say about such commissions comes as a surprise. One of the principal items on the agenda of the celebrated Apalachin meeting of the heads of the Cosa Nostra Families was the removal from membership of a large number of soldiers who had demonstrated their unfitness by bungling contracts. "A count of inept executions had been kept since the membership books were opened. There were . . . twenty-seven contracts that ended in complete misses, slight wounds, and bodies being left around in the street."

Valachi's undoing was his habit of going back into narcotics for a fast buck. The profits were huge, but it was dangerous business, outlawed by half the Cosa Nostra Families (even Genovese claimed to be against it), and if a member insisted in dabbling on his own account, he did so in the knowledge that the Organization would not protect him. Once Valachi took a chance and bought fifteen kilograms of heroin at $2,500 a kilogram (thirty-five ounces) from a French supplier in Marseilles with the intention of reselling the consignment on the American wholesale market at $11,000 a kilogram. Cold feet at the last moment made him decide to cut his lieutenant, Tony Bender, in on the deal

(*Continued on page* 59)

3. *Mafia: Native Sons*

The Man Who Plays Alone, *by Danilo Dolci, translated from the Italian by Antonia Cowan (Pantheon. 367 pp. $7.95), documents a society whose long experience of organized oppression has led it to distrust all forms of collective action. Gabriel Gersh is a long-time student of Mediterranean history and politics.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

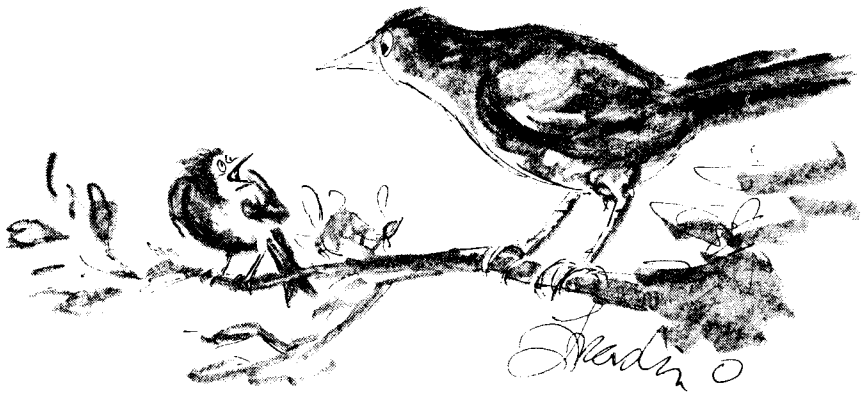
WHAT RATIONALIZATIONS do many of us make to ourselves when we see those requests for money for causes like Biafra and Save the Children? Do we belong to the what's-the-use school? Or to the I'm-too-busy school? Or do we say, "Well, I send them a check sometimes"? A lot of us go through these and similar motions; and one reason Danilo Dolci arouses both admiration and resentment is that he does not. He has given himself unreservedly to those whose lives have been blighted by hunger, fear, despair, and the selfishness of others.

Though Dolci's books have been compared to those of Carlo Levi and Ignazio Silone, he is the first Italian to step out of a literary tradition and dedicate his life to human beings who are submerged in squalor and wretchedness. Danilo Dolci's chosen terrain is Western Sicily, an area more unyielding to change than that in which Gandhi worked because it lacks the ferment provided by a struggle for freedom. Sicilian regionalism, ingrained for centuries, is the means by which oppressors—particularly the politicians, the Mafia, and the Church—have entrenched themselves in power.

Dolci was among the first to use tape-recorded speech as a new and vivid form of literature. Being a compassionate man, he has been able to draw out the innermost confidences, confessions, and prejudices of men and women trapped in misery, and a terrible form of beauty has sometimes ensued.

In *The Man Who Plays Alone,* ably

(*Continued on page* 67)



"Fly south in October, fly north in March, build nests all spring, feed chicks all summer and teach them to fly in time to start all over again. How am I supposed to remember all this?"

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The Lady Was a Drifter

***Diaries, 1915-1918,** by Lady Cynthia Asquith, edited by E. M. Horsley (Knopf. 560 pp. $10), conveys the anguish of a society whose world had come to a premature end. Leon Edel's latest book is "The Treacherous Years," a continuation of his series on Henry James to be published in June.*

By LEON EDEL

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH was the daughter of an earl and the daughter-in-law of a prime minister. She moved among the titled of England and also among its élite of culture and politics. Member of a homogeneous aristocratic world, she knew it as civilized and cynical—the young inclined to be a bit "fast," the elders still deeply aware of *noblesse oblige*, clinging to fragmented remnants of feudal power. The 1914-1918 war cut Lady Cynthia adrift. Her husband went off to the trenches. She had not married wealth; she could not maintain their home in London. She found herself, as the editor of these diaries relates, "flitting from temporary roof to temporary roof" with her two baby sons—"cuckooing," she ruefully called it. Possessing a delicate and subtle kind of beauty, painted by the leading artists, among them Sargent and Augustus John, she tried for work in the movies and later became secretary to the whimsical and melancholy James Barrie, author of *Peter Pan*. In 1915 a friend urged her to keep a diary. She cultivated the habit. The present volume is her record of the war years.

It would be easy to patronize Lady Cynthia's diaries. They are often trivial; they are hardly literary; and one could be condescending about the "high life" they describe. By democratic standards, aristocrats aren't supposed to be human. Lady Cynthia was; and in the midst of the trivia there are serious and poignant pages, for what comes through the often humdrum story is the deep suffering, the eternal ennui of the home front; a kind of killing of time as a means of insulation against the killing one couldn't shut out. Beyond the lunches, the teas, the bright talk, the gossip and rumor, the assumed gaiety, there were the inescapable casualty lists. The war was static and only a few hundred miles away. The trenches in Flanders were a yawning, self-renewing grave.

Lady Cynthia is observant and direct. Her matter-of-factness makes her diaries come all the more alive: Winston Churchill at London dinners, brooding and scowling, saying through clenched teeth, "Mr. Britling hasn't nearly seen it through yet." Or a poetry reading at which "the author of *Prufrock* read quite a funny poem comparing the Church to a hippopotamus." A young man named Huxley seems to have been present. John Singer Sargent, of whom we know so little, appears here, "extraordinarily inarticulate, grumbling and growling and clutching the air in efforts to produce quite ordinary words." But most important is the feeling of a generation's anguish.

The United States, for all its war experiences during this century, has never known this kind of suffering. No one of us could cry, as Lady Cynthia does, "Oh why was I born for this time? Before one is thirty, to know more dead than living people!" She hardly knew "who is alive and who is dead." She speaks for the sacrifice and loss and mourning of an entire era. And behind her last entry there is a world of numbing experience: "I am beginning to rub my eyes at the prospect of peace. I think it will require more courage than anything that has gone before. It isn't until one leaves off spinning round that one realizes how giddy one is. One will have to look at long vistas again, instead of short ones, and one will at last fully recognize that the dead are not only dead for the duration of the war." Lady Cynthia had a way of coming up with sudden truth, of looking reality full in the face.

Her friendship with D. H. Lawrence has long been known. Some of his finest letters were written to her, and she brings great vividness to her picture of him. Seen through her eyes he is very much the Lawrence of Huxley's *Point Counter Point*—provocative, savage, feline-aggressive, as when he mocks Edward Marsh "lamenting Rupert Brooke over his evening whisky." Lady Cynthia is disturbed by his books. *Women in Love* is "nightmarish," and of Lawrence himself she says, "a man whose temperature is 103—he is delirious." But she likes his way of talking: "Lawrence's voice, with its layers of harshness and softness." He is earnest, "every inch of his body talks with his tongue." He has "great power of resentment," and humor and anger. "Indisputably a genius," her friend Desmond MacCarthy remarks of Lawrence, adding, "but *no* artist."

They pass before us in these pages: Lady Ottoline Morrell, Charles Whibley, Margot Asquith, Duff and Lady Diana Cooper—names out of the fading part of the century, but more than names. The present tends to scoff at such figures of the past, forgetting that they had all the heartache and suffering we have known. Now some are become footnotes, and the editor has buried them in the index. It is often difficult to figure out Lady Cynthia's nicknames—the ever-present "Bluetooth," for instance, who turns out to be an influential M.P., Harold Baker. More conventional editing might have helped, as well as judicious pruning of the mere routine of Lady Cynthia's life. But one carries away above all from these diaries, even from their quiet minutiae, the terror of a society for whom the world has come to a premature end, living out its days with such solace as can be gleaned, and confronted always by those terrible casualty lists. It was a tragic generation, doomed to pass its youth in one war, its old age in another.

Quizzical Victorian

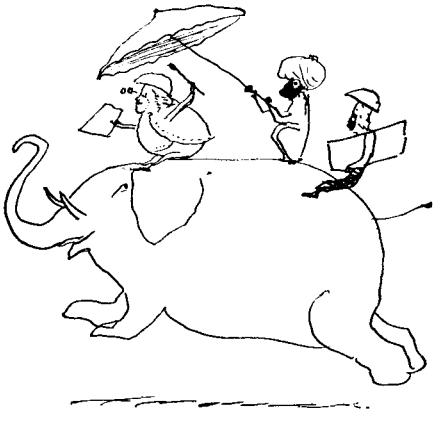
***Edward Lear: The Life of a Wanderer,** by Vivien Noakes (Houghton Mifflin. 359 pp. $8.95), depicts an unstuffy Victorian who sought recognition as a landscape painter and achieved it with inspired nonsense verse and drawings. Paul K. Cuneo is book editor of America magazine.*

By PAUL K. CUNEO

ON ONE OF THE FINAL pages of Vivien Noakes's biography there is a reproduction of the last photograph taken of Edward Lear, showing him as he was in 1887 not long before his death. Seated in a comfortable high-backed chair and wearing a loose-fitting but well-made vest and jacket, he gazes directly out at us with a slightly quizzical, worried look. His beard and mustache are full, his glasses are round and metal-rimmed. He seems to be listening attentively to what someone is saying to him, and his hand and forearm nearest the camera are extended slightly, as if to help him grasp a point he is trying to understand.

This man is definitely a Victorian gentleman, but he is not one of the stiff, almost embalmed figures we associate with photo subjects of the 1880s. In an age and country that produced an unusual number of both stuffed shirts and dazzling eccentrics, Lear was a different sort of individualist. He was a man of great humanity, formed perhaps by the

(*Continued on page* 64)



—From "Edward Lear."

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America's Dark Pessimism

Blind Man with a Pistol, *by Chester Himes (Morrow. 240 pp. $5.95), like the novelist's other thrillers, mirrors with bawdy, satirical humor the absurdity of racism and the violence that reduces humanity to cartoon dimensions. Edward Margolies is the author of "Native Sons: A Critical Study of Twentieth Century Negro American Authors" and "The Art of Richard Wright," which was published by Southern Illinois University Press earlier this month.*

By EDWARD MARGOLIES

FOR SOME YEARS the expatriate Negro novelist Chester Himes has been writing thrillers about a couple of black Harlem police detectives, Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones, who plow their way through the layers of sin, venality and official corruption in their community in order to get their man—and often enough their woman. Ostensibly these books are potboilers. Himes seems to have written them off the top of his head—their construction is loose, their narrative swift with occasional strands of plot not quite in place as the story ends, and there is always plenty of gore, as well as sex to the lively accompaniment of much bawdy satirical humor. Himes's crime fiction sells rather well in France, where presumably it whets and sates an appetite for erotica-exotica (violent and passionate jungle-black Harlemites); perhaps it also narcotizes French readers about their own race problems. Although from time to time an occasional piece will appear in a French journal declaring that Himes has plumbed the savage-sick essence of America, learned allusions have not yet harmed Himes's reputation with his mass French readership—and they have scarcely been expressed (in print) over here.

Himes's very minor American reputation rests on an elongated interracial sex novel, *Pinktoes* (1965), and five "major" works, the first of which was published nearly a quarter of a century ago. Two worth exhuming are *Cast the First Stone* (1952), a prison novel dealing in part with the strange, tender love relationship of two convicts (white), and *The Primitive* (1955), a taut, spare, intense work narrating the love-hate affair in New York of a soured black intellectual and his sophisticated and alienated white mistress. Himes's other three novels, though not without interest, remain for the time being, at least, better off interred.

His thrillers are something else again. It is not simply that they say something about the core of racism that underlies the rottenness of American institutions. Other detective stories have implied the disintegration of society—their cynical, lonely, battle-scarred private eyes relentlessly pursuing truth through a morass of decay and betrayal. And occasionally the best of these tales transcend genre; one thinks immediately of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, whose themes express a kind of terrifying deracinated isolation. The point about Himes is that he does not transcend genre; indeed he seemingly insists on maintaining a kind of pop-campy dime-detective format—despite the ever widening chaos each of his books describes. It is as if Himes in the course of writing potboilers inadvertently discovered that not only had he freed himself from the "art" of the novel (he need no longer be serious about being serious; he could now allow his imagination far freer play), but that the kind of detective fiction he chose to write—implying, as it does, the comic, the violent, and above all the absurd—exactly suited his vision. In a peculiar fashion, for Himes the genre *is* the message.

Blind Man with a Pistol is the ninth of his crime stories, and in certain ways it follows the pattern of the others. The reader is introduced chapter by chapter to Himes's usual gallery of low life—in this instance, petty thieves, pimps, prostitutes, pederasts, lesbians, con men, quacks, vice lords, hopheads, narcotics peddlers, white teeny boppers, Black

(*Continued on page* 64)

"I'm a moonlighting policeman, that's who! Open up in the name of the law!"

Mafia: Family Men

Continued from page 57

for a cover. In the end Valachi got his protection, but found that he was splitting with eight partners, and all he retained were two kilos of heroin for his nephews.

Shortly after this he was in trouble with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Tony Bender advised Valachi to give himself up, telling him that a deal had been arranged by which he would get only five years. He did so and was sentenced to fifteen. In Atlanta Federal Penitentiary he met his old boss, Genovese, grander almost in his life style than when he had been at liberty. Genovese could not be addressed unless permission was first granted, and when he gave an audience the suppliant customarily backed out of his presence.

One day a *mafioso* who was working in the prison kitchen offered Valachi a steak sandwich and, as they had not been on speaking terms, Valachi assumed—probably with justification—that he was to be poisoned. He realized that there were rumors he had squealed, and his fears that he had been sentenced to death became certainty when Genovese treated him to a typical parable: "You know, we take a barrel of apples, and in this barrel of apples there might be a bad apple. Well, this apple has to be removed, and if it ain't removed, it would hurt the rest of the apples." The boss dismissed him with a kiss, and that too carried a sinister implication in the fraternity. Believing his days to be numbered, Valachi went to pieces, and in a fit of paranoia murdered a prisoner, whom he mistook for a crony of Genovese.

When the local U. S. Attorney in Atlanta let it be known that he proposed to ask for the death penalty because of the "brutality and senselessness" of the slaying, Valachi countered by offering to cooperate with the federal government, and the great revelation was at hand.

We are told in this absorbing book that organized crime is America's biggest business, grossing, according to the best estimates of the Department of Justice, more than $40 billion a year, and the drain on the national economy, the author reports, is so enormous that if Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were declared, the country could meet its present obligations with a 10 per cent tax reduction. But in spite of Valachi's disclosures Cosa Nostra continues in business much as before, and the names of its leaders are known even to the man in the street.

These facts pose a huge question. Why has so little been done? Does not this apparent helplessness of society to defend itself against the criminal suggest a major defect in the whole conception of democratic justice?

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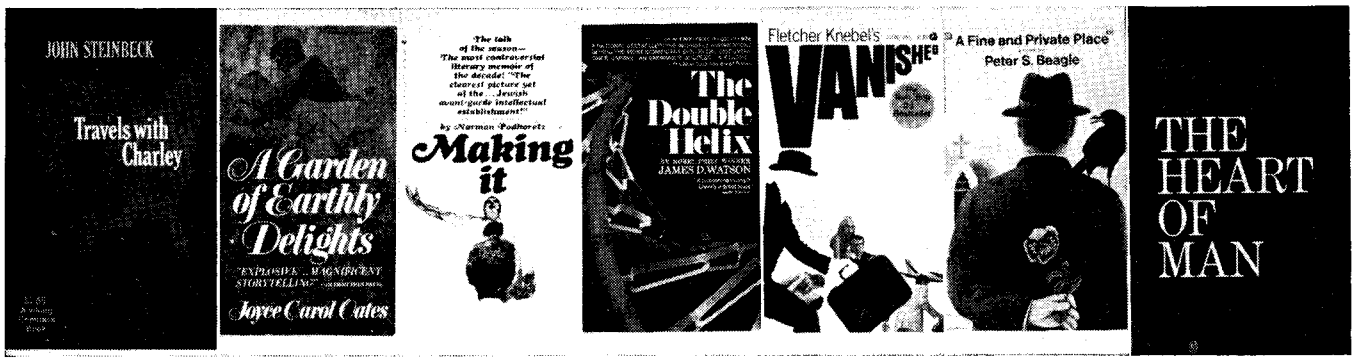

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

When James D. Watson wrote his book *The Double Helix* (Signet, 95¢) he showed the world a side of science and scientists little known beyond the fiction of C. P. Snow. The intensive research begun at Cambridge University in 1951 by twenty-three-year-old Watson, Francis Crick and Maurice Wilkins earned them the Nobel Prize in 1962 for their discovery of the structure of DNA, the vital molecule of heredity. "I knew that the story had to be told. It was after all an historical occasion," said Watson, a professor of biochemistry and microbiology at Harvard who at the age of forty has the same tall, angular, boyish looks of his Cambridge, England, days. "I knew it was a good story. I thought to myself, boy, this is like a novel." But it almost didn't get printed. The original publishers, Harvard University Press, abandoned it after Harvard President Nathan Pusey said he didn't want to see the university engaged in "trans-Atlantic arguments among scientists." Atheneum Press promptly picked it up, Signet has reissued the book in paperback, and this month *The Double Helix* was a leading contender for a National Book Award.

What Watson writes about is the rivalry, the antagonisms, the human emotions involved in scientific inquiry. His colleagues, the ebullient Crick and the cautious Wilkins, disclaimed the book. "People just don't like to be written about," said Watson. "And Crick, who would be outstanding in any manner of life, has a greater sense of privacy than most men. Then it's also true that any people who go through the same experience would describe it differently."

Writing and science have always been close to Watson. In fact, one of the sturdiest influences on him was *Arrowsmith*. "I can still remember getting it from the library when I was about thirteen. But then, I read a lot anyway. There wasn't much else for excitement in South Side Chicago." Something of a prodigy, Watson was a Quiz Kid, and at the age of nineteen he was graduated from the University of Chicago. Now he lives with his wife, his former Radcliffe lab assistant, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a house that reportedly Owen Wister and Sean O'Faolain once occupied. He commutes every two weeks to Cold Spring Harbor laboratory in Long Island, where he is director of research in the field of viruses. Watson is also the author of *Molecular Biology of the Gene*, which has become the classic text. It has already sold more than 65,000 copies and brings him in some $20,000 yearly. Harvard didn't publish that one either. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

The Writer's Life

In *Making It* (Bantam, $1.25) Norman Podhoretz, New York critic, editor of *Commentary*, intellectual-at-large, has very nearly written the traditional story about the poor kid from Brooklyn who by a combination of quick intelligence and ready zeal catapults himself into eminence. Podhoretz is honest, sometimes abrasively so. "Our culture," he writes, "teaches us to shape our lives in accordance with the hunger for worldly things; on the other hand, it spitefully contrives to make us ashamed of the presence of those hungers in ourselves." Podhoretz has raised himself above the petty guilt at success and, in what many critics found complacency, rejoices in the structure he has fashioned of his life.

William Gibson's *A Mass for the Dead* (Bantam, $1.25) is the poetic portrait of an extremely creative and sympathetic writer. In this autobiography Gibson, who wrote *The Miracle Worker* and *A Cry of Players*, evokes the world of his Bronx childhood, with its profusion of lace doilies and wax fruit. His story is not only of himself and of his growing up but of his family and how in witnessing their lives and deaths he was able to rid himself of disabling guilt and anger.

The late John Steinbeck was nearly sixty years old when he got into a clanking pick-up truck he named Rocinante, took along his poodle Charley, and set out on a sentimental journey through the America which had been so strongly a part of his life and his writings. In *Travels with Charley* (Viking Compass, $1.65), he tells what he saw and heard on this strange trek. Both mourning and rejoicing for his country, he was saddened by the loss of regionalism in our speech and habits and gladdened by the surging energy that he found nearly everywhere.

When Rainer Maria Rilke died in 1926 he left behind not only immortal lyric poetry but a vast collection of letters which remain among literature's most fascinating personal correspondence. Translated from the French by Jane B. Greene and M. D. Herter, *Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke* (Norton, 2 vols.: 1892-1910, 1910-1926, $2.95 each) presents the life of a highly complex poet caught in the spiritual crisis of shifting times in Europe. Shy, almost reclusive, Rilke was quickly depleted by normal social contacts, yet he worked as Rodin's secretary in Paris, traveled to Russia, North Africa, and Italy, and wrote lengthy letters in meticulous calligraphy to people as varied as expressionist painter Paula Modersohn-Becker and poet-librettist Hugo van Hofsmannsthal. During the war Rilke withdrew in ill health to Munich, a waiting time that he recalls in imagery often reflected in his poetry: "My heart had stopped like a clock, the pendulum had somewhere bumped against the hand of misery and stood still."

Thinking Men

German-born psychoanalyst Erich Fromm has spent a lifetime trying to ease other men's anxieties. Both *The Revolution of Hope: Toward a Humanized Technology* (Bantam, 95¢) and *The Heart of Man* (Harper & Row/Colophon, $1.45) focus upon man's special needs and longings in an increasingly mechanized age. "We are in the very midst of the crisis of modern man,"

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writes Fromm in *The Revolution of Hope,* and what he presents is a frighteningly realistic picture of an automated, dehumanized society in the year 2000 A.D. So long as people seem to be denied the importance of their individual worth, they feel a sense of loss, of floundering in an alien environment. In *The Heart of Man,* which Fromm calls a counterpart to his earlier *The Art of Loving,* he is concerned with destruction not only of the world but of man himself. Like his other books, these two call out for a new humanism based upon a primary care for the individual in a mass, technologized civilization.

Just to give some idea of the diversity of thought in Maurice Friedman's *To Deny Our Nothingness* (Delta, $2.25) the publishers have catalogued the book under Philosophy, Religion, Psychology, Literature; and, indeed, this reflective work ofiers a bit of each. Friedman is interested in what he calls "an image of man," the way each age regards itself and how, in assessing its own possibilities, it can reassert its humanness. He weighs the "image of man" in our own time through essays on Albert Camus, Martin Buber, Hermann Hesse and T. S. Eliot.

Erich Heller, a specialist in German writers, also looks to world literature for illumination about existence. Refining philosophical literary criticism into literary philosophy, the seven essays in Heller's *The Artist's Journey Into the Interior and Other Essays* (Vintage, $1.65) reflect upon man's inner being as Heller sees it revealed in the glass of Hegel, Rilke, Goethe. In one essay, "The Realistic Fallacy," Heller dismisses the importance of nineteenth-century realism. Instead, what he sees as the overriding genius of writers like Stendhal, Dostoevsky, and Balzac "is the passion for understanding . . . the driving force toward the expropriation of the mystery."

Alan W. Watts resides somewhere at the other end of the spectrum from Fromm, Friedman, and Heller. A scholar of Eastern religions and philosophies, Watts determines in *The Wisdom of Insecurity: A Message for an Age of Anxiety* (Vintage, $1.45) that instead of worrying so much about the disequilibrium of life, one should accept it, learn from it. Zen what?

Fiction

One of the great novels of the early twentieth century is Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe* (translated from the French by Gilbert Cannan, Avon, 95¢), a book which I suspect isn't read very much any more. In form it is a *roman fleuve,* a series of novels in which each can stand apart yet together form a continuous revelation of a lifetime. Written in the years before World War I, *Jean-Christophe* comprises ten volumes, of which the first four in this new edition follow the hero's earliest adventures, musical prodigiocity, first exploits in love, and surging sense of his own creative destiny. Readers with lots of time will be pleased to know that Avon has already published the novels that complete Jean-Christophe's story.

In his *SR* review of Peter S. Beagle's *The Last Unicorn* (Ballantine, 95¢), Granville Hicks compares the novelist with J. R. R. Tolkien and Lewis Carroll, a fine compliment to a young writer but one which implies that such a book is for a special palate, like the author's earlier *A Fine and Private Place* (Ballantine, 95¢). If you like unicorns not merely on tapestries but intruding themselves on spiritual quests, or ravens that perch on gravestones and ruminate about the human condition, you probably ought to read some Tolkien and Beagle.

For those with heartier literary appetites, Joyce Carol Oates's *A Garden of Earthly Delights* (Fawcett Crest, 95¢) is all meat and potatoes. Miss Oates, a young New York-born novelist, is simply a marvelous storyteller. Her book is about a flower of a girl born into the miasma of migrant workers during the early 1930s. How Clara flourishes and makes a life for herself emerges as first-rate fiction.

New and duly noted: Morris L. West's *The Tower of Babel* (Dell, $1.25) tells an intriguing tale of double-dealing in the Middle East, where Israeli and Arab espionage accelerates to a matter of love and death. Fletcher Knebel's *Vanished* (Avon, $1.25) speculates about what would happen if a U.S. President's confidential assistant should suddenly disappear. Scary. M. W. Waring's *The Witnesses* (Ballantine, $1.25) is all about how Tsarist Russia was mowed down by the Bolshevik scythe. One British reviewer called it "A masterpiece . . . somewhere between *War and Peace* and *Gone with the Wind.*"

—From the book.

"I'd rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than in any city on earth." Walt Whitman didn't write it but Hollywood's Steve McQueen did in one of the random quotations about life in the wilderness gathered by Terry and Renny Russell in *On the Loose* (Sierra Club/Ballantine, $3.95). The brothers, teen-aged Californians, also took the lavish color photographs of the Pacific Coast, Glen Canyon, and the High Sierras, designed the calligraphy and handbound the original manuscript. The result is a curiously appealing and personal journal filled with youthful zest for the natural world. Since the book's preparation the older brother, Terry, was lost on a raft expedition.

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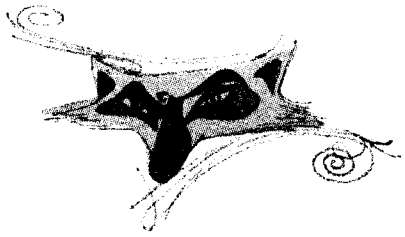
Where the Novel Went



—From "The Fox That Wanted Nine Tails."

By LLOYD ALEXANDER

DESPITE fiendish tortures at the hands of our current literary tormentors, the novel has managed to escape from the erogenous dungeons of adult fiction with most of its virtue intact. Though its relevance as a modern art form is questioned, and its demise frequently announced, the novel is alive and well and living in the children's book department.

There, guised in juvenile innocence, the novel continues doing its own thing: to deal as illuminatingly as possible, not as obscurely as possible, with the complexities of the human condition. Many adult writers, showing more ability at imitating each other than enlightening their readers, have turned the novel over, like a three-dollar watch hardly worth repair, to the kids to play with. But the children's novelists are making it work.

I don't imply that all children's novels are good reading for grown-ups, or even for children. Most, like most of anything, are mediocre—and a few, downright wretched. Children's writers suffer from their own occupational hazards, and risk lapsing into what *School Library Journal* recently diagnosed as "stylized boredom," "moral medicine," and "adult nostalgia." Nevertheless, the best children's writers stay pretty much immune to these fatal illnesses; and their work, by any standard, is excellent. Today, with more elbow room in the way of subject matter, and under no obligation to condescend or simper, children's novels can be (as they always could be) valid works of art.

The main problem isn't the books but whether children will read them; whether, in an age of real marvels, they will accept the imaginary marvels offered in books. With the goad of mass media the kids acquire a kind of sophistication based more in quantity of information than quality of experience. The bloom tends to go off the rose fairly early—replaced often by a touch of jadedness formerly found among the desperately poor or the desperately rich. Young people soak up a huge amount of hard data but have little encouragement to digest or interpret it. With more teen-agers jumping directly into adult reading, even the "young adult" novel seems to be going the way of knickers as a step in the growing-up process.

But I think this sophistication is more surface than substance. The kids are still superbly capable of delight, wonder, excitement; and a good story is still superbly capable of producing this response. If involvement is today's goal in films, theater, and art—what's more involving than reading? For the reader is totally involved in the author's viewpoint and consciousness. Yet it's not a mass experience. A child and his book are always in an intimate, personal, one-to-one relation.

I'm not suggesting that adult writers return to the Victorian three-decker. Every generation has to find its own tonality in art-style as well as life-style. But the sorry state of the adult novel has come about more through lack of talent in its individual practitioners than anything inherently limiting in the form itself, which is versatile enough to flourish in any artistic climate. The novel still seems, even today, the most adequate literary vehicle to express coherently, in breadth and depth, basic human attitudes, emotions, and values.

Adult writers engrossed in producing high camp, low camp, put-ons, and parodies—and some of their own magnificent examples of "stylized boredom"—may have forgotten the effectiveness of a tale well told, as art and entertainment (if the two can really be separated). I'm tempted to urge them to browse through the children's shelves. On second thought, I won't. If they realize what a good thing they've given up, they might want it back.

LLOYD ALEXANDER'S *The High King* recently won the Newbery Medal as the most distinguished contribution to literature for children published in 1968.

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

Everybody In! A Counting Book. *By Dick Rowan. Bradbury.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. Sounds like swimming? That's what it is: a series of photographs in which one child plunges into the water (full-page picture faced by a big, clear "1, one") and in succession is joined by nine others, including one small girl who can't quite bring herself to submerge. The series is then shown together as a recap. The faces of the children, who are mixed—black and white, boys and girls—register natural expressions. The digits are given importance by the format, and the photographs provide more interest than the usual cumulation of one dog, two robins, three apples, etc. Ages 3-6.

Harvey's Hideout. *By Russell Hoban. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Parents' Magazine Press.* 41 *pp.* $3.50. Harvey and his sister Mildred are muskrats, but their performance will be all too familiar to human siblings. The message is clear: it is more fun to be friendly and to share than to spar together and brood alone. The book surmounts the usual deadliness of message-carrying by its delightful dialogue and the humor of the situation. Harvey and Mildred, each pretending that they have big social events on their calendars, play unhappily alone until fate forces their hands—to their great relief. Ages 5-8.

Sylvester and the Magic Pebble. *Written and illustrated by William Steig. Windmill/Simon & Schuster.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Who could resist Steig's bland nonsense, his wild-eyed but engaging animal characters, or the gentle affection of Sylvester's family? The only child of loving donkey parents, Sylvester the pebble collector is by sheer chance holding a magic pebble when a lion approaches. In panic he wishes he were an inedible rock, and a rock he becomes. The parents mourn, the seasons pass, and time is healing the wounds of their loss. Picnicking on a convenient rock, father idly picks up The Pebble, and suddenly the dishes slide off a happy Sylvester restored to his family! The story is all the funnier because of the sweet blandness of the writing. Ages 5-8.

Princess September. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Illustrated by Jacqueline Ayer. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 36 *pp.* $3.50. Were it not so tongue-in-cheek, this might be a moral tale, or at least a tale with a moral. An excerpt from *The Gentleman in the Parlor* (now out of print), *Princess September* has several elements of traditional fairy tales—the unpleasant older sisters who are jealous of the gentle youngest, the relinquishing of a beloved pet and its subsequent gratitude, and the natural and proper ending: the lovely Princess September, ninth daughter of the King of Siam, marries the King of Cambodia while her sisters are portioned out to his councillors. The illustrations are handsome, and the Maugham wit and style compensate for the humdrum plot. Ages 7-9.

Greyling: A Picture Story from the Islands of Shetland. *By Jane Yolen. Illustrated by William Stobbs. World.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. Out of the legends of the Scottish isles comes a haunting story, bittersweet, of the selchie, the boy who feels a mysterious yearning to return to the sea, but cannot understand why. His foster parents, fearing his loss, know all too well; the child who has filled their lives is really a seal, and when he rescues his father from a storm-tossed boat, it is life for life. The man is given back to his wife, and the son

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returns in his old form to his watery home forever. The style has the gentle, crooning quality of the seal songs of the islands, and the rugged simplicity of the story is echoed by the dark, bright paintings that so effectively picture the lonely grandeur of the region. Ages 7-10.

Hit or Myth: More Animal Lore and Disorder. *Written and illustrated by James Riddell. Harper & Row.* 31 *pp.* $2.95. While this isn't a literary masterpiece, *Hit or Myth* is a book with which children can have fun, and it may well stimulate them to an interest in words and word-play. Animal pictures are on the right-hand page, with the name printed in a marginal column; descriptions are on the left. All the pages are cut in half, so that the top and bottom of pictures and comment can be combined to ridiculous effect: the bottom of a rabbit and the top of a dragon (a drabit) has a legend reading: "St. George had a lot of trouble with one of these animals. It used to roam at large over the land and it lives in holes under the ground and eats lettuce." Ages 8-10.

The Fox That Wanted Nine Golden Tails. *By Mary Knight. Illustrated by Brigitte Bryan. Macmillan.* 94 *pp.* $3.95. Nine golden cheers for a book by a new author whose distinctive style is complemented by the stylized distinction of a new illustrator! Lovely stuff to read alone or aloud, the tale can be adapted for storytelling as an entity or told as three separate stories. The Oriental setting lends flavor to the story of the fox who could, were he to avoid being chased by dogs for one hundred years, become a beautiful woman; after five hundred years, he could be the wisest wizard on earth; after a thousand years, he could have nine golden tails. In each case, the fox discovers that his longed-for goal is a disappointing experience. Subtly sophisticated and entirely charming. Ages 8-10.

Manhattan Is Missing. *By E. W. Hildick. Illustrated by Jan Palmer. Doubleday.* 239 *pp.* $3.95. Don't let the title fool you—Manhattan is a cat. Her absence is a cause of dire concern to the Clarke family, because she belongs to a doting, fussy bachelor whose New York apartment the Clarke family has sub-leased. The energetic sleuthing of the Clarke children is entertaining and the solution is believable, but the book's primary appeal is in the characterization and dialogue of three highly individual English children exploring the folkways of New York. Ages 9-11.

The Golden Days of Greece. *By Olivia Coolidge. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Crowell.* 211 *pp.* $3.95. Like Alfred Duggan, Olivia Coolidge is so imbued with her subject that authoritative history seeps with an osmotic pervasiveness into the separate incidents and brief biographies, the accounts of plays and contests, the descriptions of great buildings and Grecian crafts. Enhancing this brilliantly simple history of ancient Greece are the large print and dignified illustrations. Ages 9-12.

Night of the Black Frost. *By Arthur Catherall. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. Why shouldn't he quit school? Sixteen years old and son of one of the wealthiest men in Bergen, Leif Knudsen tries to convince his parents that he is mature enough to fend for himself. His father suggets that Leif prove his mettle by working on an Arctic fishing boat with his two uncles, who, the boy soon realizes, will give him no quarter. When the dreaded black frost comes and Leif is left alone on the boat while his uncles go out into the howling, icy gale to rescue two Russian fliers, all his resources are called upon. The atmosphere is vividly created, the few characters are drawn in bold strokes, and the plot is filled with action and suspense. Ages 10-13.

About the B'nai Bagels. *Written and illustrated by Elaine Konigsburg. Atheneum.* 172 *pp.* $4.25. If only mom hadn't gone to a meeting of the B'nai B'rith Sisterhood, she never would have become the manager of the Little League Team they sponsored. Mark, who tells the story, was conscious of his inadequacies, self-conscious about his mother, and driven to play hooky from Sabbath services to get in some secret practicing. The ups and downs of the Little League season are happily scrambled with observations on the crafty manipulations of one of the most endearing Jewish mothers in print, the difficulties of preparing for a Bar Mitzvah, the delightful embarrassment of having a girl friend—sort of—and the problem of an irksome relationship with one anti-Semitic team member. The last is deftly handled, as is Mark's encounter with the centerfold in a girlie magazine. Warm, humorous, and devastatingly real. Ages 10-13.

The Landmark History of the American People: From Plymouth to Appomattox. *By Daniel J. Boorstin. Illustrated with prints and photographs. Random House.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. A distinguished historian presents a panoramic view of American history in the first of two volumes. Like the series by Gerald Johnson (*America Is Born*; *America Moves Forward*; *America Grows Up*. Morrow, Vols. I and II, $3.95; Vol. III, $3.75) this deviates from the traditional approach with its emphasis on names, dates, battles, treaties, et cetera, and attempts to reflect the issues and the innovations, the folkways, the mores, and the changing tempo of a vigorous new nation. Although occasionally written down and uneven in style and treatment, the book is often engrossing. Ages 10-13.

To Be a Slave. *By Julius Lester. Illustrated by Tom Feelings. Dial.* 156 *pp.* $3.95. "If you want Negro history, you will have to get it from somebody who wore the shoe, and by and by from one to the other, you will get a book," said a Tennessee slave. Julius Lester has combed through unpublished source material, extracted and organized quotations from those who wore the shoe, and—with interpolated commentary—provided a potent picture of the black man's centuries of slavery. The information is not new, but it has seldom been more effectively presented than in these carefully chosen excerpts from the bitter record of Negro history. Some of them are in dialect, some are polished, and some edited at the source; by and by, from one to the other, Lester got quite a book. Ages 11 up.

—*From "The Golden Days of Greece."*

Toward Infinity: 9 Science Fiction Tales. *Edited by Damon Knight. Simon & Schuster.* 319 *pp.* $4.95. You must have two things for good science fiction, the editor states in his preface, " . . . an imaginative idea, based on real science and technology, and a strong, well-told story about believable people." These attributes are present throughout this unusually fine and varied collection. Added to their sturdy base are the poignancy of "In Hiding," the story of the child who must conceal the fact that he is a genius, and the humor of "The Earth Men," in which the first Terrans reach Mars and find that nobody seems interested in them. Ages 11 up.

Mind Drugs. *Edited by Margaret O. Hyde. McGraw-Hill.* 150 *pp.* $4.50. Besides several articles by the editor, a panel of medical experts contributes essays on aspects of drug use and abuse. In sum they present a comprehensive view of addiction and of the intricate social, legal, medical, and psychological considerations thereof. Since the approach is scientific and objective, no moral judgments are made, although several of the writers refer to the existence of such judgments in our society. Addictive qualities, deleterious effects, and patterns of use are discussed at length; separate articles deal with alcohol, heroin, LSD, and marijuana; and a final chapter is entitled "Turning On Without Drugs." Appended are a glossary, an index, suggestions for further reading, a list of places to get help in New York City, and a list of the professional qualifications of contributors. Ages 12 up.

Growing Up Black. *Edited by Jay David. Morrow.* 256 *pp.* $6.50. Nineteen autobiographical accounts of the childhood of Negro Americans compose a deeply moving picture of the harrowing obstacles of growing up black. The excerpts range from the memoirs of one of Jefferson's slaves to the reminiscences of such contemporary figures as Dick Gregory, Malcolm X, and Bill Russell. Varied as are the styles of writing and the backgrounds of the contributors, the pieces have in common a note of poignancy and determined pride. Each selection is prefaced by an editorial note that tells something about the author and his background. For young adults.

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Quizzical Victorian

Continued from page 58

many misfortunes and even tragedies he suffered; a man with a personality that attracted friends from all levels of life, and a man of some accomplishments that are still widely remembered today.

Subject to epileptic fits from about his seventh year on, rejected at an early age by his mother and never really known by his stockbroker father, this twentieth child in a family of twenty-one grew up a latent homosexual. He could never bring himself to propose marriage to any woman he could picture as his wife—though at the age of seventy-four, not long before his death, he came closer to doing so than at any other time in his life. His background and talents opened to him the more-than-comfortable life of the English upper classes of the nineteenth century, but he never had enough money to feel any sort of security in the modest luxury he worked hard to maintain. In one of his letters he wrote: ". . . my ridiculous life, which however has been a hardworking one, and also one that has given much of various sorts of stuff to others, though the liver has often had a sad time of it."

HIS landscape paintings, both water colors and oils, were the work that occupied most of his time. His illustrated travel books and his drawings of birds and animals he also saw as important. But his nonsense verse and drawings, which rapidly became familiar to the entire English-speaking world, were almost a pastime, something he delighted in but paid little attention to—perhaps because they flowed forth so easily, unlike the formal paintings with which he earned his living and always hoped to achieve recognition. The illustrations in this biography—a mixture of stately, static landscapes and carefree, crazy little drawings made to accompany the limericks and nonsense verse—reflect the strange diversity of his talents.

What in Lear's nature made him a well-loved man with many friends, and what this nature seemed to evoke from others, are suggested in a memorable passage from his diary. One morning Lear was breakfasting alone (he thought) in a hotel in Venice when he read in *The Times* that a close friend had been appointed to a Cabinet post.

> . . . being of an undiplomatic and demonstrative nature in matters that give me pleasure, I threw the paper up into the air and jumped aloft myself—ending by taking a small fried whiting out of the plate before me and waving it round my foolish head triumphantly till the tail came off and the body and head flew bounce over to the other side of the table d'hôte room. Then only did I perceive that I was not alone, but that a party was at breakfast in a recess. Happily for me they were not English, and when I made an apology saying I had suddenly seen some good news of a friend of mine—these amiable Italians said—"Bravissimo, Signore, we also are delighted. If we had only got some little fish, too, we would throw them all about the room in sympathy with you."

In copious diaries and letters Lear endlessly chronicled the hours and days of his nomadic life, leaving a biographer plentiful primary material. Vivien Noakes has taken advantage of this windfall to produce a delightfully alive book and a much more detailed biography than the one done in 1938 by Angus Davidson. Her *Edward Lear* is clearly superior, and she takes pains and delight in occasional spots to discreetly correct factual errors in the earlier book, without declaring that these errors are from Davidson. Hers is a book that anyone who enjoys leisurely English biographies will be happy to travel in.

Dark Pessimism

Continued from page 59

Power charlatans, Black Jesus charlatans, and others, each doing his hustling, each from time to time engaging racist cops and Himes's tough, cynical and embittered black detective heroes. As in his other works, all members of Himes's demimonde are linked in one way or another to some rather picturesque crimes, but it would be fruitless to rehearse the plot of this novel, partially because so many fragments are unresolved, partially because the very issue of the book is their irresolution. In their investigations Coffin Ed and Grave Digger are ultimately frustrated by police superiors, who are obviously bowing to political pressures in order to protect the lucrative Harlem rackets. To attempt to discover justice in an unjust racist system is therefore an absurdity—just as the system itself is absurd and chaotic. The novel's conclusion is, therefore, altogether appropriate.

Himes is especially good at producing images of chaos. Indeed there is something of the feeling of a Brueghel canvas in all the anarchic, bustling activities of his swarms of participants. Somewhere near the middle of the novel he describes the convergence from different directions of three parades on 135th Street and Seventh Avenue. It is Nat Turner Day, and each of the groupings represents opposing ideologies: Brotherly Love, Black Power, and Black Jesus. The first, a mob of white and black marchers mindlessly gripping hands, is led by a simple-minded black youth and his dumpy middle-aged Swedish mistress, while the latter two parades are headed by unprincipled black phoneys.

At a critical juncture all the marchers fling themselves madly on one another whereupon the confusion is compounded by an invasion of police. Himes conveys the scene in broad comic strokes, but below the surface lies utter revulsion at the simplistic slogans and cure-alls that aggravate the sicknesses of the black community. For, as Himes shows, the violence of blacks is more frequently directed at one another than at whites, and the exploitation of the ghetto by the white peripheral city is mirrored in minuscule by false black leaders and black racketeers and businessmen who gull the poor and ignorant of their own community.

All of which suggests Himes's rather ambivalent feelings about Harlem and its residents. These are most obviously

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

The steed whose loss led to the death of Richard III was named (in case it's slipped your mind) Surrey. Susan G. DeVan of Arlington, Va., names a dozen other famous horses, and asks you to saddle them with the characters that rode, owned, or were otherwise associated with them in literature. If thrown, take refuge in the paddock on page 78.

1. Altair ( )	A. Bellerophon
2. Barbary ( )	B. Ben-Hur
3. Bavieca ( )	C. Don Quixote
4. Gunpowder ( )	D. el Cid
5. Meg ( )	E. Gandalf
6. Pegasus ( )	F. Ichabod Crane
7. the Piebald ( )	G. Odin
8. Rosinante ( )	H. Richard II
9. Ruksh ( )	I. Roland
10. Shadowfax ( )	J. Rustum
11. Sleipnir ( )	K. Tam O'Shanter
12. Veillantif ( )	L. Velvet

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revealed in his heroes who, if they do not always speak for their author, do manage to communicate by their actions certain curious attitudes. For all their expressed compassion for slum dwellers, their idealism in pursuing wrong-doers, their cynicism and bitterness about a system that renders their efforts futile, when Grave Digger and Coffin Ed do go into action, they somehow always employ excessive force on persons (generally black) whom they suspect. How much of their sadism is related to understandable anger, how much to the popular view that black cops are harder on their own than white cops, how much to the hallowed American convention that hard-boiled dicks must beat up people, and how much to Himes's own possible pent-up fury at black people, the reader can only guess.

But something in the very tone and imagery of the book raises the same questions. On the one hand Himes's Harlemites are terribly sophisticated. They recognize in their sad comic way that life is a jungle and that in order to survive anything goes. They recognize as well that they must pretend otherwise, and their ingenuity in balancing themselves between appearance and reality wins grudging admiration from the two detectives and their author. Here, for example, is an exchange at a diner between a black counterman and a white pederast who wants to procure a "sissie."

> I know what you want.
> How you know that?
> Just lookin at you.
> Cause I'm white?
> Tain't that. I got the eye.
> You think I'm looking for a girl.
> Chops is your dish.
> Not pork.
> Naw.
> Not overdone.
> Naw. Just right.

But there are other occasions when Himes images his blacks in such minstrel-like caricature (At night, from the black squares of tenement windows, "crescent-shaped whites of eyes and quarter moons of yellow teeth bloomed like Halloween pumpkins."), such Amos 'n' Andy dialogue ("I helps the old and the sick," Doctor Mubuta jawed. "I rejuvenates the disrejuvenated.") that it sounds as if he were telling a "nigger joke." And perhaps he is, but it is not just on his blacks; the joke is on his whites as well—all caught up in the absurdity of racism, the meanness of violence that reduces their humanity to cartoon dimensions. Thus Himes, fifteen years away from America, apart from brief visits, has written an exceedingly American book, a book whose very Americanness constitutes its author's darkest pessimism.

Life in a Low Key

In and Out of Never-Never Land, *by Maeve Brennan (Scribners. 274 pp. $5.95), contains short stories and sketches that are concerned with sensibilities rather than strong emotions. Joyce Carol Oates's most recent novel, "Expensive People," was a contender for a National Book Award this year.*

By JOYCE CAROL OATES

MAEVE BRENNAN'S FIRST BOOK is a collection of twenty-two stories, many of them quite short, which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. One is struck by Miss Brennan's fascination with smallness—her characters, her insights, the range of her storytelling itself are small, polished, gentle, highly feminine. Indeed, one can imagine no more "feminine" a book than the aptly titled *In and Out of Never-Never Land*.

Grouped in four sections, the stories deal with people and animals in New York, Long Island, and Dublin. Miss Brennan seems most at home in Dublin, where, indeed, some of her "stories" are really autobiographical sketches, memories in which she appears as a character in the first person. "Bluebell," the first part of the book, consists mainly of animal stories. Bluebell herself is an aged Labrador retriever whose life, alas, is rather restricted, devoid of drama. Other characters are bees and cats and a large number of children and adults who, in their sensibilities, are not easily distinguished from the animals and the children.

Slight, unambitious, delicately appealing are the stories that Miss Brennan tells about her own childhood in Dublin. Life at 48 Cherryfield Avenue bears little resemblance to the Irish lives we have come to know through such robust writers as Joyce and Yeats; even the "Troubles" and her girlhood in a rather strict convent school do not inspire Miss Brennan to anger, or doubt, or second thoughts. Everything is offered to us informally, as if we were conversing with someone at a genteel dinner party—someone we will never see again, perhaps, and will have difficulty remembering, but whose reminiscences do, for the moment, make us forget the troubled age in which we live.

Other stories deal with Mrs. Bagot, a very ordinary Dublin house-wife, and Rose and Hubert Derdon, whose marriage is without love or hate or, indeed, any emotion at all. Their courtship is summed up for us in all its mediocrity; their marriage is equally mediocre. After his wife's death, Mr. Derdon weeps because there is nothing at all in her old room: ". . .he was not crying for Rose, because he really and truly felt no grief for Rose, but . . .he was crying for the lack of grief, because surely poor Rose had deserved more than a casual dismissal from life. . . ." He sums himself up, aptly, as a sham of a man, but he never tells anyone about this judgment.

This "casual dismissal" of human beings and of death, of life itself, is perhaps the most adequate critical statement one can make about Miss Brennan's stories. It is not that readers, stimulated by violence and sensationalism, demand more of the same in every book. Surely Virginia Woolf is "exciting" though her subject matter resembles Miss Brennan's, and the Olinger, Pennsylvania, of John Updike has come alive

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for many of us in all its routine dumpiness, illuminated by Updike's obvious intelligence and talent. But one does expect from fiction something more than the carefully controlled, "cute" dullness of *In and Out of Never-Never Land*. It is as false to life as its opposite, the crudest kind of pornography, and, like pornography, it is disappointing in its failure of imagination.

"Our Crowd" in Berlin

***The Family Carnovsky**, by I. J. Singer, translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer (Vanguard. 405 pp. $6.95) chronicles three generations of Jewish life in our century. Joseph Bauke is chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages at Columbia University.*

By JOSEPH BAUKE

THOUGH IT MAY SEEM INCREDIBLE to us now, after the Holocaust, there was a time when the Jews of Eastern Europe looked to Germany as the source of enlightenment and tolerance and as the land of their aspirations. It was a one-sided affection even then, but the hope of a better life beyond the border propelled the more adventurous to leave the *shtetl* and head for Berlin. For a few decades the German-Jewish symbiosis flourished, adding a luster to German culture that only Hitler could dim.

The encounter of Germans and Jews, from the initial expectations to the final horror, has been described before, but rarely as engagingly as in I. J. Singer's *The Family Carnovsky*. The author, older brother of Isaac Bashevis Singer, finished the book in 1943, a year before his death at the age of fifty. Written and published in Yiddish, the novel now appears in English for the first time and is a worthy successor to Singer's earlier book, *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, which was highly praised and widely read when it came out in the middle Thirties.

The Family Carnovsky is a sprawling story in the tradition of Galsworthy and Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, with a large and diverse cast of characters and a panoramic sweep that reaches from a Chagallian Melnitz in Poland to the Washington Heights section of Manhattan. In fact, the novel is so packed with the stuff of life that a more economical writer could fill two books with it. Far from producing fashionable computer prose, Singer writes with an old-fashioned flair for telling detail, lively dialogue, and sharp characterization.

Three generations of the Carnovsky family are the leading characters, if not always the heroes, of this chronicle of Jewish life in our century. David, the founding father, breaks away from the traditions by learning German and moving to Berlin, to become more German than the Germans. In no time at all he turns into a typical *Yekes* and looks with disdain on the ragged newcomers from Eastern Europe. His arrogance and snobbery are in stark contrast to the earthiness of the immigrants, who, loyal to their origins, have retained their Jewish identity and with it a sense of security and inner freedom.

David's son, Georg, straying even further from Judaism, is the embodiment of the completely assimilated Jew. An officer in World War I, a successful physician in the Weimar Republic, married to a German, he is quite unprepared to cope with his fate under the Nazi régime. His son, Joachim, is driven to despair in his search for identity. After the family flees to the U.S., Joachim takes up with the American Nazis: "When he came to the stanza about Jewish blood dripping from knives, his throat grew somewhat dry and constricted, but he swallowed bravely and went on."

While the Carnovskys hold the center of the stage, a host of other flesh-and-blood characters enter and exit. Rabbis, book dealers, department store owners, Talmudic scholars, and professors accompany the Carnovskys on their path from Poland to Berlin. Always in perfect control of the scene, Singer manages to reveal the spectrum of Jewish and anti-Jewish attitudes, and is at his best in his account of the dissensions within the Jewish community. It must be added, however, that Mr. Singer's own sympathies are not with the Jews from Germany. Berlin's equivalent of "Our Crowd" "had avoided all contact with the Eastern Jews in their old country: they would avoid it here as well. They kept to themselves and created their own little Reich."

BUT taken all in all, Mr. Singer is more often generous and understanding than acerbic; a sense of values and a feeling for traditional decencies underscores the optimism of *The Family Carnovsky*. Despite its somber background, this is a thoroughly enjoyable book, a novel for people who read novels. And you don't have to be Jewish to like it.

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Mafia: Native Sons

Continued from page 57

translated by Antonia Cowan, Dolci again records verbatim conversations in order to dramatize the plight of Sicilians caught in an endless cycle of greed, corruption, and exploitation. Dolci talked to many—including school children, priests, lawyers, and trade unionists—from whom he heard the old Italian proverb "The man who plays alone never loses," which provides the title of his book. Brooding over everything is the Mafia, destructive of all efforts to break through the old order, especially efforts toward collective action. To many Sicilians even a cooperative is suspect because any form of association must have criminal intentions.

DOLCI documents the fabric of a society in which policemen who have shown an excessive flair for diligence are transferred, and citizens who defy the Mafia's code of silence are murdered, often with a shotgun blast. If the murderers are known, no one dares to punish them. "The Mafia were here before the law," a peasant explained. "For them, it's their own law that counts. Then you see them, those *mafiosi*, arm in arm with the cops, and with the priests. Whenever you need anything, you always come up against them. And so, best mind your own business. The man who plays alone never loses."

The latter part of the book consists of testimony given at Dolci's trial for libel (a criminal offense in Italy) of Christian Democrat politicians whom he had publicly accused of association with the Mafia. Dolci ultimately abandoned his defense in protest against the court's refusal to admit as relevant evidence a mass of additional matter he wanted to expose, and he was sentenced in default to a suspended prison term, a heavy fine, and the payment of still heavier costs. An appeal was brought in the fall of 1968, and if Dolci loses it is bound to reinforce the opinion of most Sicilians that the power of the Mafia penetrates the highest official reaches of society.

Whatever the merits of this book, it does not help us draw up a balance sheet of Dolci's achievements. Yet one can agree with those who say that he has been a catalyst of change in Sicily. Because of him, Western Sicily has become the focus of attention for reformers in other Mediterranean countries. But, as the book reminds us with telling effect, outlawry remains, and though the Mafia as a business racket may crumble, lawlessness may persist as a cult or an ideology for the proud and backward. Dolci says that some of the basic problems of more developed societies could be resolved through a careful examination of the work he and his helpers have performed in Sicily. Certainly this point deserves our serious consideration.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1337

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1337 will be found in the next issue.

BGHE RSYH YHE LKRIGWJVH WE SUZKVWCKSE, NSO IWE GHWJ CGH JHMSJC TSJ YKZHR WJSOEL.

—YWJF CBWKE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1336

Unhappiness is in not knowing what we want and killing ourselves to get it.
—DON HEROLD.

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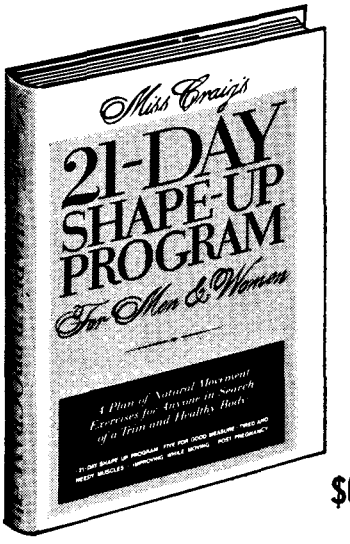

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Musicians from Moscow; "Passion" from Poland

FOR THOSE with the interest, the recent three-week visit by the Moscow State Symphony to the East, during which they gave twelve concerts in Carnegie Hall, provided the opportunity for a vista in depth of orchestral values as they currently exist in the U.S.S.R. The visitors gradually were promoted to the status of friends, during which they endured the wear and tear of a February snowstorm, contended with stagnated traffic, and, at the end of it all, partook of a typical New York farewell. (The plane in which they were leaving Kennedy International was suddenly ordered from the take-off strip, and, in so doing, damaged a wing tip, thus requiring the transfer of men and baggage.)

Despite all such touches of loving kindness, the orchestra remained, at the end, faithful to its own inherent, exotic colorations. When the ensemble made its first appearances here eight or nine years ago, the band-masterly attributes of its then director Konstantin Ivanov could be attributed to the inclinations of an individual. In the aftermath of exposure to its current corps of conductors —Evgeni Svetlanov, Odissey Dimitriadi, and Dmitri Shostakovich's son, Maxim—there appeared to be a strong possibility that the manner was rather widespread.

Regardless of repertory—which is to say, whether it was Tchaikovsky or not—there was the same inclination on the conductor's part to relentless reminders of every cue and entrance. American audiences are well indoctrinated in the premise that an authoritarian control flows from the podium to the players. But it extends, in the functioning of the Moscow State Symphony, not only to bowings and fingerings, but also to such matters as entrances and exits, responses to the applause of the audience, and formal relations with the conductor.

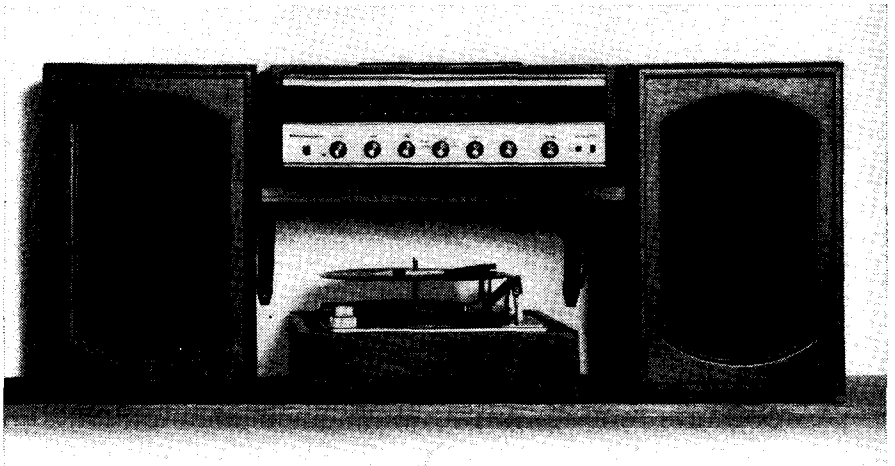
Sometimes, as in Svetlanov's direction of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Overture-Fantasy,* or young Shostakovich's conducting of orchestral excerpts from his father's *Katerina Ismailova,* the results were compelling in their precision, exactness, and unanimity. But, in other circumstances, such as the brilliant young Grigory Sokolov's performance of Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto, the outcome was singularly impersonal, curiously devoid of give and take, ebb and flow, or other semblances of individual impulse familiar to American audiences. Some of the best of these impulses are associated with Sokolov's older contemporary, Emil Gilels, making the more mystifying his own rather superficial response to Beethoven.

At thirty-plus, young Shostakovich is, from the shoulders up, a reasonable likeness of his father at the same age. But, from his neck down to his sturdily planted feet, he has much more of the height to be an impressive figure of a conductor. As director of Sokolov's playing of the *Emperor,* Shostakovich did not appear to have yet completed the transition from performer (which he was previously) to conductor. He was animated by enthusiasm and a determination to honor the family name, but did not possess quite the sure-handed facility to bring it about. On another occasion, Maxim Shostakovich directed a playing of his father's Second Violin Concerto in which Viktor Tretyakov was an outstandingly facile, finger-sure stand-in for the ailing Leonid Kogan.

At the Metropolitan's most recent performances of Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* Leontyne Price sang Leonora as she had at her debut nearly a decade ago; but Franco Corelli, who had shared that occasion with her, was absent in Italy on family concerns, and was replaced by Placido Domingo. Grace Bumbry was Azucena, and Sherrill Milnes Count di Luna under Zubin Mehta's direction.

All this should have added luster to the unveiling of a new production financed by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but the outcome was, in all aspects, tacky, ostentatious, and without properly Verdian impulse. Dressing of the stage was entrusted to the same Attilio Colonnello who had provided the Met with its extravagantly oversized *Lucia* and barely less extravagantly oversized *Luisa Miller.* This *Trovatore* was disfigured by tower-like formations on either side of the stage that greeted the arriving audience with *tableaux vivants* before the curtain rose, and much of the most garish costuming seen here B.C. (Compliments of Bing).

Most seriously disaffecting of all was the evidence that the worst of Colonnello's unseemly ideas had been not merely accepted but enthusiastically embraced by stage director Nathaniel Merrill. This was the notion of creating, amid a kind of fencing stretched from



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one proscenium wall to the other, a little promontory above the footlights, extending over the edge of the orchestra pit. When John Macurdy, the able Ferrando, advanced toward it in the opening scene, there were implications of danger. When Milnes, as di Luna, came closer to mounting it, the portents were more alarming. The dismal fact is that it became, as the acts wore on, a kind of *pied-à-terre* occupied by whoever had an aria to sing. When Domingo finally mounted it full front and bawled his version of "Di quella pira!" at the audience, the anti-Verdi movement reached its zenith.

This is written with full understanding that *Il Trovatore* is one of the master's famously inflammatory youthful works, with a quota of crude vigor and rudimentary drama that he rarely achieved before or matched again. For a stage director to confuse crude vigor with blatant vulgarity, and rudimentary drama with the kind of audience mongering in which characters abandon their places in the play to face the audience at the footlights, is to endorse every intelligent objection to opera as an art form.

Musically, this rendering of Verdi will doubtless improve as time passes, the surroundings cease to be as distracting as they were at the premiere, and the competition for applause abates. However, the Price Leonora is not now as well sung as it was formerly, due to an over-heavy production for "Tacea la notte" and a curiously thinned-out "Convent Scene," before she arrives at a suitably adjusted sound for "D'amor sull' ali rosee"; Domingo is, as yet, well below the vocal standard of such recent Metropolitan Manricos as Bergonzi, Corelli, and Tucker; and Milnes is lacking the merest dramatic resource to support his vocal competence as di Luna.

This left Bumbry as the nearest thing to a veritable Verdian, and she, too, was excessively involved with the competition for applause. A hideous rather than merely grotesque makeup further decharacterized what she was doing. She has, certainly, the voice for Azucena, but until she detaches herself from the kind of gaucheries that prevailed in this performance, she will be wasting the best of what she commands. Mehta's effort was in keeping with the misapplied energy that prevailed throughout, and resulted in rapturous applause. It was, on the whole, more for the toreadors—Price, Bumbry, Mehta, et al—than for the bull, Verdi, who was gored.

Penderecki's "Passion"

IN MATTERS of pure sound densities and textures, bold orchestral coloration, stunning choral effects and antiphonal writ-

(*Continued on page* 79)

World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Fred Fehl.*

Frank Bays, Haynes Owens in a hoofers' "brother act" in the City Center Joffrey Ballet's production of Ashton's first great success, *Façade*.

Please Pass the Danish

A DANISH BALLET of 1849 vintage and a perennially popular British ballet of this century, both in new productions, have been added to the repertory of the City Center Joffrey Ballet, now nearing the end of a five-week season at the City Center. The older is *Konservatoriet*, the peerless ancestor of such contemporary ballets that deal in detail with the training of the dancer as *Etudes* (by Harald Lander, a Dane) and *Ballet School* (by the Bolshoi Ballet's Asaf Messerer). There are, of course, many other ballets, known and unknown, that take the audience into the classroom or rehearsal studio to witness the regimen, perhaps even the secrets, that govern the life of the dancer.

Konservatoriet, however, is unique not simply because of its age but because it is an historical document in movement which reports on the steps and the style of a ballet class as taught by one of the greatest male dancers of all time, Auguste Vestris (1760-1842), in the 1820s at the Paris Opéra. Denmark's most celebrated choreographer, August Bournonville, had been a pupil of Vestris, and one of the fifty-plus ballets he created during his long tenure as the head of the Royal Danish Ballet was this memory of and tribute to a Vestris class. Originally, *Konservatoriet* had a story in addition to the class, but only the class remains—the most valuable part—and the Danes have danced it for more than a century.

The Joffrey production is, physically, quite lovely. William Pitkin's setting, using the simple lines and gray hue of the Royal Danish staging, is elegant, and the costumes are, of course, correct for the period. The music of H. S. Paulli, though

—*Herbert Migdol.*

Seamus Murphy, dancer-choreographer, with Phillip Jonson in an avant-garde creation, *Dust*.

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maybe not something you would want to have for your hi-fi, provides fine support for dancing, just as Czerny themes serve so well for *Etudes*. To coach the dancers and stage the work for an American troupe, Joffrey engaged the senior Bournonville expert of the Royal Danish Ballet, Hans Brenaa. All should have been perfect. It wasn't.

Missing were the children who appear in the initial sequences of the Royal Danish Ballet's production. Certainly children were available from Joffrey's own American Ballet Center, the official school for his company. But that's not a major point. A major concern, however, was the absence of Bournonville style. Vestris was famous for his elevation, so too was Bournonville, and they both expected the girls, as well as the men, to jump high. They also demanded that dancers turn, in the air or on the ground, equally well to the right and to the left. Indeed, Bournonville choreography, unlike that of any later choreographer, requires this facility. Furthermore, there is an openness, almost an unfolding, in *port-de-bras* which you will find in no other ballet style extant today.

In the Joffrey *Konservatoriet*, most of the girls were near-grounded, and their toe shoes were so tight and hard (instead of soft and pliable) that their balances on full sole were insecure. The cast that I saw found the usually irresistible Barbara Remington missing the Bournonville style by a mile, while Pamela Johnson, in contrast, had the high elevation, the beautiful open-armed gestures in the leaps, the lightness of Bournonville. Paul Sutherland, as the Ballet Master, had the high elevation, the turns-in-any-direction, the elegance of a very special era. But of the men, only Bill Martin-Viscount, formerly of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and a student of Bournonville style, held the arms properly, did the leg-beats with lightness and neatness, and found easy identity with that *ballon* which Bournonville bragged that he himself possessed.

—*Fred Fehl.*

The Joffrey company's staging of the famous Danish classic, *Konservatoriet*—Pamela Johnson, "the lightness of Bournonville."

So it is that the City Center Joffrey Ballet's production of *Konservatoriet* mirrors the various translations of the title of the work itself—*La Conservatoire, The Conservatory, The Dancing School* —for it is only on the fringe of performance, still in the studio, and for a major company, that just won't do.

With Sir Frederick Ashton's *Façade*, created in 1931 long before there was a Royal Ballet, the Joffrey dancers fared much, much better. Here they had a youthful romp to work with, light comedy, touches of satire, and things at which they could poke fun. For example, there is a milkmaid attended by mountaineers and, in one tableau, an arrangement of fingers becomes the cow's milking apparatus; in another, two young men in straw hats do a brother act as they hoof across the stage; then there is the Latin gigolo whose fingers run up and down the spine of the debutante as they do a tango. And so it goes.

No one, of course, can match Sir Frederick himself as the gigolo—I remember him, particularly, dancing it with Moira Shearer in the American premiere (with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, now the Royal) in 1949. This ballet, which was Ashton's first smash hit, had other distinguished interpreters in addition to the choreographer himself—among them, Lydia Lopokova, Alicia Markova, Pearl Argyle, Robert Helpmann. Of the Joffrey dancers, I thought Frank Bays and Haynes Owen were especially good as the hoofers in "Popular Song," Pamela Johnson in "Polka" (first done by Markova), and Rebecca Wright as the Milkmaid in "Yodeling." Edward Verso never did find the humorous accents as the gigolo, thus leaving Trinette Singleton, as the debutante, working in a vacuum.

John Hart, of Britain's Royal Ballet, restaged the work for the Americans, and the English troupe provided the Joffrey company with John Armstrong's scenery and costumes. The score is derived from music which William Walton composed as settings to poems by Edith Sitwell. The poems themselves are not heard, although Sir Frederick found clues for the various numbers in the ballet from the poems.

Later, there will be a report on a new ballet *(Animus)* by Gerald Arpino, the company's principal choreographer, and new stagings of two older ballets.

Incidentally, if you attend this season at the City Center, you will see many new faces and miss many familiar ones. The Joffrey troupe, very possibly, has more turnovers in personnel than any other major ballet company, or so it seems. Certain areas of performing suffer because of this, but since Joffrey is a tough and skillful taskmaster, the novices almost always look well. The company as a whole, however, does not seem quite as spirited as in the immediate past.

In this instance, the ballet was the hit of the show, which is not always the case in opera. The occasion was the New York City Opera's production, at the State Theater in Lincoln Center, of Borodin's *Prince Igor*. The music critics, and the audience, have presented their verdict on the opera aspects—grim. The audience and at least one dance critic have delighted in the dancing. But the dances, the famous "Polovsty Dances," have never failed. With that music, how can you miss? And with Edward Villella to head the ballet cast, how can you fail to have a smash?

Indeed, it was the *Prince Igor* dances, choreographed by Michel Fokine, that had Paris cheering when the great Serge Diaghilev brought his Ballets Russes to the French capital for the very first time exactly sixty years ago. Paris, for so long the supreme headquarters of ballet, was then presiding over ballet that was moribund. The curtain rose on a Tartar camp. Warriors, with drawn bows, were whirling; Polovtsian maidens were parading their charms; battle tents and evening fires were on stage; the savage energy of primitive Orientals had replaced sylphs, pixies, nixies, and sprites. Paris went wild. Ballet history was changed at this moment.

Fokine himself had a special affection for *Prince Igor*. He often said that it was his favorite among his many masterpieces *(Les Sylphides, Petrouchka, Scheherazade, Firebird, Le Spectre de la Rose, The Dying Swan,* and on and on). He told me so himself. Although he admitted, as all choreographers do, that the really favored ballet is the one that is being created at the moment.

The principal role of the warrior has been danced by Bolm, Woizikowski, Shabelevski, Franklin, and many other male dance stars, and the ballet itself even survived, and quite easily, a switch with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (1950) when Nina Novak starred in an expanded role of a girl warrior. In our day, Nureyev has been acclaimed in *Igor*, so whatever happens to the opera, the ballet somehow makes the grade.

With Villella, making the grade is no problem. As the Polovtsian Chief, he does the soaring leaps, the glittering leg-beats, the whirls to the knee that invite rapturous applause. He also struts, lifts a sexy girl around and about, and acts with the arrogance suitable to a tribal headman. As the girl target, Kathryn Horne, lovely of figure, is a shining foil for the warrior.

Ron Sequoio's choreography will not

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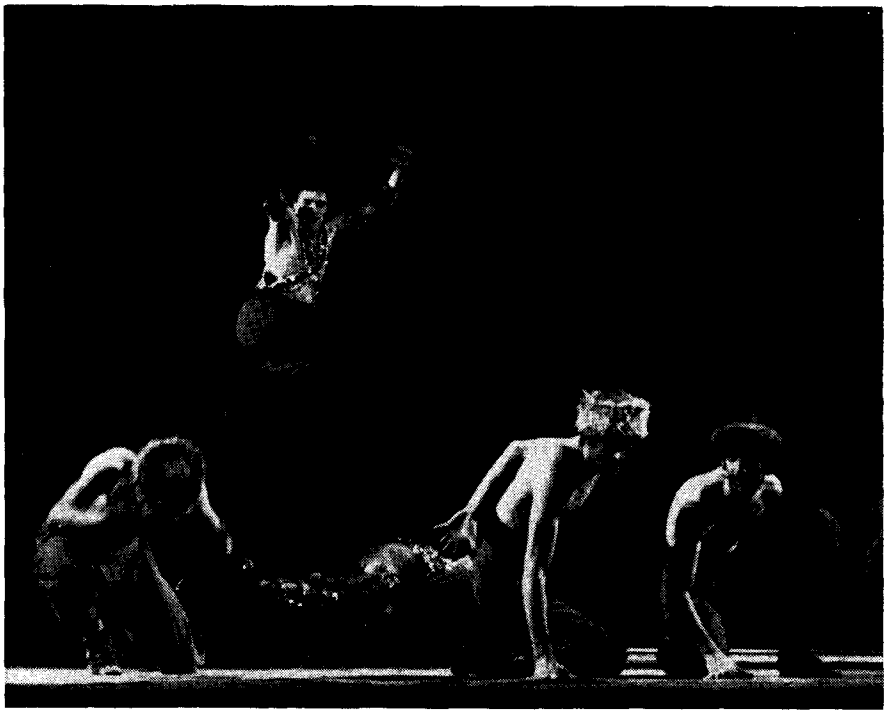

—*Martha Swope.*

Edward Villella in the New York City Opera's *Prince Igor*—the ballet was "the hit of the show."

be a definitive replacement for the Fokine original, but it is most effective (this is his first choreographic assignment for the New York City Opera). There are aerial sorties for Villella and some attractive sensual slitherings for Villella and Miss Horne. Epecially valid are the vibratory elements, for Miss Horne alone, and for the ensemble, since these are to be found in most ecstatic dance expressions, both sensual and spiritual.

The big ballet is in Act III at the Polovtsian camp—and Mr. Sequoio has made it definitely campy and maybe even a little Radio City Music Hall, but it works—and so, too, does a delightful dance, earlier in the opera, performed by an exuberant group of young men, obviously rascals, but winning ones.

Seamus Murphy (you may recall him as James Murphy before he got so Gaelic about his name) brought to a close Leonard Altman's "Twentieth-Century Dance" series (Erick Hawkins and Lucas Hoving had appeared earlier) in New York University's School of Education Auditorium. The three events have drawn full houses, and the auditorium itself is eminently suitable for dancing. It is not glamorous but it is practical. And it is to be hoped that the School of Education will see fit, in subsequent seasons, to make it available to an increased season of twentieth-century dance events which can be, patently, of educational worth as well as diverting.

In fact, in his major new work, *Dust*, with music by P. F. Pozar and projections by the distinguished photographer, Herbert Migdoll, Murphy had something to say about race relations. Through a multi-media production, he showed embryos (via projections) which developed into people, both white and black. Staggered images on the screen lapped white and black together. On stage, one witnessed a clasping and also a clenching of black and white hands; bodies juxtaposed in attitudes of consonance and positions of antagonism. At the climax, two nude males, Murphy (white) and Phillip Jonson (black), were seen alive on stage cuddled (not sensually) into a plastic sack. The image was a dual embryo, white and black, coequal.

The choreographic conception of *Dust* ("For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"—Genesis) was impressive and imaginative, even though the details of the dance itself were not consistently successful. But this was also true of the other Murphy choreographies, including *Back*, a solo dance for a ballet girl with her back to the audience (this could have been fun, but it didn't quite make it); *Wash*, based upon an exchange of colors, bodies, and relationships (which didn't quite make it, either); *Manfire*, a solo for John Dickerson (who moved so beautifully that the dance did make it); and *And the Fallen Petals*, which missed but could boast of some truly lovely sculptural patterns for individuals, duos, and group. The best dance on the program was Murphy's older solo, *Forsaken*, a dance of religious search and sadness and ecstasy, done to music of Monteverdi. The genuine feel for dance pattern, found in the newer dances, was also here, plus a necessary extra ingredient known as conviction. Seamus Murphy has choreographic talent—that is obvious—but the channels, though flowing (he and his dancers, thank heaven, really move), are sometimes muddied, murky, not as clear as they will one day be.

So if there were disappointments in Murphy's work, and there were, it was a pleasure for us who are in constant attendance at dance events to see a questing, adventuresome choreographer who is unwilling to abjure movement—oh, yes, some of today's choreographers are of the non-dance persuasion—or those emotions, both heroic and terrified, with which we face life. His way may not yet be clear, but it is, praise be, a dance way.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Submissive Society

When Jules Irving and Herbert Blau came to the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center four years ago, it was their announced intention to produce plays that would have great relevance to contemporary issues. Our biggest disappointment in the productions that ensued was their apparent retreat from such a policy. Therefore, it is particularly gratifying that the Repertory Theater's latest production, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer,* grapples in a most stimulating and objective way with some of the most pertinent questions that today's citizens should be asking.

Heinar Kipphardt's play is a partially fictionalized selection of highlights from the 1954 Government inquiry in which J. Robert Oppenheimer, a developer of the atom bomb who had been cleared as a security risk in previous hearings, was again subjected to the humiliating ordeal of defending his right to have access to top secret H-bomb data for the remaining few weeks of his contract as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission. Since the Government could not erase his knowledge of data already acquired, the new information he might have learned in those weeks could hardly have made much difference. Why, then, didn't the AEC simply let Oppenheimer's contract lapse? And why didn't Oppenheimer simply resign and spare himself the pain of the inquiry?

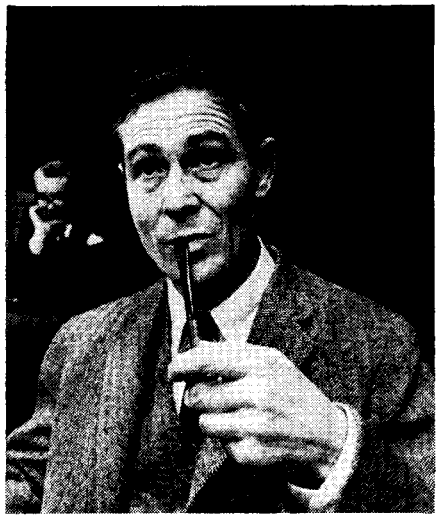
The entire action takes place in the forestage area, which designer Peter Wexler has transformed into a split-level hearing chamber, which captures the dreariness of such rooms without being dreary.

We are immediately comfortable with this setting, and are therefore prepared to expect not the usual courtroom drama with its suspense, its surprises, and its clever legal ploys. We even suspect that the playwright wants us to resist our natural impulse to regard some characters as villains and other as heroes.

Joseph Wiseman's portrayal of Oppenheimer is splendid in that it gives us the aristocratic aloofness of the professorial mind. When he calmly explains that he did not order the bomb to be dropped on Hiroshima, but merely gave his opinion on the relative "suitability" of several proposed targets in terms of which would be most damaged, we ask ourselves if such a distinction is any more valid here than it is with a chemical company that manufactures napalm but does not itself order it to be used in Vietnam. As someone says later in the proceedings, we are becoming a society of experts, in which each group of experts does its job and hands over the result to another group. Economic and political pressures all operate to encourage this compartmentalization which can be dehumanizing and dangerous. Isn't there some better way to deal with the complexities of our time? And if there is, would it be possible to change the economic and political pressures?

The play does not answer these questions directly. But it does suggest that the AEC was somewhat superficially interested in maintaining public confidence in a time when McCarthy was capitalizing on irrational fears about Communists in government departments. On the other hand, by representing Oppenheimer as a man who rather enjoyed exploring the more important guilt he and other scientists shared for their part in the construction and use of horrible new weapons, the play tries to represent him less as a martyr than as a gifted but naïve scholar. Furthermore, Mr. Wiseman's perfect portrait does this and is so full of humanity and delight that it forbids our pity.

But Oppenheimer is ultimately sympathetic because he is, after all, the victim of a cruel humiliation not for his real sins but for such possibly admirable actions as not getting a leftist friend in trouble, or voicing his opposition to the development of the H-bomb. The scientist on the examining triumvirate, warmly played by Eduard Franz, speaks to the audience directly to ask if the purposes of these humiliations may not be to produce more submissiveness. The more scientists control nature, the more the state must control scientists.



Joseph Wiseman plays J. Robert Oppenheimer—"a perfect portrait."

Perhaps the play's wisest character is John Lansdale, the security officer who overruled his staff to permit Oppenheimer to continue to work on the atomic bomb, despite his past sympathy for the Communist experiment. Actor Stephen Elliott plays him beautifully, with a cheerfulness that makes him immune to petty attack. When the prosecutor attempts to draw him out by saying "I fail to understand you," Lansdale looks him straight in the eye and replies: "That's just too bad." This firm and devastating statement of his position draws instant applause from the audience. Lansdale also punctures an argument that compares Oppenheimer's duty to report what may have been an attempt by friends to get him to share atomic information with the Russians with the obligation of a bank manager to inform his board about a conversation with safecrackers who mentioned the possibility of robbing his bank. Lansdale admits that he might have been concerned at the time, but that he wouldn't have been twelve years later when no bank had been robbed. And on a more positive level, there is his statement that the way to achieve maximum security and loyalty is to love the best ideas and the best way of life.

There are impressive performances by Charles Cioffi as a stupidly conceited security expert; Herbert Berghof as Edward Teller, the intense developer of the H-bomb; and Stefan Schnabel and Tony van Bridge as two more balanced and jovial physicists. Philip Bosco's portrayal of the chief prosecutor is forceful even if he seems to enjoy a little too much the theatricality of being malicious and suffering for it enroute to his eventual victory.

Gordon Davidson, who staged the American premiere of the play last June at Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum [THE THEATER, July 6, 1968], has also directed it here, using the same designer and two essential actors from that production, Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Franz. As in Los Angeles, he has seen to it that the play's seriousness is balanced with frequent amusing touches. The production at the Beaumont submits a little more readily to giving the audience what it wants than did the one in Los Angeles, which means that some could interpret the play as being simply a condemnation of the injustice done to Oppenheimer. However, the stimulating unresolved complexities of the play are still abundant enough to make this the kind of challenging contemporary exploration that our resident theaters should be attempting much more than they have been doing.

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Lower Taxes

Continued from page 35

economists are now convinced this more or less automatic growth in federal income places a "fiscal drag" on the economy, and slows future growth.

But deciding that taxes should be cut is only the first step. The federal government now taxes personal incomes, corporate profits, the manufacture and sale of a wide variety of goods, and the provision of various services. The Administration and Congress must decide *which* of these taxes are to be reduced, and by *how much*—a decision for which, unfortunately, there is not very much experience to serve as a guide.

A large body of opinion, both in Congress and among the public, holds that the sole purpose of a tax system is, or should be, the raising of revenue. In this view, choosing one form of tax reduction over another in terms of accomplishing some social or economic purpose would be unjustified, unwise, and close to wicked. The fact, however, is that when federal taxes, at $186 billion in the current fiscal year, are the equivalent of roughly one-fourth of the total national income, any change in the tax structure will have social and economic effects, intended or not.

THE point is that unless serious attention is paid to the way in which the future fiscal dividend is allocated, the result may be extremely wasteful and very likely harmful. This opens up all kinds of questions that must be answered by fiscal authorities and legislators when a comprehensive tax reduction program is prepared and enacted.

The largest source of tax revenues, as everyone is especially aware at this time of year, is the personal income tax. After a half-century of adjusting and patching, this system has evolved into a monstrous machine that removes a rapidly increasing share of each added dollar of income from those in the middle-income brackets, but leaves some in the highest-income brackets relatively untaxed. The chance to reduce total income taxes would seem to be a natural opportunity to make this structure more equitable.

This, however, is much more easily said than done. Once the subject comes up in Congress, there will be proposals for equal across-the-board percentage-point rate reductions, as well as for every conceivable combination of rate revisions to give the greatest relief to the lower-middle-or upper-bracket taxpayers. All of these proposals, of course, will be supported by irrefutable evidence, which will be totally demolished by their opponents. One popular step already being widely advocated, for example, would be a massive increase in the personal exemption, from the present $600 per dependent to $2,000 or more. This would obviously substantially reduce or even eliminate taxes for millions of taxpayers, but is strongly opposed by some tax experts for the very reason that it would remove many citizens from the tax rolls and presumably reduce their interest in fiscally responsible government.

At present, the Government is virtually a "50-50 partner" in every large business enterprise, sharing equally with the stockholders in total pretax profits. Does this, as many charge, lead to inefficiency and worse, as managements play fast and loose with the "50-cent dollars" the system creates? Should there be a series of graduated corporate tax-rate brackets, instead of the two now existing? Should profits distributed as dividends be taxed less heavily than those retained by the corporation, as is the case in some countries? Should the corporate income tax itself be replaced, in whole or in part, by some form of "value-added" tax or national sales tax? A fiscal dividend would provide a chance to answer these questions with-

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out the country's inability to afford the revenue loss biasing the answers.

Social security payroll taxes now hit many low-income taxpayers harder than the income tax itself; and the prospect is that this tax rate will go still higher in the future. Has the time come to take the bold step of abandoning this regressive tax and pay social security and Medicare benefits out of general Treasury revenues? For many lower-bracket taxpayers, the result would be a lower total tax bill. And what of the "wartime emergency" excise taxes that have hung on for a generation? Should they get high-priority in any tax reduction program? Or, should the tax reduction question be sidestepped altogether by turning any dividend over to the states? But on what basis?

All of these questions and more must be answered at some point, and should be high on the nation's agenda. They will remain academic and hypothetical, however, if the hoped for fiscal dividend, for reasons difficult to foresee at this time, does not materialize after all.

WIT TWISTER #104

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The heads of great _ _ _ _
_ _ _ arrive in town
To meet and fix the prices of their wares.
In costly _ _ _ _ _ _ _
they attempt to drown
Their _ _ _ _ _ _ _ guilts
and leaden-colored cares.

(*Answer on page 78*)

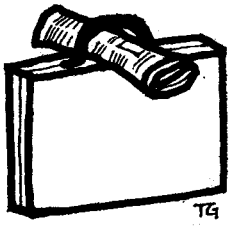
Can Taxes Do More?

Continued from page 32

at a deficit during this period. So the total effect was a considerable increase in expenditures—more in the private sector and not less in government—which was the way it was meant to be for the sake of stimulating greater economic growth.

By 1966, however, excess demand began to be reflected in pressure on prices and interest rates. So the Government started a period of tax increases. The Tax Adjustment Act of March 1966 restored excise tax rates on automobiles and telephone service, thus reversing the trend set the previous June. In November 1966, the investment tax credit was suspended (then restored four months later when the rate of economic expansion seemed to have slowed). Then, in June 1968, there came a 10 per cent surcharge on income taxes paid by individuals and corporations. In addition, excise tax rates on automobiles and telephone service were kept unchanged and extended until 1970. Again, keep in mind that these tax-rate changes—both upward and downward—were more a reaction to prevailing economic conditions than an expression of the revenue needs of government.

Earlier, we posed a number of questions relating to our current tax system that were premised on a simple assumption—namely, that taxes exist solely to provide revenue for government. What we have attempted to demonstrate is that taxes may have started out that way, but the size of government today precludes the treatment of tax revenue as little more than pocket money. An upward or downward movement of a few percentage points in income tax rates involves the flow of billions of dollars to or from the public. Business activity can be encouraged or discouraged by the effects of taxes; the economy can be stimulated or cooled off; personal standards of living can be effectively increased or decreased; available resources can be reallocated or redistributed. The very size of the tax take makes it immune to simplistic rationalization. And what this means in terms of possible tax reform is that the task is enormously complicated by the sheer number of possible courses of action that exist, with the risk of frightful mistakes ever present.



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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

That Great Territory in the Sky

I HAVE TENDED to regard with skepticism the *cinéma vérité* movement, which attempts to surprise meaning and insight out of the camera's (more often, the tape recorder's) contact with living reality. But the Maysles brothers, Albert and David, with their shattering new feature-length film, *Salesman,* have made me a convert. They, too, by the way, aren't altogether keen about what passes for *cinéma vérité* and, in fact, they refuse to identify their own efforts by that tag. So often—and I think the French are the worst sinners here—the technique is used for superficial jokes, vulgar satire, and literal propaganda. The Maysles brothers are something else again. They are much more than reporters; they sense the drama in ordinary lives. Above all, they are human and compassionate. And they have come into their own with *Salesman,* which strikes me as one of the most important American films ever made.

I am moved to go overboard to this degree not merely because *Salesman* is utterly real and constantly affecting, but because it catches and distills some unsettling truths about American life. It may hurt while you watch and hear, but you're better off knowing about it. How it happened to be done, how it was managed, is perhaps a drama in itself, and it is certainly one of the most striking achievements of American cinema. I do hope the Maysles brothers are suitably honored, for their daring, their honesty, their dedication, far above and beyond the call of commercial considerations.

I rather think Arthur Miller wanted to tell the story they have told, but now that we have the Maysles version it is clear that he missed the essential reality of it and perhaps the tragedy, too. The Maysles found their living, functioning prototypes, and merely (or so it would seem) followed them on their dreadful rounds. Their "heroes" are four door-to-door Bible salesmen, employees of the Mid-American Bible Company, with its headquarters in Chicago. No isolated phenomenon, this, for there are said to be 6,000 hard-working salesmen selling Bibles around the country that few bookstores would even deign to stock.

The Bible they sell in one territory or another is the Catholic Douay version, described accurately enough as a "gilt-edged DuPont fabricoid plastic-and-nylon-bound Bible," with suitable illustrations in full color. The incredibly vulgar-looking book is further described by one of the salesmen as "washable and outlasts leather four to one." This washable and sacred item comes in different color bindings and can be obtained for the price of $49.95 (or more, in a deluxe version) on three different plans: "Cash, C.O.D., and also they have a little Catholic honor plan." To sell it, and to make a living from it, the salesmen have to find the right kind of territory—from the looks of what we see, a city or suburban neighborhood, predominantly lower middle class and predominantly Catholic.

The salesmen all appear to come from the same economic and religious grouping. One is Paul Brennan (real name) of half-Irish, half-English parentage, a door-to-door salesman for twenty years at the time we meet him. The other salesmen call him "the Badger." They, in turn, are known as "the Gypper," "the Rabbit," and "the Bull," names having to do with their sales techniques, or their "pitching" as the salesmen term it. We meet them first in Boston, follow them to a sales convention in Chicago, and go with them to that hoped-for, fabulous new territory, a Miami suburb called Opa Locka, with street names such as Sinbad Avenue, Arabia Avenue, and Sesame Street. None of this is funny to them. They see themselves as rugged individualists, riding the success rail of America. They're exhorted by the sales manager, but they, too, *believe.*

Carefully, they shuffle their feet on the door mats of unpretentious houses. Affirmative nods accompany their wheedling: "Could you see where this would help the family?" It's funny and it's terrible. Parting with $50 is not an easy matter to any of the customers. Most of them decline the honor of owning a plastic-and-nylon-bound Bible. But some accept or are overcome by the sales pitch and, oh, what this says about them and probably about a good many of us. Does it happen, did it happen? This is the wonder of the Maysles method. They staged nothing, encouraged no one, except possibly to be themselves. It took more than luck to catch so much of what is revelatory in this one great gulp; they had to be salesmen themselves.

They worked with the bare minimum of equipment. Albert handles his self-designed, shoulder-carried camera. David is the sound man, using a Nagra tape recorder (a splendid Swiss-made instrument). They somehow slide into and merge with the background; after awhile they don't seem to be there at all. But do they distort when, eventually, they edit their thousands of feet of exposed film down to this chilling American horror story? Obviously their work is infused with a point of view; it wouldn't be so effective otherwise. But nevertheless they see clearly; at the same time they feel for, even admire, their subjects as they attempt to fulfill the American dream by selling washable Bibles. Their film is strong without being harsh. It must be seen.

"We hiked and then sat around the campfire knocking parents."

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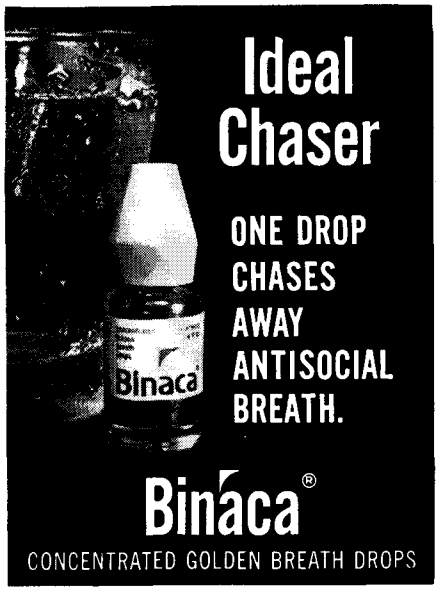

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Africa

Continued from page 52

the dissolution of the great African societies of the Midde Ages. What happened—in a tightly oversimplified abstract of Davidson's explanation—is that by about 1600 much of Africa had reached a sort of preindustrial zenith; the next stage of its development, like any great evolutionary process, would require a long transition period. European intrusion not only diverted the course of natural change but brought it to a halt. Davidson suggests that the clash was due to a total incompatibility between the systems that had brought Africa to its medieval pinnacle—what he calls its "Mature Iron Age"—and the more urgent dynamics of the West. On the one hand, he says, colonial domination, by the very character of its needs, was altogether unsuited to "move African society from its preindustrial subsistence base to one which could absorb the early possibilities of modern technological progress." At the same time, "the patterns of indigenous life simply could not contain, much less absorb, these eruptive methods and technologies; they wrecked the old framework beyond hope of repair. . . . By 1945 the whole complex structure of Iron Age society, so greatly out of step as it was with the world from which the conquerors came, had suffered a collapse so fatal that it could never be put together again. . . . What political emancipation did in the 1960s was to provide the opportunity for reconstruction: not from colonial confusion alone, but above all from the modes and structures of a traditional society which could no longer satisfy or defend the interests of a majority of men and women."

Davidson's judgment of colonial rule and its consequences strikes me as a bit harsh or, at least, premature. My own

feeling is that regardless of what Africa had to put up with while its destinies were guided by alien administrators, the Western presence should prove in the long run far more beneficial than destructive. However, this is really just another rejoinder in the endless dialogue between those who hold that colonialism undeniably did some good things *but*, and those who say that colonialism undeniably did some terrible things *but*. Davidson's real accomplishment as far as I am concerned lies in his having set forth a staggering and intriguing body of demonstrable proof that Africa is entirely capable of enlightened decision and progressive action, with or without outside assistance. Certainly the foul-ups of the *uhuru* years have been dismaying but, as Davidson shows, this almost had to happen, considering the conditions of conflict and ferment that had gripped Africa for at least three centuries previously. Besides, the past decade—or for that matter any decade—scarcely counts as much more than a drop in history's bucket. And anyone doubting that Africa does indeed possess a history is invited to enjoy Davidson's splendid biography of a continent.

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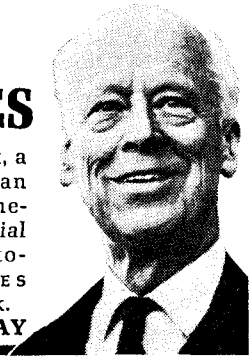

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1B, 2H, 3D, 4F, 5K (Burns), 6A; 7L (*National Velvet*), 8C, 9J (*Sohrab & Rustum*), 10E (Tolkien: *Lord of the Rings*), 11G, 12I (*Song of Roland*).

(*Correction*: In the January 18 Literary I.Q. quiz, the author of the original "Magic Flute" story should have been given as Liebeskind, not Wieland.)

Answer to Wit Twister, page 74: cartels, clarets, scarlet.

Black Cargo on Road Paved with Promises

They Came in Chains: Americans from Africa, *by Saunders Redding (Lippincott. 320 pp. $6. Paperback, $2.50), surveys black history from colonial times to the Truman Administration. An instructor in the Department of History at Columbia College, Eric Foner teaches that institution's first course in Afro-American history.*

By ERIC FONER

NOT VERY LONG AGO historians insisted that black Americans had no independent history, either before or after the experience of slavery. But in recent years, as part of the growing sense of racial pride and identity among blacks, and the recognition by whites of the full implications of racism in America, interest in Afro-American history has grown steadily. School systems throughout the United States are feverishly instituting courses in the black experience, and colleges are vying with one another for the services of the relatively few specialists in the field. It is only to be expected, therefore, that publishers should respond to this growing market by issuing new and reissuing old studies on all aspects of black history. The multivolume series of reprints published by Arno Press and *The New York Times* is the most extensive undertaking of this kind, and the reissue of Saunders Redding's *They Came in Chains*, which originally appeared in 1950, is one more example.

Yet Redding's survey of black history and life from colonial times to the Truman era suffers from the unusual problem of being, at the age of nineteen, not old enough to be accepted as an "historical source," and not up-to-date enough really to qualify as a successful modern treatment. Any work that ends before the civil rights movements of the 1950s and the black revolution of the 1960s can hardly be satisfying to the reader who desires a one-volume survey of Afro-American history. Nor can the historian help noting the absence of the names of Winthrop Jordan, Kenneth Stampp, Stanley Elkins, Leon Litwack, C. Vann Woodward and Vincent Harding from the bibliography, to mention but a few of the writers who have broadened our understanding of the black experience in recent years.

They Came in Chains, however, cannot be dismissed as merely an outdated book. Indeed, it is striking how many of Redding's conclusions and insights hold up two decades after he wrote them. He is especially successful in evoking the life and culture of the slaves, and

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dispelling the benign plantation legend. Whether he is discussing the blend of resistance and accommodation in slave religion, the divisions between field hands and house slaves, the evolution of white racial attitudes and stereotypes, the phenomenon of "passing," or the curious amalgam of optimism and despair, pride and bitterness which characterized the "New Negro" of the 1920s, Redding is a master of the apt illustration and the succinct summary. His approach is also unusually even-handed and well-balanced.

He rightly stresses the tradition of resistance to slavery—of which actual rebellions were only a small part—but also takes note of the "deep psychic trauma" which slavery inflicted on its victims. Redding concentrates on the mass of Afro-Americans, rather than succumbing to the temptation to present a series of "black achievers," but he does give us persuasive sketches of such leading figures as Benjamin Banneker, Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass and Marcus Garvey.

Every new generation looks to history for a "usable past," and its interpretations of past events vary accordingly. Contemporary black-history scholars—both black and white—are inclined to devote more attention to the civilizations of medieval Africa than does Redding, and they reject his suggestion that there was a significant continuity between the African internal slave trade and the trans-Atlantic. They spend less time than he on the national politics of the antebellum period, focusing instead on the activities of black abolitionists and nationalists. Their treatment of Reconstruction and of the Garvey movement has a less apologetic tone than Redding's, and most historians today have moved beyond the Cold War mentality exemplified in Redding's gratuitous attack on Paul Robeson, which mars the final pages of the book.

When *They Came in Chains* appeared in 1950, Oscar Handlin, reviewing it in *The New York Times*, charged Redding with emotionalism, exaggeration and intemperance. Compared, however, with the impassioned work of today's black scholars Redding's "emotionalism" sounds tame indeed. He ended his book on a note of cautious optimism, based on the integration of the armed forces in World War II, the reforms and programs of the Truman Administration, and the promise expressed in the ideals of the United Nations charter, all of which stands in sharp contrast to the embittered alienation of many black writers today. But it is a measure of Redding's over-all success that the problem with which he closes is as much with us today as it was in 1950: "Which way to go, toward isolation or integration? While she has constantly sought and fought for opportunities to go in one direction, black America has been forced to go in another." Although I would prefer a truly updated version (and surely the publisher might have expanded the effort to revise the bibliography and eliminate the few errors of fact), *They Came in Chains* remains a well-written, incisive survey of Afro-American history.

"What do you mean, 'how's the kids?' We don't have any kids."

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 69

ing, there can be nothing but admiration for Krzysztof Penderecki's *Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to Saint Luke*, which, after last season's postponement [see "The Passions of Penderecki," by Irving Kolodin, *SR*, Feb. 24, 1968], finally had its New York premiere at Carnegie Hall under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski with Minneapolis-based masses that overflowed the stage. Given the full orchestra, three soloists, narrator, and four choruses indicated, one might expect the great emotional, dramatic moment in this newest telling of the crucifixion of Christ. But, as revealed in two recordings [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Nov. 25, 1967], Penderecki is more a lithographer, less a painter, working within the spacious confines of a large-scale frame.

His music—assimilating all styles from traditional Gregorian chant and polyphonic choral writing to aleatoric and serial scoring, quarter tones, and even a mighty tonal E-flat final chord—achieves a dark, timeless mysteriousness, an austerity, and a leanness not often linked to "religious" music. It is the work of an objective contemporary mind reinterpreting an ancient legend, and in this respect, Penderecki's ninety-minute *Passion* is never less than a fascinating and intense work of an expert craftsman.

Skrowaczewski led his Minnesota Orchestra with the directness and objectivity he brings to modern music. Perhaps because his choral forces—Bethel College Choir, Macalester College Choir, St. Paul Cathedral Boys' Choir, and the Chorale of the Colleges of St. Catherine and St. Thomas—were spread 180 degrees around the perimeter of the stage, there were a few uncoordinated entries; but in the high point of the *Passion*, "Stabat Mater," the choruses blended magnificently.

Two of the soloists, soprano Dorothy Dorow and baritone Andrzej Hiolski (Christ), participated in the world premiere at Münster Cathedral in 1966, bringing with them the necessary security and feeling for the music. Bass Arnold Voketaitis made a strong contribution as Peter, Pilate, and The Good Robber, while actor Lee Richardson provided a powerful delivery of the Evangelist's narrative.

Why this large-scale work has made Penderecki an international celebrity in the past three years was made clear by the simple fact that his style, eclectic as it may be, communicates: Everyone concerned, including the composer, was rewarded by a thunderous ovation by a capacity audience.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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(Continued on page 82)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 81)

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ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

THE FARM AND WILDERNESS CAMPS announce DARK MEADOW. A small challenging camp for girls 12-15, stressing canoeing and other aquatic skills, natural science, Indian crafts, and hiking in the 2,500 acre Nineveh wilderness. Write Jack S. Hunter, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

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BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls. Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184.

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HOLIDAY IN FRENCH, coed, 7-18, June-August, outdoor adventures, San Juan Islands of Puget Sound. Lycee Francais, 150 South Doheny Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

DARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 66 boys, 11 to 17. Five age groups. Seven weeks. (Six weeks Juniors.) Lake, white water, mountain trips. SURVIVAL, ECOLOGY training. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

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(Continued from page 83)

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MONTANA RANCH VACATION, big game hunting and trout fishing. Brochure. Yellowstone Valley Ranch, Box 901, Livingston, Montana 59047.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1824

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Kipling character named and raised by Mother Wolf.	24 31 39 70 92 109
B. Browning volume published on the day of his death.	137 149 150 154 175 187 32 38
C. *Disturb, disorder.*	58 79 82 113
D. Ionian island celebrated as the home of Odysseus.	121 161 174 181 18 23
E. Where WORD K worked (3 wds.)	41 69 89 95 112 128 132 164 167 184
F. Set into opposition or rivalry; matched.	16 27 30 43 45 54
G. Not scattered.	72 83 102 111 157 179 80 125
H. It was characterized by drapes and pegs (2 wds.)	67 100 107 119 158 12 35 52
I. "An ——— may wander ere he die," (3 wds., Tennyson, *Idylls of the King, The Coming of Arthur*)	127 134 152 40 90 104 8 169 186 97
J. *These,* for instance.	63 94 103 114 124 57 71
K. Giant southpaw from 1928-1943: *The Meal Ticket.*	78 88 139 142 183 6 13
L. Of or relating to snakes.	20 44 99 115 126

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Chiromancers.	130 156 26 138 143 15 61 77
N. Air plants.	117 133 146 47 120 180 1 17 56
O. Indescribably.	65 110 129 11 21 96 25 48 76
P. LPG (2 wds.)	91 147 165 176 140 3 105 116 14 36
Q. Well dug for Isaac (Gen 26:22)	73 131 162 168 50 153 177 123
R. Encouraging (2 wds.)	141 172 188 9 148 29 46 5
S. Greek painter, 4th cent. B.C., who invented the *gryllos.*	33 10 66 160 87 178 170 144 101 81
T. The Lord told the lawyers, "Ye have taken away the ———." (3 wds., Luke 11:52)	62 75 7 163 108 166 28 185 173 145 59 84 122 135
U. Wraps.	49 171 42 159 53 98 2 60 86
V. Defame, slander.	74 85 155 68 151 34
W. School figures.	51 55 22 37 19 106
X. Danish city, Fyn Island, with a 12th century castle.	118 93 64 4 182 136

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 N	2 U	3 P		4 X	5 R	6 K	7 T		8 I	9 R	10 S					
11 O	12 H	13 K		14 P	15 M	16 F	17 N	18 D	19 W		20 L	21 O		22 W	23 D	24 A	25 O					
26 M	27 F	28 T	29 R		30 F	31 A	32 B	33 S	34 V		35 H	36 P		37 W	38 B	39 A						
40 I	41 E	42 U	43 F		44 L	45 F	46 R	47 N	48 O	49 U		50 Q	51 W	52 H		53 U						
54 F	55 W	56 N	57 J	58 C	59 T	60 U	61 M		62 T	63 J	64 X	65 O	66 S	67 H	68 V	69 E	70 A					
	71 J	72 G	73 Q	74 V	75 T	76 O		77 M	78 K	79 C	80 G	81 S		82 C	83 G	84 T	85 V					
86 U	87 S	88 K	89 E	90 I	91 P	92 A	93 X		94 J	95 E	96 O	97 I		98 U	99 L	100 H	101 S					
102 G	103 J	104 I	105 P	106 W		107 H	108 T		109 A	110 O	111 G	112 E	113 C	114 J	115 L	116 P	117 N					
118 X	119 H		120 N	121 D	122 T	123 Q	_	124 J	125 G	126 L	127 I	128 E	129 O		130 M	131 Q	132 E					
133 N	134 I	135 T		136 X	137 B	138 M	139 K	140 P	141 R		142 K	143 M	144 S	145 T	146 N	147 P	148 R					
149 B		150 B	151 V		152 I	153 Q	154 B	155 V	156 M	157 G	158 H		159 U	160 S	161 D	162 Q	163 T					
164 E	165 P		166 T	167 E	168 Q	169 I	170 S	171 U	172 R		173 T	174 D	175 B	176 P		177 Q	178 S					
179 G	180 N		181 D	182 X	183 K		184 E	185 T	186 I	187 B	188 R											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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ORANGE DAIQUIRI

-how to make it

An inspired mixologist at Fort Lauderdale's Mai-Kai restaurant created this cocktail to toast the winner of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. It is often called the Derby Daiquiri.

½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1 oz. *orange* juice; 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 1 cup crushed ice. Mix 10 to 20 seconds in Waring Blendor. Serve unstrained.

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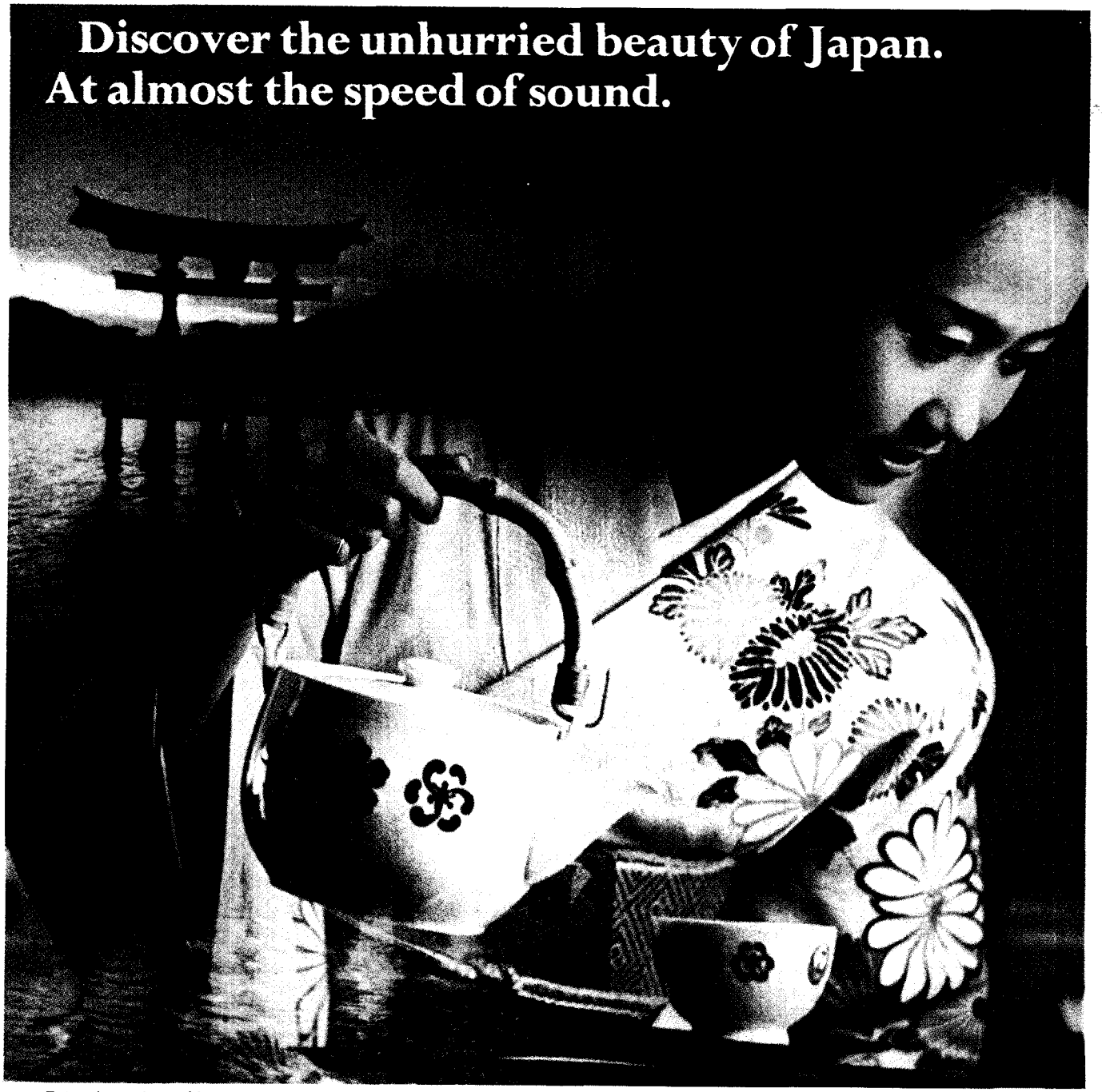

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